

The Days of Color

Sebastian Garcia Toledo | Poetry | 7
Deven Aurora | City Photography | 8



Mourn those days when color roamed
Weep for the times of games and jokes
The ultimate distractors of a depressing planet
Sleep was welcomed
It's swirling tendrils taking you far, far away
But now, sleep is rough and itchy
A simple break between pandemoniums, each after another
And colors are gone
Only existing in the pixels of a computer
Games and jokes are reserved for younger generations
Soon to endure our same fate
There is no savior from our state
We will work and toil until our day comes
Our time slowly creeping away
Unfelt but always chipping away
But this is not a savior
It is a black abyss
Leaving us forever separated
We all thought the colors would never go
So I wait