My Yellow

Our dance was long gone,

Alas

The music still rung in my ears.

To your deceitful nature,

I blindfolded myself.

Dazed by my own foolishness,

I still clung.

Mostly

I was overwhelmed.

The numbness that poured through me,

It fogged my mind.

It was no longer rational.

Trying to falsely convince myself,

I shook my head,

It couldn’t be true.

You lulled me into a state of toxic positivity,

Unable to see your true character.

You stopped me from seeing the flags so red,

The dire warnings.

You turned me instead to the clouds.

For a while

They seemed enough to me.

I was too distracted by the memories,

To think or see clearly.

I questioned the facts,

And mistook them for myth.

The ruby blushing of my cheeks,

It made me doubt all reason I had within me.

That was my denial.

It felt confusing.

It felt surreal.

That was my red.

I became dangerous,

A threat to all who entered my presence.

Of course

Although I meant it all for you,

Fire doesn’t stay in the place it’s told to.

You can’t kindle it in the grass,

Without expecting it to spread to the trees.

It chars everything it touches,

Reduces it all to nothingness.

Even the amiable become ugly,

And I was no exception.

My blood filled with the rage that you began,

The fury you contrived.

You saw my softness as my weakness,

And my weakness as your asset.

I could not let it go.

People said ‘breathe’,

But grasping anger makes anything difficult,

You hold it all in your chest.

From that

Emerged the very anger that hid the hurt.

My heart turned black,

It became like the night,

An absence of all that was light and bright.

It cushioned all the pain,

Protected it-

A mask.

It became a struggle to fall asleep at night,

Because my mind would always end on you.

Staring blankly into the darkness,

I would question it all,

What you truly intended with me.

Frustration arose,

It poured from me as a vivid temper.

That was my anger.

It felt vengeful.

It felt bitter.

That was my black.

Then

The ‘if-only’s arose.

They plagued my mind,

And they played on loop.

If only this,

If only that.

What if this,

What if that.

Negotiation between my head and heart began.

It formed a war within,

My face a deep olive.

I was willing to replay it all,

Just to forge a false hope,

A better ending between us.

Pleading

I begged for another chance.

But it’s hard to plead for someone,

When that someone doesn’t even hear your cries.

Wishing to trade anything to bring you back,

Again

I denied your mistakes.

My jealousy overrode my rationality.

I doubted the decisions,

Struggled to see their purpose.

I hesitated with my feelings,

Desiring romanticism over realism,

Perfection over destruction.

My eyes became green with envy,

I desired what you could never provide.

It was unattainable and utopian.

That was my bargaining.

It felt unfair.

It felt hopeless.

That was my green.

Although

I later became rather quiet.

Until then

The feelings that diseased me,

I had forced down,

And ignored.

The stormy skies,

They followed my mind.

They were ashen,

And clouded.

But next

I began to embrace them,

Though not in the standard sense.

Usually

embracing involves freedom,

It involves flight.

Alas

For me it was foggy,

It was heavy,

And it was constricting.

The helplessness,

The confusion,

It left me empty.

I had begun to see the blurry chasm,

The grief that settled within me.

Reality struck.

Tears would stream down my face,

Eroding my cheeks of stone.

Alas

I did not stop them.

That was my depression.

It felt numb.

It felt withdrawn.

That was my grey.

It took a while

But I have re-entered my life.

I have reclaimed it.

Some days are better than others,

But I shrug my shoulders,

Smirking at your pure stupidity.

Finally

I can flee from your foolishness,

I have escaped your authority over my thoughts.

No longer

I am trapped by the feelings that you imposed.

My mind is now my own,

Nobody else owns it.

It is bright,

Filled with warmth and light.

I can finally move on,

I can move past you.

And I can grow apart from you,

A sunflower.

My own person,

I have left you in the past.

This is my acceptance.

It is not red or black,

It is not green or grey.

This is my yellow.

Reflection

In Euripides’ play Medea, I was really captivated by Medea’s transformative re-evaluation of how she responded throughout the course of the play. Initially she was in a state of depression, which fuelled her anger. This anger formed a desire for revenge. The wish for revenge encouraged action, which in turn resulted in Medea feeling fulfilled. I wanted to focus on this concept of the evolution of Medea’s emotions and perceptions in my piece. In my poem I reflected this concept by exploring the theme of grief, in the format of the five stages of grief. By making each stanza represent a new stage, I was able to indicate this concept of transformation in Medea. By making the words that feature alone at the start of the sentences not have a comma, I was able to establish poetic licence. In a similar way, Euripides uses unusual themes and concepts in his piece. Despite being in a different context to mine, both still emulate the idea that the writer has taken control and has formed the piece to be atypical. In short, Euripides’ Medea has had a huge impact on my piece My Yellow. It has given rise to my interpretation of the concept of re-evaluation of emotion and perception of circumstances, and has inspired me to find unusual ways to model a sense of poetic licence.