

you don't let your hair hang down...> >> you don't let your antennae hang down....**It is a short stay on earth....**

What's 'your' colour?> Why is it this one? > Maybe an outcome of association?  
It is open to question.

Two great divisions of colour occur to the mind: warm and cold, light and dark. To each colour there are 4 shades warm and light, warm and dark, cold and light, cold and dark. Warm colours seem to be approaching you, cold colors retreating from you. Colour is like material, it is one way or another, but it exists. Colours can be full, acid, clear, sharp and dark. Colours can be described as rough or sticky, others as smooth and uniform, so that one feels inclined to stroke them. Some appear soft, others hard.

Colour can produce feelings of rejection or affection just like the perception of sound, touch, smell and taste.

*That's the way that's the way it ought to be*

I remember you wearing a green leather jacket. Chartreuse green? Permanent green?  
Pthalocyanine green? Emerald green?

But a green thing can be destroyed, while green itself cannot be destroyed and that is why the meaning of the word green is independent of the existence of a green thing. You will always be able to bring green before your mind's eye -

a shimmering of light, the play of wind and leaves in a beautiful expanse of nature. The prevailing tones are greens and reds- melting into each other, shimmering, in the chaotic freedom where all things, diversely coloured as their molecular structure dictates, keep on changing every second through the interplay of light and shade. The trees are green, the grass is green, the moss is green, ...

*Oooooohhhhhhhhhh  
If you wake up with the sunrise and all your dreams are there*

**Rather than articulate =express**

*I now / often think of my father. /  
I was about ten when he gave me a microscope for Christmas. He told me to put a drop of water  
on a slide / and asked me what I thought it would look like through the microscope. I replied  
that it would be pure and clear.  
I looked.  
I had no idea that pure water could be so full of **life**. To **this** day / I **remember** the multitude of  
amazing **movement**.*

(a pity my father died, and didn't pass me more of his wisdom)