

Spectrums

By Shalisa Spence

Like the rain
crushing your windshield
As its small rivulets turn
everything
Technicolor

Small rainbows shine like great balls of fire inside
every small first heaven tear

Smearing my vision to the outside world
“I don’t care for seeing much out there anyway”

I reluctantly enable the wipers

Making me numb to change
These small spectrums of liquid light

I start to speculate

“How can these tiny liquidations attack me in a nano second?”
“How can these bubbles of blue shock me?”

Like the rain
Hammering at your windshield
As its small rivulets turn
everything
to nought

and just like that
the world is crying for me

I’ll save my spectrums for later

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