

I think I was red once; a gentle red, an angry red, back when I was very young and that age where a person's personality is both intense and indistinct. Among many colours I met someone blue, with whom I traded cards and who punched my arm, sat next to me playing video games, threw me balls, slept in my bed and jumped on trampolines with me. He left a blue handprint on me that stuck and got mixed with the red, and years later when much had changed I was a light purple and he, perhaps, a greenish blue. I feel like so much I did those years was as if to say, 'Look, I have so much blue in me; we should be friends again.'

And if today I am, say, a dark turquoise, mixed with and affected by innumerable other colours, I am a shade bluer than I would be otherwise had I not been imprinted with that blue that is his. *Was* his, rather, because I would be a fool to think that there didn't exist two hues of him now. One in my mind that regularly haunts me in dreams in a bastardized, impossibly intensely blue form; and the real one that exists somewhere out there, whom I haven't talked to in years, whom I might have caught a glimpse of on the street, whose house I take detours to avoid passing by.

Sometimes I think to myself, 'Today my colour is closer to his, a shade of blue that he would appreciate'. And I realize that it doesn't matter and that I have no way of knowing, for I have no idea what colour he might be today.