

Jessica Booker 2011-10-21 13:14

[When you were
alone part 3]

You're even willing to paint for others
until your bucket of red, too, is empty.

No matter how long it takes,

you'll go on with this struggle.

Just to see a small part of a clear blue sky.

To make all the black-and-white paintings go away,
once and for all.

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[When you were
alone part 2]

Have you ever thought about something different than those colours.

Was there ever any chance to think about something different than the
suppression

of your race.

And soon you discover there is another colour.

It's red, like the dresses of the women dancing

underneath the burning sun in the homeland.

It's red, like the tray that marks the path you've taken.

Like the colour of your struggle against apartheid.

It's not a good colour.

But in an instant you know

you'll have to learn to deal with this colour.

The colour of your blood.

Of everybody's blood, no matter

the colour of their skin.

And you will.

When you were alone

Have you ever thought about something different than the colours,
when you were alone.

Was there ever any chance to think about
something different than your race.

You painted your own judgement
with the colours your surroundings gave away.

The white of the people in the homes painted likewise.

The black of the people on the streets, and the brown
of the dust they walk on and carry across their heavy burdens.

The blue and lightness of the sky that reminds you:
you have something to live for, even though it's blurred,
by the paintings by yourself and others.

They're colourful or grey.

They're black or white.

They're filled with love or formed by hate.

But deep down you know that above all,
they're fake.

That the pots of the people who painted them,
were only filled with emotion.