

Brianna Heeg

yellow on top of black

if my life were a canvas, most of it would be dark.

the top left would be green.

a luscious, generous green. the kind of green that only exists when you're young.
when you first notice the difference between grass green and tree green.

the green would suddenly turn to blue, a bright blue, at first. the color of the naive sky.
the blue would grow darker as i would. as i begin to understand.
the color and size, vast and deep, like the deepest trenches of the sea.

eventually, the blue would be so dark, it would turn black.
and it would stay black.

it would be lonely and cold. i would paint crooked crows and wicked witches.

slowly, the black will fade into dark purple, the color of ripe acai berries.
it would turn brighter, a purple so light, it paired perfectly with the yellow to come.

so many colors on such a small canvas.
it is hard to create a definite picture, to create beautiful art.
especially with these colors.

sometimes i am ashamed because
i don't remember green, and i've nearly run out of blue.

whenever i sit down to paint, shades of yellow await me. they beg to be strewn.

i know i will need other colors, but this is the first time i have used this color so steadily.
i am afraid I will run out.

i've come to realize, as i look at others' canvases, that
those of the most beauty start with a solid color.

my life is yellow on top of black.

Brianna Heeg is a poet and academic writer based near Duluth, MN. This is their first published work. Brianna can usually be found reading a book or spending time with her cat, Nico. At the tail end of her B.S. in psychology, topics of further research include developmental psychology, clinical medication, trauma's impact on the self, addiction and self-medication, and social relationships.