

Poem by Raiessa Sheppey

She hated the colour red
It was a colour that meant violence
How could anybody like this colour

Until I met him
He painted his whole life red,
Literally

And for some reason she grew to love it
It turned into a new meaning
Love

It was only then she realised that love was with him
He was the only one who restored her heart
His passion was stored in his heart

Sitting in a pool of your red blood
Then she understood where it all went wrong
In that moment
She understood why she despised this colour

She was right.
Red disgusted her