

Joe Bruner  
Poetry II  
Final Poem (Persona poem)

*The Truth*

*Red*

I want to punch you, to pummel  
you. I want you to suffer  
and suffocate and cry  
the tears of fire that I drop  
every day.

*Orange*

You make me sick,  
or so I'm told.

*Yellow*

I am heat, like the pinpoint  
of a candle on a table  
at night.  
I am day light, peeking around  
every shadow.

*Green*

You can find me in the mold,  
fuzzy and cuddly. Won't you join me?  
You can take me as your wealth,  
but I'll take all your friends.

*Blue*

There are those days I wonder  
why you told me I deserve to burn in hell.  
Some days I just cry.

*Purple*

When you see me, I am royalty.  
Bow down to me.  
Kiss my...

*The Rainbow*

Sometimes red is angry, sometimes  
he just wants a hug. Purple is lonely,  
and only wants a friend.  
Green wants to make a positive change  
for once,  
and blue is super mellow,  
when you get to know him.  
Orange won't make you sick,  
he's good for you in fact,

and nobody can see yellow anyway,  
so he wonders why any of it matters.

After all, we're just the same person.  
Yes, I'm angry and jealous,  
rich and proud,  
sad and visible.

But so are you.