

TOWARDS THE NORTH STAR

by Debdutta Mandal

To describe a color to a person blind from birth
Is a task of great difficulty.
For color is everywhere on Earth,
Present in every component of our lives.

Threads of color wind through--
Our environment,
Our history,
Our present.

Some benefit because of it,
While others are scorned because of it.
Others work hard to try to limit
Its significance in our society and

To repaint the global tapestry,
To balance the superiority of certain colors,
To bring forth the oppressed,
To create equality.

We are all made of bones and tissue,
Of organs beating together in harmony,
Blood vessels with red blood flowing through,
And brains that allow us to process emotions.

We all feel scared, hurt, and confused.
We all feel happy and excited.
But, above all, we are all human,
We all deserve to be loved.

The best paintings
Rely on the use of colors,
Playing with the shadows and the lighting,
To create a masterpiece.

A stroke of white,
A splash of black,
A dollop of brown,
A smear of yellow.

All working with each other,
Interacting and intertwining,
Helping one another,
Each one of equal importance.

It's time to make this mural a reality.
It's time to become our own artists.
To walk the well-worn path to the North Star.
The time has come.

