

Black

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This is just a poem written about black.

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1 - Black

Black

Black is the night, when there isn't a star and you can't tell by looking where you are.

Black is a pail of paving tar.

Black is jet and things you shouldn't forget.

Black is the smoke stack, a raven, a cat, a leopard, a high silk hat.

The sound of black is BOOM, BOOM, BOOM echoing in an empty room.

Black is kind, it covers up the rundown street, the broken cup.

Black is charcoal in the patio grill, soot spots on the window sill.

Black is a feeling hard to explain like suffering, but without the pain.

Black is licorice and patent leather shoes.

Black is the print in the news.

Black is beauty in the deepest form, the darkest cloud in a thunderstorm.

Think of what the world would lack if it couldn't lean against BLACK.