



PSYCHEDELIA

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"On some days, he was the most regal shade of violet. Not purple; purple is a colour you would expect to see on the walls of a little girl's room or perhaps it would be the shade worn by a princess who had yet to be exposed to the world's extremities. His shade of violet however, be it the rich tint of lobelias or pale as that of asters, was grandiose. On days such as these he was a dreamer, albeit not of the conventional kind. He would be solemn and off into a world of his own, where the only existing borders would be to discern places he had conquered and those he had yet to. He would hold himself with an air of regality perhaps even few of true royal ancestry themselves could. In spite of the fact that on these days he resided nowhere save his own mind, I was his queen.

On most days, when he was not angry, he was blue. He was the darkest and richest shade of blue you could imagine, and perhaps also the saddest. No matter where he went or who he seemed to be with, it

never really left him. His eyes were one of the most beautiful shades of hazel you could find, but they were always inlaid with blue and the sadness in them overpowered the beauty; eventually, his indigo armour shielded him from the beauty of life itself. As time passed, he seemed to sink deeper and deeper into the ocean of blue until he became irretrievable by anyone; anyone but himself, that is. Looking back now, I think perhaps if I had not left he would never even try to pull himself out of the abyss.

On certain days, he was the colour of the summer sky. On days such as these, which gradually became harder to come by, he was a dreamer in every sense of the word; a hopeless romantic. He would dream of sailing across uncharted waters to places you had never heard of. Just looking at him, smiling as he explained every little detail of how he wanted the trip to play out, would make you wish you were his friend, his travel companion. I was lucky enough to be a part of these plans, and stupid enough to lose my place in them.

There were days when he was green, and the number of these days increased with time and distance. The emerald sheen in his eyes was unmistakable as he saw me talking to, or sometimes just sharing a smile with one of my guy friends. Perhaps it was the prolonged period of distance, perhaps a primitive urge to conquer and claim as one's own. Perhaps it was just fear of losing someone who meant the world to them. I guess some nightmares did come true.

Some days, he burned with a glow as vibrant as the rays of the sun itself. Although these were similar to the sky blue days, he had something more on these days: ambition. Nothing, not a single thing could stop him and if you were ever around him on one of these days you would understand what I mean. The warmth he radiated would make you feel invincible, like nothing in the world could ever tear you down as long as you were with him. However, *always*, *forever* and *never* are rather strong words and more often than not fail to retain their longevity.

The colour he was for the least amount of time, or rather the colour I let him be for the least amount of time, was orange. He had been my favourite shade of orange, my happy place. It was in the fire in his eyes when he spoke of love, passionate and fierce, like a tiger perhaps. However, the colour of the painted sky as the sun rose and set eventually washed away with time and tide. When I said I was leaving, the sole remnants of a once blazing fire were but glowing embers floating in the air; they searched for another chance to rekindle what had once been.

After I left, most days he resorted to the colour red. When he talked about me it was the colour of his words, the colour his eyes were rimmed in once he had finished. Red was perhaps the colour of love, a first kiss, the lips of a passionate lover; however, it was also the blood coursing through one's veins when all they could feel was anger, hatred and disbelief at how unimaginably fake life was. It was perhaps the only colour I had left him to feel, yet the one I'd left him devoid of."