

Candidate 2 evidence

Colours of Originality

What's distinctive about me?

My own skin and bones,

Thoughts and feelings

Floating one way into Blend-In-Land.

Questions that plague all of us are

Who are you?

Who am *I*?

A stronger layer of skin:

People's opinions are

Bullets,

Bouncing off against steel;

Popping; puncturing the air.

But—

my heart *isn't* made of metal.

I'm met with a pure slate where

originality should be: splashes of acrylic

Representing different

Shapes, sizes, emotions, feelings, viewpoints.

But. As the acrylic dries, it's all the same.

Only thing tearing them apart

Is how quickly it dries.

Why not be oil paint, allowing yourself

Time for development?

But *acrylics*?

Drying grim and rapid; vivid pigments

Overcome by ghostly mutations
Creeping on the
Splattered slates.

There are 12 colours in a colour wheel
And what's special isn't how they
match:
It's how we mix them to
Create more,
Unearth more
Each one divergent.

My mind is like a cloth: picking
Up on people's distinct views,
Then wringing out
My originality.
The whiteness purity-now stained-
Drops of reds bleeding
Onto the yellows.

What makes red different from orange?
Is it the shade? The symbolism?
The provided intensity of its warmth?
Being red or orange isn't a bad thing,
But being scarlet is:
A fragment of things in-between and I think this world has
Too many scarlets.

Somebody is me. I am somebody
But I am not me.

I am like a pair of shoe laces.
One lace is who I want to be
—looping,
And brushing off against each other.
And the other?

It's who people
Want me to be;
Tying the knot tightly.
And in the end, I'm the creation of both—
Yet so far
From my
True soul self.

I let my individuality drift away,
Fading like cigarette smoke:
Strong yet weak.
Present yet foggy.
Prideful and addictive.
Poignant whites merging into the air:
Muted shadows;

The vivid hues hidden beneath a
Ghostly film.
Orange turning to scarlet.
Flicking down when we've had enough;
Back to ashes.
Grey, bleak, lifeless.
Tap— colours come rushing in.

But, as we tap out, a
Product that once was
Unique and shining: is now
Black and desolate.
Lacking illumination.
Lacking human perspective.
Lacking light.

We live to blossom, but do we
Blossom to live?
From barren soil, the seed
Rises,
Fragile. Tender.
Hopeful;
Reaching for the light.

I want to be myself.
The flicks of a paintbrush dragging
Ink to a smudge into words that can
never be captured.
I want my handprint on the back of the
Canvas revealing the
Lines; fragments; spirituality.

I want to look in the window of the
Soul, see the version I've
Mastered, without any unnecessary
Echoes and glimpses of passers-by.
A glimmer in my eye when
I finally see myself

Instead of gazing into the eyes of others.

From the top the red drips to the feet of the canvas like a

Shredded wound; carving, as it

Pierces through

Like open flesh. Raw.

Leaving behind an invitation into its

Unprotected gash.

I want to be a red in a river full of scarlets.

word count: 515