

I Asked The Little Boy Who Cannot See

I asked the little boy who cannot see,
“And what is colour like?”
“Why, green,” said he,
“Is like the rustle when the wind blows through
The forest; running water, that is blue;
And red is like a trumpet sound; and pink
Is like the smell of roses; and I think
That purple must be like a thunderstorm;
And yellow is like something soft and warm;
And white is a pleasant stillness when you lie
“And dream.”

ANON