

Roy G Biv

Here stands a boy,
not quite a man,
with *red* raw lips from dry winter's breath
freckles flecked with *orange* across a perfect nose
yellow straw hair uncombed, despite the pleas,
green knees
marked from summers of football down the lanes
his sea-*blue* eyes no longer sparkle
omit a dull ache for years gone by
as he puts the uniform on.
And the only sound is his mother's voice
debating through her tears
if his unit crest is *indigo*
or *violet*.