

POLYCHROMATIC

my hands: monochrome, sepia,
white paper aged urine-yellow
over two decades of overexposure,
all washed-out;
a photograph with no
discernable faces and a smudged
date written in tiny
illegible dark ink
on the back like a blotted
bruise, all black and
no blue, a body of blemishes
leeching off of brilliance—

your hands: an artist's
palette scarred rainbow,
tattooed with the stains
of a polychromatic existence;
pressing your fingerprints against
every color you've ever
encountered,
trying to absorb them all through
the skin like some kind of
psychedelic stain
that will leave tie-dye smears
on the surfaces
of all the people you touch—

our hands: a Jackson Pollock painting
of warring shades and splattered meanings,
shapes too complex to name and
images too abstract to fathom;
the whole of our two halves
are not on any color wheel
the history books have to show, does not
slip in to any color spectrum
the human eye has seen before;
ultraviolet is nothing
compared to us together.