

# Grey

*Axell*

I look to my left;  
A sea  
I look to my right;  
A sunrise  
Just a hazy grey in the middle  
But grey is not okay yet  
I can't do anything, my body stuck  
Meant to be something else

The contrast is almost blinding  
Yet the two sides are similar  
Both giving with startling clarity  
The expectations of choosing  
One, and one only  
No violet, no beige  
Only pink or blue or grey  
But grey is still not okay

In school it's worse  
Blue wears pants, must have short hair  
Pink wears skirts, must have long hair  
Grey doesn't exist, must not exist  
Because grey is not okay  
And we're young, so what do we know?

We're young  
But we know more than you think  
You wonder why we don't want to exist  
But you keep cutting out colours  
Like grey, but also other colours  
Brown, black  
Because you want likeness, 'order'  
But sometimes order is hazardous  
So maybe we should start believing in grey

I'm told that grey isn't a thing  
There are only two sides  
Choose one, it's not hard  
Who are you? they ask  
I don't know  
Actually I do know  
But I can't say  
Because grey is not okay  
Right?