

Painted

Holly Read

The closet casts shadows over me,
The darkness hiding my real feelings,
But if I was cut open, I know my real self would be shown,
I know that inside I'm a rainbow,
And my soul,
My heart,
They're painted with a multitude of colours,
They're painted with blood and sunsets,
Painted with stars and grass,
Painted with hydrangeas and amethysts,
I know that I am so gay,
...And only I know.

