Let them be completely black or white,

always an unmistakable shade,

but can be only one or the other.

I’d rather be a shade of grey,

the middle of an artist’s palate,

offspring of two opposing worlds, colliding.

To be perceived as more than yin or yang,

the absence of light, the fusion of all colors

that blanket the Earth’s surface.

To have a neutral feel,

yet an elegant and sophisticated tone

that can become the depth, highlights and shadows of a familiar face.

I’d rather be charcoal,

found neatly packaged in an art store,

than to be black or white,

an utterly destructive devotion, a dictatorship,

for which side of the war to choose.

I’d rather advocate both moodiness and detachment,

a brew of both dark and light.

If I could weave an intricate picture, with contrast of highlights and shadows,

I’d rather be a shade of grey.