

## Colours

White on black,  
Black on white,  
Or, shall we mix,  
Then call it grey.

Black is first,  
From this came,  
Everything,  
Black is the source.

White came next,  
Shone bright,  
Like a light,  
And claimed its beacon.

Both claimed opposite,  
And separate ways,  
Both spoke salvation,  
And a promise.

They agreed,  
That they were part,  
of a whole,  
And each brings its part.

That they are brothers,  
Who are in need,  
Of each other,  
To grow.

Then came others,  
Colour by colour,  
What a mix,  
Life then blossomed.

Born to a colour,  
We are proud,  
Of our hues and shades,  
And our true colours.

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