

## The Taste of Colour

Uyumarun

His favourite colour tasted  
Straight from the orchard.  
Freshly squeezed,  
To quench my thirst.

It is the middle of Sunday mornings,  
Sunlight mixed with champagne,  
To make it a little lively,  
Just enough to buzz slightly.

In the fall he kisses me,  
Sweet cinnamon and pumpkin.  
Warming my tongue  
And saving me from the cold.

Her favourite colour tasted  
Straight from the herb garden.  
Freshly ground  
To make me forget other flavours.

It is the middle of Saturday evenings,  
Sometimes splashed with white rum,  
To make it a little lively,  
Just enough to buzz slightly.

In the spring she gives me a kunik.  
Budding flowers and fresh cut grass  
Filling my lungs,  
Reminding me of a simpler time.

They are both so different,  
Orange and mint,  
One or the other,  
Why not both?

Most people only think  
Orange juice after toothpaste.  
But baby let's cheers these mimosas and mojitos,  
Because I love them both regardless.

— On bisexuality