

Sunday Elucidation / Rapturously Solemn Cerebellum

by Michael F. Gill

This digital chapbook is available at:
<http://www.bbtp.net/sersc.pdf>

© December 2013
This is Blank Start Book #7
Made in Boston
Contact: michael@bbtp.net

Poems written in 2012, with a couple revised poems from 2011 & 2010, and one poem from 2013. Thanks to Valerie Loveland for her proofreading and suggestions. Many thanks to the writers and readers on the Boston 365/365 blog, where these poems first appeared, and to all the poets at the Cantab, Stone Soup, and the Brighton Word Factory.

Table of Contents

- 01 Stopping By A Church Inside My Head
- 02 Plural Ending
- 03 Lullaby For The Eye
- 04 Premonition
- 05 Song Of The Disembodied
- 06 Viva Decluttering
- 07 The Touching Down Of Your Voice
- 08 There's Nothing Louder Than Carrots
- 09 How We Love (How I Yearn)
- 10 Lonesome Lake, Halfway to Cannon Mountain
- 11 Vacationland, Seawall Dawn
- 12 Heatwave and Us
- 13 A Magnetic Music Prevents Me From Lying Still In Bed
- 14 Chase Me
- 15 Recovery
- 16 The Mornings Before Middle Age
- 17 On All The Best & Worst Days
- 18 Our First Month Together
- 19 Spice Of Night
- 20 Softly #2
- 21 I Need My Imagination To Wear The Fingerless Gloves Of Fish
- 22 A Consciousness Of Fractals
- 23 We Lay In Bed Watching The Open Mic
- 24 Baked Potato
- 25 Coming Back To Bread
- 26 One Sentence Poem About The Pleasures Of Speaking Poetry Out Loud
- 27 Transcendentalism
- 28 I Did Not Visit A Museum Until My 21st Birthday
- 29 Hello April, It's 4:15
- 30 Mantra For Know-It-Alls
- 31 Boston Paper Poems
- 32 Ballad Of The Woodpecker (He Who Carves Words With His Beak)
- 33 The Floor
- 34 Listening To "...Das Rosas"
- 35 In The Toppling Topless Tapas Bar
- 36 When A Poem Falls In Your Lap
- 37 Poetry Downstairs At The Cantab Lounge
- 38 Possession/Intention
- 39 To Marion Crane
- 40 Wallace Stevens Won't Stop Talking To Me During Our Lunch Breaks
- 41 Tristan Tzara Speaks To Calliope, The Greek Muse of Heroic Poetry
- 42 William Carlos Williams Writes About Hurricane Sandy
- 43 This Poem Intentionally Left Blank

Stopping By A Church Inside My Head

Sunday elucidation
beside a rapturously
solemn cerebellum.

Midnight sky swimming
slowly through my pulse.

Organ pipes drone
in my delicate pause.

Silence is not a shirt to wear,
but its birthmarks are on my skin.

I may have the hollow enthusiasm
of a schoolyard shining off my face,

but if you place your paw
inside my pocket,

you will land on
a bedrock of solace
that is also a labyrinth.

You will strike oil
and disembodied nerve.

The church bells
will ring on the hour.

Plural Ending

O this heart,
terraqueous onion
with badminton hands,
hitting back and forth
the bewilderment of fruition.

In the future I become
the third person plural.
I leave oyster banks
of effusive ephemera
for all the archipelagos
in the ocean. In each

ending I firmly splinter
upon extinction, revealing
a clear sky once
obscured by these
tinted windows that
everyone used to call
my body.

Lullaby For The Eye

Sleep, learned eye,
you wax ballistic.

Seize the nocturnal mist,
curry the cursive singing
starched with a crystal rib
of permanent pilgrimage.

Sleep, learned eye,
you are the only one
who can see the bounty
of what lies beneath
your waking life.

Premonition

My body
knew before
my brain.

Saturday evening
spun to the mad rhythm
of an unconscious
making mixtapes
to maniacal emptiness.

Seven in the morning
was an empty shore:
this evacuated place,
waiting
for the expected
unexpected.

Four hours hence
it came
with metallic
assurance—

this eleven a.m. sound
of the key to my apartment
unlatching from your ring,
and being placed
in the vacant space
of my hand.

Song Of The Disembodied

All day the eradicated language of physicality so fanatical. A self-assassination instinct hooligan-hops lasciviously in the laps of second-guesses. This body covered with an un-body. In purgatory, what defines asylum? Does life just implode inside one's own incestuous ways? Anything, anything to keep one's temperature from sinking down thermometers.

Viva Decluttering

the insides
of my

bedroom where
stalemate

has so much
caress

will pulse
with long

spaces of
breathing,

after I let
the non-humans

out

The Touching Down Of Your Voice

all my cling
is hearing
your "I"

to paper,
that scratched
bent flight

of lyric
landing with wrench,
a finger-sketch

of new earth
upon this coarse
craving

There's Nothing Louder Than Carrots

Above the simmering sound
of a frying pan humming,

the sight of a flaccid orange—or the taste
perhaps—of a vulnerable-tinted moodring, where we

love each blistered man who
publicly shows his fractioning voice.
Here he is. Here are soft carrots.

How We Love (How I Yearn)

It's rescuing a tiny terrier
and looking inside its beating eye,
or how a football concussion
is now a national rite of passage;
it's the knee-jerk we couldn't
resist; it's someone who
could never be reached, moving
in front of us, letting us
give and give and give, hoping that
somewhere a fire alarm will
speak, ring directly
through the vein.

Lonesome Lake, Halfway to Cannon Mountain

Moonrise horizon.
Blue damselfly
and the friction of trees.
They rustle with noise
akin to crashing waves.
April is the spiderweb breaker.
Susanna thinks she has a bug bite
on her leg, but it's just a paranoia mark.
Phantom itches creep across
our skin, but mountain silence
scratches each one out. We
look over the summit edge
and call into a valley
of fresh mist.

Vacationland, Seawall Dawn

The clock is broken by the sky,
faded stars sleep in a blanket of fog.
As one solid cube of fire heats our morning oatmeal,
silence handcuffs itself to an illustrious butterfly
until carrots—*the loudest vegetables ever*—
announce their arias across the forest,
snapping us upon sunrise. Hello caterpillar,
red-tail squirrel, red-shirted girlfriend. Hello.

Heatwave and Us

ocean. forest of water. you. up-turned. the summer lingers across teeth.
we lost sleep to the yellow eye of sky. we asked spring to take off their layers,
and melodramatic televisions rose from the waiting room. our conversation
stalled. in the aches of unkissed men/in the windsor knots of a female throat,
we bartended our slurred tongues as best as we could. if we dream and love
never lanterns our steps, no one can say we didn't drink all that danced around
the light.

A Magnetic Music Prevents Me From Lying Still In Bed

The humming is pulling me. I am a silhouette upon the emptiness of musical flesh. I respond in the shape of a magnet. I shed the call of sleep. Fireworks are released from recess. Solitude's groove blistered. I'm so flammable. Moon, pardon my shimmy. I didn't mean for my voice to start hitchhiking its way across the vacancy. I'm searching for something called homeward. Eardrums taste everything but mattress. Here comes the orphan, here I come. This fast flicker. I choke silence until it ends. I wish it were anonymous. I wish I faded away.

Chase Me

Go on, carry me past the forgetting of myself.
Morning is no marker of honey. I'm slippery,

the small end of an egg, the top of a curve.
Let us not winter, for I will estrangement.

I'm dissolving. The opposite of blood
brothers. A rotary telephone cord. Ping

me. Seep and twitch. Get us moving. I need
encouragement to be seen in broad daylight.

To look over my shoulder and keep running.

Recovery

After your echoes fade from my serotonin source
After your echoes fade from my serotonin
After your echoes fade from my
After your echoes fade from
After your echoes fade
After your echoes
After your
After

i d r i n k a n e n t i r e l a n t e r n a n d s w a l l o w a l l o f t h e l i g h t

The Mornings Before Middle Age

The city's wet light of pulp and fleur-de-lis
is starting to punch back obsidian.

From the first fondling of sunbroken brick
come an engine. It sings the sound
of precision crinkled.

As she ties the lace of her shoe,
and he finds the right notch on his belt,
hollow scents start to seep.
A wistful journal entry repeats itself.

September 12th—

Now I have flicked the finger of loose love to fall amongst the breeze.
Now I have plucked seven swan feathers from the basement of my throat.
Now I will start again.

On All The Best & Worst Days

my heart is an empty highway
y heart is an empty highway
heart is an empty highway
cart is an empty highway
art is an empty highway
rt is an empty highway
t is an empty highway
is an empty highway
s an empty highway
an empty highway
n empty highway
empty highway
mpty highway
pty highway
ty highway
y highway
highway
ighway
ghway
hway
way
ay
y

Our First Month Together

Midnight lightning
and a ceiling of illuminated lips.

Spice Of Night

~~That constant That constant That constant That constant That constant~~
~~self-stripping kiss, That constant That constant self-stripping kiss, That constant That constant~~
~~self-stripping kiss, That constant~~
~~self-stripping kiss, That constant~~
~~self-stripping kiss,~~
~~dousing disbelief.~~
~~dousing disbelief. That constant That constant~~
~~self-stripping kiss, dousing disbelief. That constant~~
~~self-stripping kiss, dousing disbelief. self-stripping kiss, That constant~~
~~self-stripping kiss, That constant That constant~~
~~self-stripping kiss,~~
~~dousing disbelief. That constant~~
~~self-stripping kiss,~~
~~dousing disbelief.~~
~~dousing disbelief.~~
~~dousing disbelief. That constant That constant~~
~~self-stripping kiss,~~
~~dousing That constant disbelief.~~
~~self-stripping kiss,~~
~~dousing disbelief.~~
~~self-stripping kiss, That constant That constant~~
~~self-stripping kiss,~~
~~dousing disbelief.~~
~~self-stripping kiss,~~
~~dousing disbelief. That constant~~
~~self-stripping kiss, dousing disbelief.~~
~~dousing disbelief. dousing disbelief.~~
~~self-stripping kiss, That constant That constant~~
~~self-stripping kiss, dousing disbelief.~~

Softly #2

Slowly
comes intimacy
delicately traced
evaporating surely
in sonorously
unrecorded air
the serendipity
entropy
softly releasing
its neurotic privacy
of fleeting color
duller
are those diamonds of days
that deepen their vasectomies
dance like botched tonsillectomies
wipe saltstains from their glass eyes
using a plain unrumpled shirt

I Need My Imagination To Wear The Fingerless Gloves Of Fish

And I also need more of your
orange fragrant hypodermic coastal
evening cloudbank of oratory kicks.

A Consciousness Of Fractals

i
 a m a
 c
 o n s
 c i o u s n e s s
 o v e
 r
 r u n
 b
 y f r
 a c t a l a r t.
 i a m
 a c o n s c i o u
 s o f f r a c t a
 l s .
 a c t a l a r t.
 y f r
 b
 r u b
 r
 o v e
 c i o u s n e s s
 o n s
 c
 a m a
 i

We Lay In Bed Watching The Open Mic

Here we laugh with a swollen chest

embarrassingly in love

and the wild white air formed by unhampered birds

is shot directly up our nose

to extinguish the ground below

Baked Potato

The root vegetable
pitched in similitudes of sweat.

The sound of gravity
in the margins of musicality.

The insouciant comforts
of childhood wings.

The delectable ambulance
furnished with valentines.

The pale energy
grown from the soil
of an Irish earth.

Coming Back To Bread

Flesh-stained covenant
of new warmth,

crumble your sustenance
across the sesame kitchens
of my past; open with vigilance

a future that's brown-bagged
with bagels that
block out the sun

One Sentence Poem About The Pleasures Of Speaking Poetry Out Loud

A fortified voice
allowing auditory enthusiasms
to floriare rooms with tangible therapeutics
of equilibrrious eurhythmics.

Transcendentalism

There is an altitude where both
gods and a gentle asphyxiation exist.

A height that shakes the squatting
city off your back and sleeps
on the lip of a psalm.

Preserve me, god of what I believe in.
I shall lift my eyes above the alps.
I shall become a silver discus thawing
in the silent sky of holy water.

I Did Not Visit A Museum Until My 21st Birthday

I am drunk on the unframed tongue of modern art.
My eyes mosquito the walls,
my feet are cufflinked to the side of an uncensored room.

Next to me
a body made from an hourglass,
a chair by Monet, two Futurism rugs.

Security guard,
look at this
painting I am
reading to you.
Does your eye
rattle from your
ear inscribed with
my whistle?

I'm a whistle
bouncing penumbra
backwards from poignance.

There should be rooms
with benches planted
on seeds of starling
and starfish,

repository roads
to infallible hospice.
Here, look.
I found one of them.

Hello April, It's 4:15

You're probably wearing violet,
mulling over the crust and crumbs
of an incomprehensible monologue.

Your fever dreams come out with the laundry,
the quotidian poem. We are ravenous. We purge.
We extract. We strive and start again and find
ourselves sleeping in small sets of hours.

April, do you also hope to crazy-glue
your blank verse
upon a quilt of sailing sleep?

I know you are my friend
because you are a beautiful engineer,
teetering on the splendiferous coal mine of surface scars.
We are not impressed by our zeal.
If we were, we would not be artists.
The words must contort in the right way,
otherwise they just shrug and tease
at cracks in the foundation.

How well do these words stick to the stucco of our psychosis?
Do they outlast my insomnia and forge something true?
Dear April, it's 4:47, hello.

Mantra For Know-It-Alls

In college my cohort and fellow
polymath Lindsay came up with
a saying that we repeated every evening:

You have been wrong before.

You be will wrong again.

I want to cup my palms
around these two lines,
but most days they're driftwood,
fractures floating through the better person
I have yet to become.

Boston Paper Poems

Short poems inspired by words/phrases from The Boston Phoenix & Weekly Dig

01

without comment
mr tomato cheese
clutches delicious
spaghetti rusted
on his eyeglass

his vision
was sauced
and securely placed
down his mouth

02

i threw out my heart's heap of knick-knacks

massachusetts spun in absence

03

it was 6:30 PM

“please excommunicate this day from the week”
i said to my boss

04

the headstone
of e.e. cummings

thereisnoroombtostretchouthere

but i do like the ceiling of this place, e.e.

05

my life is
part remake of and part sequel to
all the people i've been
during the last ten years

06

the injured self-esteem
sat alone in bed
with
a scathing exclamation point
in its mouth

07

an erotic pearl harbor
has already happened.
was it on december 7th 1969?
because i have thought of this
there will be porn about it.

08

the open mousehole
below his curved moustache
hid his housewife for years

09

rural america:
a nun's tropical paradise

Ballad Of The Woodpecker (He Who Carves Words With His Beak)

After "Even Congirls Get The Blues" by Tom Robbins

I

So. Woodpecker. You've locked yourself down.
From your small room, as from small rooms everywhere,
you feel the walls closing in.

Alexandra says you're haven't called her in weeks.
She's given you an ultimatum.

Why haven't you spoken out?
Don't be all soft and velvet.

What are you doing with your words, Woodpecker?
I'll tell you what you're doing.
You're tossing them around the internet, that canyon of silence.
Your blood lands noiselessly on the carcass of circuits.

You are not paralyzed. Your eyes are not closed.
You are not drunk for the first time.

"Woodpecker," Alexandra says,
"What have you been writing? What are you doing?"
Of course, she knows what you have written. It's right there on the page.

What Alexandra means is why would you write something so obscure,
what did you mean by it, and why did you stress about it so much.
You are nowhere closer to answering her than you were a year ago today.

II

Woodpecker. You sugarplum. What's going on? You've fallen asleep
in your pajamas for the tenth day in a row, and your manuscript looks
smeared. Smeared as a set of two hundred coffee stains on a perfectly
fine glass table. Smeared like looking through a kaleidoscope for five
hours and then writing about your body.

Why won't you let me in, Woodpecker? The weather is gorgeous outside.
The shut-ins are playing tetherball in the park. Computer programmers
are stepping onto their fire escapes, and finding out they're not vampires.
Alexandra says you haven't even set up your air conditioner.

Listen to the pedantic sound of yourself. Are you are really buried under an
avalanche of knowledge? Is your mind obese? Do you love exotica.

What's that? Your head is bleeding roses?
I'll call the florist. You stay right where you are.
Whatever you do, keep your mouth attached
to that massive iceberg of lettuce.

The Floor

īnšōmīā špṛāwls ācrōsš
wḥīte kīčhēn flōōf

īf šēēps tīhō the mōtōns
ōf ā cūrved dāydrēām

hàrdwōōd āhđ' līlē
rēōlācē pīk qīdē' dōwīš

ūnā àbηórmał š h òēs
hōd hēṛ bṛēāh īn plāce

hō du ck cāāh štāhđ uō
īhōxīcāēd bṽ hēṛ

rēpēctīng rēsprōtīōh
shē mākes ā līvīng

mākiīhō ō pēpber špṛāy
thāt's māde frōm shōe òdōr

ānd the brēāh òf dēōrēsšīōπ
thūs īs prōgrēsš, shē prōclāims

wīh hēṛ hēārt štāndīng tāt
āhđ hēf bōdṽ sllllepīng

šō ēfrōtīeššly
Tā thē shāpē òf ā smīle

Listening To "...Das Rosas"

"...Das Rosas" is a song on the album **Som Definitivo**
by *Quarteto Em Cy & Tamba Trio*.

The bossa nova sings about samosas,
no tandoori naan but through osmosis. Osmosas.
Hits a tempo rubato; domo arigato,
wasabi mimosas and roses for Moses.
The music travels from Formosa to nervosa
to nirvana. Look out
(for fauna).

The bossa nova kisses your nose(s).
Right foot forward, left foot back;
left hand red, right hand
desafinado.

Written by Michael F. Gill & Susanna Kittredge

In the toppling topless tapas bar,

the tipsy band plays fretless bass,
the feminist poets fret over breast,
sweat over syntactic sex and bits of brick.

Semantic cement bedecks masculine slacks.
Sangria sonnets, bloody and astringent,
crumble with the consonance of intoxicated walls.

A man texts his girlfriend from the bathroom:
“What is the allegory of your chest—
Soft nest of the parabolist?”

She walks outside, a mustard seed
between her teeth, records the
blinding light of blouses.

Five iambic feet behind her,
a feminine ending goes unstressed.
A couple returns from a make-out break
to study tonight's menu of free and formal verse:

Empanada Paprika Sestina

sparkling taste for shirtless debate.

Chorizo Couplets to bracket the sternum
of a nude poetaster's complaint.

Sapphic Saffron Croquettes

that coquettishly rotate, rotate.

When a woman invokes her womb on stage,
the ceiling caves in at a slant. Nimble waiters
duck from debris, deliver midwifery to table six.

Here, the human chest is a blank verse
stifled by covers of frittata,
the fire code is weeping appetizers
from its swollen eyes,
Andalusian smorgasbords
smear the windows with
disrobed delicacies,
and at least one muddy-eyed misogynist
schemes to set fire to the foundation.

The toppling topless tapas bar
closes when it runs out of walls.
Legend says the microphones
are permanently spiced,
and can be heard singing flamenco
and Llorca throughout
morning light.

Written by Michael F. Gill & Susanna Kittedge

When A Poem Falls In Your Lap,

check your neck for bite marks.
Make sure you eat your neck.
Send any leftovers down the drain.
Follow the drained neck to the sewer,
and then the ocean. See what
the poem has to say now. If the
poem is music, continue, if not,
drown it for 37 seconds. If the
music has fallen inside an abyss,

eat the schematics and then eat yourself.
Make sure the poem bites you.
Pause. Heal only at the upper level
of your wrist. If your fingers
are severed, listen to the tropics.
Do not dilute advertising. It is
your only weapon against loneliness.
Slap the sun in the face. You will
fall in love with rats. Everything is
going to be ok.

Poetry Downstairs At The Cantab Lounge

Insatiable is that room,
whose warmth creeps over
a slow-seeping solstice.

The sign-up sheet is filled with bears, fairies, puddles of dreamers,
strands of Italian parsley, besprinkled barbiturates,
and bawdiness. On the wait list are

overzealous porcupines, hitchhikers, mockingbirds,
and the overwhelming astringence of an unripened persimmon.

Sometimes a splintering voice is flickering its wisdom for the first and last
time. Sometimes patience plummets, and jettisoned teeth fall on the stage in
surreal verse. Sometimes the full moon of performance is a mime's face in the
sky, and the ineffable spaces between words teach desire through thirst.

On stage his hands
conduct imaginary theremins,
her voice is as rich as baptism,
and there I am, a cup
overflowing at the brim of it all.

If I am a quiet river
stitched with the anticipation
of being touched, she and he
are the small stones
skipping across my heart.

Each week
I keep returning
and finding this friction
affecting me again
and again
and again.

Possession/Intention

Does a wiggling waist become
a shuffling rhythm of insomnia
upon a king-sized bed?

Does a sleep number
dream of being a sleep alphabet
on one side of the bed,
and then dream of being
a masseuse with no hands
on the other side of the bed?

Does the aerial bombardment
of history lurk in a tectonic sleep,
or in the beds possessed by
men who decide to write
a text book after meditating
on the sight of a glass of milk?

Did the glass of milk
sleep with the moon
and wake up with
a mirror under the sheets,
and did they not
incorporate firm tofu
in their lovemaking, because
only the silken variety was available
and now a waterbed has become a tofu-bed,
and blood is white
and pain is covered with snow?

Is a microscopic organism
that causes illness called a germ
or a daydream, and are those
two concepts synonymous,

do they both require
stillness and rest
to achieve dissolution?

Is the bed I possess
swollen with a bellyache
in the places where
my cerebellum lay,
or are the scrupulous
fidgets of my heart
telling me stories
with each passing whim,
each possessive thought?

Are my thoughts about
possession or intention?
Are they looking for
the arcane places where
my sincerity grows?

I have owned and cherished
any set of logic that has
chosen me.

I firmly believe
that the answer
to all my questions is
"yes."

To Marion Crane

L i s t e n t o y o u
r e x h a u s t i
o n , t o m y c l
o s e b r e a t h.

W e h a v e m o v e d
i n t o o u r f a t
e d p l a c e s .

A c a r a v a n c a l
l s u s , t h e d
o v e s a r e r e l
e a s e d .

C o m e l o w e r y
o u r b o d y i n t
o a v a c u o u s d
r e a m .

Wallace Stevens Won't Stop Talking To Me During Our Lunch Breaks

Michael, my sleep is fluttering its tongue with the
veritable melody of unreality. Every decision is a subtle theology. This anatomy is not enough. I can only contain so many towers of
sleepless silence. My enigmas are overflowing from every crevice. Let them fill
a sandpail with the fractals of my mind. Let my thoughts
become enslaved in the voyage of an interstellar elevator. Let punctuation stop me from continuing. My voice here on Earth is ponderous and philosophic, but each wandering lunch we share deflates my heart's speculation. I return to work ecstatic, inscribed
within the minute details of a daguerreotype, vividly processing love. No theories about language or people, just the language of people themselves, embedded in my present tense.

Tristan Tzara Speaks To Calliope, The Greek Muse of Heroic Poetry

Logic and luck.

I met you by chance, Calliope.

I won in a card game
the immense eraser of your splendor,
a terylene shirt stitched with oracular thread.

Yes,
I followed the recurrent beats of an iambic heart,
I followed you.

I find you indefinitely superimposed
upon brevity's raggedy clothes,
a slow thirsty quatrain
that multiplies with metric step,
a thicket removing
the long-brooding virginity
of infinity.

I am a furnished castle
of animated circus.
You're an unsuspecting flora
that grows off my body.
I will do what it takes
to chase the night from your face,
to echo your nerves
and spread out your words
like sheets of white infirmary beds.

You are the gaze that covers my lips with kin,
the butter that will grease the lever,
the apple slice dipping inside every gust of wind.

You saturate the clarinets in my bones
with a wet patch of Greek air,
you have a jar of my divine impulse,
and are sewn with so much sun
that midnight comes upon your departure.

Our thoughts lay still and close
like the lives of two matching pillows.
We coax evenings
by putting doll shoes on dactyls,
pinning tails on sonnets,
leaving legs bare and beckoning to be looked at.

We shake human hearts out in the wind
and then
we shake human hearts out of the wind.

Calliope
I hollow out my head upon the breeze,
just so I can place your blood
upon the furnace of my poetics and
absorb the warmth of a new life.
I want all my words to boil in fresh
encyclopedia of plasma, a clotting
road map to the person I've now become.

William Carlos Williams Writes About Hurricane Sandy

Across the wind
and the flood
I found the letter S

scrawled in sand
on a lost
subway-swimming car

that was
returning from
the beach-breathing
beast

and its gaping
white mouth of weather.

This Poem Intentionally Left Blank

This silence intentionally curated

This ubiquity left intentionally alone

This vacuum left intentionally on my tongue

This gender left intentionally prolific

This unfurnished space intentionally inventoried

This water intentionally devoid of flavor

This love intentionally left without color

The meaning of all this is