

COLOUR CONTEST

All the colours met in secret
To decide which one was best,
And the winner would be crowned
To make it different from the rest.

The first to stand and speak was Red,
And this is what he boldly said:

“I’m warm, I’m hot,
I’m the best of the lot,
Without any red
You would all be in bed,
For the colour of blood is the colour of life,
The world needs me like a fork needs a knife.”

“But *I* am the colour of the sweetest of fruits,”
Said Sizzling Orange to booing and hoots,
“I’m bright-eyed and fun, I’m where marmalade’s at,
Without fizzy orange, the world would be flat.”

“But what about your fellow Yellow?”
Cried one small voice that couldn’t bellow,
“*I* fill the Summer, I am sunny, rich and mellow,
Without my glow you would all be in shadow!
I am buttercup-bright,
I’m banana skin-tight,
I’m as savoury as mustard,
I’m the sunshine’s golden light.”

“Rubbish!” cried the gullible Green,
“*I* am the colour that you have all seen!
I am mint-clean pristine,
I am cucumber fresh,
More succulent even
Than a kiwi fruit’s flesh,
I’m grassy, I’m leafy,
Every jungle shade too,
How *could* you not choose
My rich tree-top hue?”

“Quite easily!” said Aqua Blue,
“For *I* paint the sky and the oceans too!
I have conquered the globe,
I have no need to brag,
I’m a sapphire-cool dude,
With the world in the bag!”

“Oh, is that so?” asked Indigo,
Who stood up tall from head to toe,
“Well *I’m* the stain in writers’ ink
That flows from pens and makes us think.
I fix ideas upon the page
In each and every human age,
All composition starts with me,
Long live indelibility!”

“Oh do be quiet!” cried Vicious Violet,
“*I* am the colour of a foxglove riot!
I’m the choice of the emperors,
I make men imperial,
For I’m deadly as nightshade,
I am top class material!”

“Hey, Hey!” said Grey,
“We’re at the end of the day,
So, if I may I’ll have *my* say!
I’m grading, shading, fading Grey,
No artist leaves *me* out of play!”

And then a rainbow turned around
And with both feet s/he stamped the ground:

“Order! Order! Just you hear
Why *all* of you to me are dear!
In my arc all colours I show,
From red to blue, from high to low,
And *that’s* what makes my beauty glow!
So, stop your flap and all your yap,
Just give yourselves one colourful clap!”