How Colorful is Pain

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The color of my pain was striking vibrant yellow of sudden bursts and fierce splashing, of crashing waves upon the vulnerable shores. Impression left was overwhelming, unbearable at sight. No fireworks could match these brilliant explosions, perhaps, volcano in eruption...

And then it slowly settled into orange, a steadier, a more persistent, warmer tone. I could explore the depths and grasp the intricate details—each stroke and contour that better emphasizes meaning. I tried to weigh the facts against imagination but still could not become accustomed.

The red. I didn’t even notice the change that grew into a serene totality. The thickness of austere wine, the glaring of the dying sun... What will bring a greater pleasure? I watched it drip in awe— Intense, like water leaking through the ceiling, and every drop contained entire world of things that reach much higher understanding. It was enchanting; I couldn’t tear my eyes away until it all had drained

and then there was no color.