

Something Orange

Yellow was the jumpsuit that catapulted her stage presence. Auburn was a lifelong hair shade core to her roots. Lime green was the practical yet striking bow that kept things intact. Red was the Fender guitar heeding the call to make music as sweet as the juiciest fruit. Black defined her austere stage partner content to linger in the shadows. Blue was the distinctive Doc Martins that announced her arrival as a starry-eyed fresh thinking undergraduate.

The clue was in the band name, one inevitable from an early obsession. The rainbow persona of her drummer had been a recruitment clincher. Kaleidoscope arose from a colourful cascade.

Substance would always lead, but image wasn't far behind. One colour had always evaded the stylistic urge to define the visual projection of her band. This omission had to be corrected, but how, where and when? The time was fast approaching to inject something orange into the glowing spectrum.

Stacey thought long and hard about the most significant appearances of orange in her life. The duvet in her bedroom felt too functional. The treasured cuddly toy had a sad ending. A pair of leggings had barely left the house. As hard as the memory bank was scanned, significant instances remained elusive and vacant. She contemplated why the need to add this missing colour to a radiant scheme. Perhaps its destiny was to remain in the cupboard and linger in the shadows of those chosen colours.

Indigo, pink and various shades of more conservative green were owned by Candy Cream. The drummer who had bought into the mission with her teenage name change epiphany. Alas, orange could find no entry point as hard as the imagination tried.

Stacey slouched in the slightly worn brown sofa in the shared house. A white Winnie the Pooh night shirt had invaded the living room on this bright cloudless summer's morning. The dominant sun would have added to the vista, but the aspect of the house hid its splendour at this time of the day. She picked up her beige guitar and fumbled in a slate grey handbag pulling out a sky blue pick.

Songs came to the Stacey at the oddest times. She'd mastered the art of holding inspiration in the front compartment of her mind until settling down in her most productive song writing spot. This brown sofa was her fertile zone. Turn Around, Downtown Boy and End of the World surfaced among the frayed scarlet carpet and cream walls disguising a resistance to decorate.

Something had been on Stacey's mind for weeks. Trivial to say the least, but slightly nagging. The answer to these whims was to write a song.

Blue eyes, red lips, blonde hair, white satin
Her only desire was for something orange
Her only desire was for something orange

The lyrics looked dull in black ink. She reached for her crayon box and sought a specific colour.

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