

Colors at PMR

Many mornings at home, I wake up beige. Light sneaks past the drawn shades. I glance at my white dog and soft pink grey walls, lift the downy covers and rise. Dark coffee is the electric motor to my morning start.

Here, I wake up green, the bright white of morning sun and soft light blue bathe my room. I catch the sheen of black and brown cows and watch curtains of spray waft over grass. Water pours from irrigation heads, engineered by men and women, pumped from the undammed creek, sourced from mountain, snow and condensation. Water is a marvel.

I was a haphazard hand of color when I started. Like a bad hand of cards, no matter what arrangement I made, there wasn't much worth. I kept shuffling, changing the game or the rules. Probability and luck arrived. My hands found a better path. My face relaxed, shoulders dropped. A friend offered her eye. I became more vivid.

Hot evenings, my skin glints pink and white under the late sun. The pool sings. Rippling double helixes dance under water. At this hour, I'm a hot orange from heat and energetic work, my torso cloaked, fingers dressed in neon yellow and eyes covered with white goggles. I'm the only one swimming laps. I'm one of at most two people in the pool. Spaciousness defines this ranch. My reward comes in red, purple and pink with one foam noodle under my ankles, a second behind my heart, and a third lifting my head. For a while, I'm a happy multi-armed water fairy, an embodied layer floating between turquoise blue and the heights of cerulean sky. Aspens flutter, flashing silver like the creek. They rustle as much as chickens and squirrels. Nothing stays still for long.

Over the course of the day, I become a gradient of happy pastels satisfied by walking, making and talking. By nine or ten, I fade to the ivory black of retreat and restoration. The bright moon is a gift of waking and sleeping here. Sometimes I leave my bedroom at 2am to watch hundreds of points emerge out of darkness putting my awe and physical scale into much needed perspective.

Here, I wake up yellow.

Alex Hirsch
June 27, 2021