

## Red is Blue

In front of my glass cage, I see the royal purple walls of my home. The crackling fireplace which I cannot hear, the plush red leather couch that I cannot feel. The soft rug protecting the wooden floor, the soft rug that would insulate my feet from the dead cold. I see the Christmas tree alight with rainbow colors, the beautiful snow outside, coating the entirety of the world in sublime white.

In front of my glass cage is my pitying and disappointed family that was I always so afraid to confide in.

Behind my glass cage, I see the textured, whitewashed walls of my school. I see the desks lining the classrooms, the air conditioning cooling the building in the dead of winter. The desks whose smooth surface I cannot feel, the chatter of the student occupants whom I cannot hear. I see the wide whiteboard at the front, blank and empty. I see the dusty tiles speckled with their green and off-grey, coated in footprints.

Behind my glass cage lies no one, but I'm only seeing what I cannot see: my once-friends looking away at me in disgust. They disappeared, one by one.

And I see both sides, but neither side can see the other; to them, the other side is obsidian.

So I'm softly singing to myself. I'm humming quietly; no one can hear me, and my family just tilts their heads.

*Don't let the baby cry  
Feed him ly  
Feed him dye  
Don't let the baby die.*

*The baby comes alive  
The child wonders why  
Yet he cannot even try  
Don't let the child question life.*

*And before his eyes  
Beauty lies  
He chases her lies  
She won't let him catch her light—*

My voice is not strong enough. It falters and breaks while I sing, but I must continue. Always, once I start something, I can't stop.

*Let her friendship blight  
Let the suffering multiply  
Let his hope take flight  
Don't let the front pane see him break*

*Let him fear the fire  
Her burning his desire  
Let him see the red  
And turn it to blue—*

I look behind and remember the voices, so encouraging, so painful—and I remember her special voice that I could never remember, and my breath catches in my throat. So blue. But I *must* finish singing.

*But he can't  
Not a chance  
Connection is not happenstance  
The dry wood shouldn't burn*

*So the baby cried  
He fed himself lye  
He fed himself dye  
Red is the sky  
But he was still alive.*

And my voice falters again, but there is no more. For that song is *mine*; I was the baby and the child. And I'd tell everyone to make the front pane can see the back, but I can't. Because I'm now in the glass cage. As an opportunistic person, my worst fear was losing everyone.

They wheel me away, and only then do I let myself sob, the little air remaining filling my lungs.