

## *The Colour Red*

She opened her eyes.

Felt the chill that traveled from toes to chest. She was empty and hollow. To feel, there needed to be awareness, awareness she could not find in a disassociated moment. If red had a feeling it was cold.

To create a new first movement meant she needed to force a first thought to move towards something, anything. She was alive and drowning in hollow empty red. If red had a feeling it was cold.

Then they came, painful suffocating thoughts. No thoughts were hers. The red she was consumed by was hers but now belonged to earth around her. If red had a feeling it was cold.

If red had a feeling it was cold

She closed her eyes.

Gizaagin