

Synaesthesia

I'm going for a brain scan – oh yes I am
To see if I have colourwash in my brain
(or to see if I'm insane!)
Words in my mind are all in colour – red, blue,
green
And that's the way it's always been.
It letters therein that make up the colour
Some are bright – some much duller.
Pinky-beige, creamy-white –
'O' is a letter full of light.
My name is yellow – I don't know why –
Nicholas the shade of clear blue sky.

There are a few more who have this condition –
A painter, a writer and a musician
And no doubt quite a few more like me
Who are hidden away in obscurity
But I've paid my sub and joined the club
And gained the ranks of notoriety.

So they'll give me a scan to perform the feat
Of unlocking the brain of a synaethete.

Sheila Newman
Highcliffe