

## Yellow<sup>454</sup>

Paula Arespacochada López<sup>455</sup>

If my favourite colour were yellow,  
I'd jump in the puddles and soak in my raincoat. I'd wear pigtails to class every day,  
and celebrate my birthday in the month of May.  
If my favourite colour were yellow,  
I'd run in a dress through the meadows. I'd scream, cry and shout without reason, and wear  
golden jewellery no matter the season.  
But my favourite colour is blue,  
it has always been, it's not new.  
I like better the stars than the moon,  
I was born in October, not June.  
I like the smell of books when they're old, I feel sad when it starts to get cold,  
braid my hair every time I feel blue,  
sing a song when I'm thinking of you.  
I am blue like the waves in the sea,  
I am blue like the sky when it's clear. Like the hydrangeas that my father plants, like the  
veins where blood throbs in my palms.  
If my favourite colour were yellow, I'd probably wish it was green.  
Because when you check your reflection, you never like what you see.

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## Notes on contributor

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