

Worn Rainbows

The Universe

The unfinished Canvas,
worn but still sincere,
the symphony of colours extends past the edges of all horizons
splattered in no particular place,
no particular order.

Each colour is unique-
no two are ever the same.

You look at the colours that are close
and you see the rainbows that surround you,
but by the time you think to look back,
a force has moved the colours from one another.

The Canvas you once saw has been altered-
remodelled.

Eva

The morning sun breaks through the remainder of charred autumn leaves. Dew on the grass glitters as chirping birds cover the noise of cars and trucks on the distant highway. The iridescent light causes Eva to squint up at her mum as the approaching hum of a large vehicle comes to take her away. Eva, This 5-year-old girl with the perfect chocolate hair is impending the danger of the local school bus. As the great yellow beast looms over her, the walls that have contained her fears have crumbled: *Are school kids as mean as they are in the movies, will I really find some friends like mummy says.? Why did we have to move to America?* Tears dampen her lavender-blue eyes.

Eva takes the overly high step onto the bus.

After a journey arranged with a sum of stares and a deficiency of smiles, she's made it to school.

"So Eva tells us; where did you come from," said her new teacher who was, despite being young, was wrapped in bright baggy clothes Eva had only seen in old photos of her mum.

"New Zealand".

"Is that in Europe?" shouted a voice behind her. Eva turned her head and practically gasped. What she saw was a short, smiley boy who had incredible scruffy brown hair and stormy blue eyes. Her response: "What?!"

The boy's eyes remained locked with hers, with zero sign of flinching.

“Is it in Europe,” he questioned again. She started to laugh but the taste of lemon sat in everyone’s mouth. The inspiration was not there. Everyone’s eyes were aimed into every direction but hers. Hurricanes stirred her insides. She felt sick. Her head lowered as she fell to her seat. The life-saving bell rang exactly 4 seconds

later. She raced out of the classroom, down the corridor. Once again with glassy eyes as she sunk into a ball in a corner. Alone in a colourless horizon.

“Hey, Eva from Europe,” called a voice. She looked up and saw the boy with the scruffy hair, closely followed by a girl. Both wore wide *smiles*. Eva’s head sunk back to her knees.

“*What do you want?*”

“Well, we came to tell you that the canteen is that way,” said the Girl. She was getting annoyed now.

“They do the bessssst cookies everrrr,” the scruffy boy added.

She did have an appreciation for cookies-, especially warm ones.

“They’re warm too,” added the boy. He could apparently read minds as well as embarrass students on their first day. “I’m Max by the way.” Max’s hair looked like an unordered bees nest.

“And I’m Nyla,” smiled the girl, who was now attempting the seemingly impossible task of taming Max’s nest. Nyla had ambitious amber eyes written with joy. Her frizzy black hair, unlike Max’s, were like eagles flying in formation. Moments later Eva found herself at a table consisting of 3 cookies, 3 people and 3 very satisfied smiles. The cookie’s sweetness and softness demanded her eat more as it tickled her tongue.

“This is so good,” Eva squeaked. Max’s and Nyla smiles were competing with the one Eva now had on.

“Told you,” Max yelled in the busy cafeteria.

That got a few stares

“It’s Cookieliocous,” Nyla started. Eva laughed while Max cringed in the corner.

The Universe

Time

It creates pieces of beauty,
while wearing them down.

It forms many colours,
but in the process

Alters them.

It does all of this unnoticed-

Invisible until visible
Overlooked until done
Time doesn't have a heart
Remember that

Eva

7 years worth of cookies later, Max, Nyla and Eva remain as grateful friends. Made up of telling silly embarrassing stories to each other, their fair share of arguments, painting pictures and of course eating the cookielious cookies at the cafeteria. There were laughs, tears and favourite attire, smiles. They were there for each other through the joys and the storms. Max still had his scruffy hair, learnt a smudge of guitar but thought he had the quality to be the lead guitarist of every band ever. Meanwhile, Nyla and Eva became artists. Nyla wrote the books while Eva painted the pictures. Eva's favourite painting was an unfinished one of Max and Nyla. The background was a dull grey which illuminated the mixture of blues in Max's Storms and the glint in Nyla's smile. Eva wasn't yet ready to finish it off. She was waiting for the right time. A bitter winter's afternoon, the sky was masked with a thick rug of clouds that blocked what little heat the sun had to yield. Eva's legs were stiff as she hopped out of the school bus. She opened the front door and saw her mum and dad sitting at the table hands intertwining with their own. Suddenly the weather outside seemed more appetising. Her eyes were locked with her parents as she sat down. She could feel it was something bad. The hurricanes slowly arose again. "*We are going back to New Zealand,*" her mum said abruptly. Eva just sat there. The hurricanes dissipated. She felt numb. All the clocks in the room stopped. Her vision began to blur. Her mind began to spin. She found herself on her bed. Oceans formed within those lavender-blue eyes.

The Universe

Humans
You care
Therefore you hurt

Eva

5 years back in New Zealand's sunshine. 3 years of putting Max and Nyla into the back of her mind. Eva comes home from another day of school bathing in relief. She somehow managed to hand in her Artboard despite all the challenges that arose at the finish line. However, she knew she didn't have time to bathe in this relief, as her friends Cassy and Izzy were coming to pick her up in 20 minutes for a Halloween party. Eva had not prepared a thing for this party. Her solution, Find an old pair of bed sheets and cut a few wholes for eyes and head. *After all, no one is gonna care that much right?* She rushed into the garage where she noticed the painting of scruffy Max and beautiful Nyla. The blue in Max's eyes had been slightly smeared

across his face where the Dark and light blue she used have separated from each other. Memories flooded into her. She had tried to stay with contact with Max but after only getting a phone for the first time last year they hadn't really talked to properly. But excitement filled her when she realized she was going back to America with her parents for a holiday. Her heart was leaping out of her chest. It was the ring of doorbell that put a plug on her emotions.

The Universe

There are many kinds of stars:

some blue,
some white,
some yellow.

But stars change colour throughout their life;
they change in size,
they change in many other ways.

That's just the way it is.

Eva

The plane landed at 2:07 but it took another 4 painful minutes for the plane to taxi to the terminal not to mention the extra 2 for waiting for the doors to open. Once Eva was out of the plane it was time for the 20-minute car ride to school. She was feeling an ocean of excitement, coated with nerves. Thoughts and Memories flowed within her. Each one leading to another. She smiled at them while looking out the window to the familiar yet very different landscape. New shops, New roads. Nostalgia filled her. The car came to a stop. She knew where she was. With shaky legs walked out while searching the uniformed students.

The Universe

Colours grow

Their tones may become richer

Or maybe Paler

They slowly change the rainbow

Just a little bit

Everyday

Eva

With a few minutes of searching, she found him. Something had changed. Actually, it wasn't just one thing, It was many. His hair was straightened. The Bees nest was no more, He wasn't with Nyla. Instead, a large group of boys. He had grown significantly. But he still had those stormy blue eyes. Her heart knocked. She walked closer. Caught his eye. He marched towards her. She opened a dusty door.

The Universe

A mysterious force acts upon the colours so effortlessly
It gently put ripples through them
Each colour reacts differently
The force is Invisible until visible
Overlooked until done

Eva

Uh Hey, he said. Nerves began weaving out of her stomach.
Hey, She replied. She could feel a un airy tension in the air. The rest of the conversation fumbled, but never fell. Smiles were exchanged, but that was all. Laughs were made, but they were hollow. *Hey, Maximus are you coming?* Yelled a voice. *"Yeah I'll be a minute,"* he answered. *"Well, cya 'round,"* he said uncertainly. *Yeah*, Eva said weakly. But they never did. Eva knew that as Max turned and walked away. She watched him as he withdrew. How she saw the light lit up his stormy eyes for the last time. Then he was gone. Her stomach was tied, her chest was empty and rivers rained from her lavender-blue eyes. She just wanted to dissolve, disappear, fade out of the world. Her heart wasn't broken, nor crushed. All that remained was a whole chest. She hadn't even realised but she was walking with significant speed. *Eva?* A voice said. She turned. It was Nyla. She knew because of her frizzy black hair hadn't changed. *What is wrong?* Eva just stood there. Nyla came closer. Eva Stood there for a few more seconds before stepping forward, opening her arms and hugged her probably way too tight. Nyla carefully put her and hugged her back. They just stood there arms wrapped around each other. Eva released and Nyla looked at her and they both gave off a smile. *Do you want to get a cookie* Nyla asked? Although tempted Eva really wasn't into the notion of food. *Im not really feeling hungry.* There was a calm silence for a moment. *They're cookieloucous* Nyla added. That brought a wide smile to Evas' face.

The Universe

Time always touches,
The colours
It changes there hue,
Changes there strength
Changes how bright they appear.
Certain colours attract others
some repel
One another
Time can ultimately lead colours to
join and leave
different rainbows.
But its important to

Understand that
Time is not malicious
And we must accept with time,
There is change.

Nyla

Many years later in a modern apartment upstate that had ceiling to floor windows, the yellow pastally sun was crawling up over the horizon. It overlooked a park with green fields and trees dressed in red and yellow leaves. The distant sound of cars on the highway was muted by the quiet sound of a chill song playing on the radio. Nyla found herself sitting at her desk looking up at Eva's unfinished painting of Max and her. It was feeling the wear of time as some of the colours had faded. Max's eyes no longer looked like storms but rather a tropical sea where for some reason the dark blue paint had been smeared slightly across his face. Both eyes were smeared. Both parallel. Both going in the same direction. Nyla looked down at her Unscrated page tapping her pencil against the side of the table. She lifted her hand began to write. She didn't stop until she had reached the end. It started like this:

The unfinished Canvas,
worn but still sincere.

The Universe

You can't predict time
You can't predict the stars,
Each star shines
With a different
Purpose.
It's up to you
Who you let into
Your little rainbow.

By:
Oliver Clements