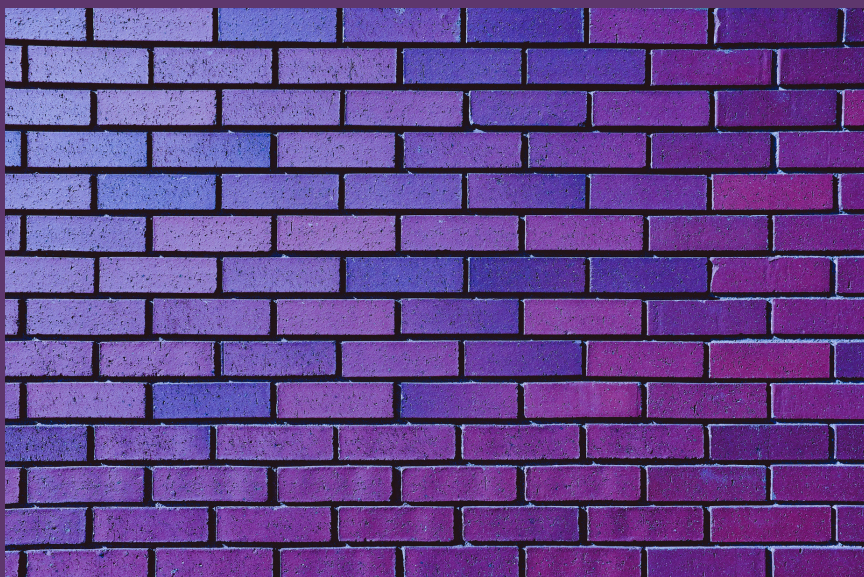


purple rising



natalye childress



the walls in the shu were painted purple, raven purple, like if you looked at them long enough, you'd forget where you are. the reality: darkness there and nothing more. it takes twelve thousand sea snails to create one gram of tyrian purple, but just truth on the tongue to turn a white raven black. oh beautiful, for purple mountain majesties, for scattered light, for non-spectral colors. for the emperors, for the aristocrats, for the phonecian nymphs. the forget-me-nots are purple too, the irony being that you know exactly where you are. but a room can be a kingdom if you will it, and if you look in just the right way, you see flowers.



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