

Orange

Orange plasmatic flames rise above all else
Consuming as is the most beautiful sight above all else
To the dawning of the sun to rise of the morning
To the burning of all things burning
Orange will rise

Camouflage in the wilderness life depends on it
To the deepest depths of darkness accompanied by orange
The tiger's true colors appear and Orange shows no fear

Juices flow in sun bathed baths near the equator's might
Only there in warm weather can an Orange tree grow
Orange seeds, I spit seeds instead of spilling seeds that bleed
My heart orange

And until the Orange is recognized
I will keep wearing the brightly colored color
Till the love song sings notes in my favorite color
Orange to you I dedicate this poem to.
Orange I'll admit I'm a little bit, just a tiny bit obsessed with you