

Hot New Paint Colors for This Season

~~Fall is finally arriving, so now's the time to redecorate with these trending~~

~~Swing into autumn with these bold new~~

~~Revive your home with this selection of~~

I'm not qualified to talk about paint. My walls, plastered over with posters and Scotch tape, have been the same pale yellow of childhood and clutter since I was four. I've never been the home renovation type. There's acrylic under my nails from a birthday gift for someone I don't talk to anymore. Does that count? She's out in Pennsylvania, but her walls back home are purple.

I suppose I can try.

1. Saturday Afternoon

Color Description: I'm standing in the hardware store, perusing the paint chips. It's what I always do, while Dad's off looking for pipe fixtures and glue. All of these shops smell the same. A middle-aged man who's balding at the temples is buying a can of *Cottage By The Sea*, its label printed in a blue that looks like you could drink it. There's a pale purple called *A Stitch In Time* grasped between my fingers. I wonder who names the colors. I wonder if that lilac is the shade of their little sister's sweater last Easter, if *Opening Night* is the orange of a best friend's sequined costume, if *Juliet Blue* is named for someone. I pick up an almost-white called *Gravity*

and wonder why it's the color of angel wings.

Miah Knight

2. Celebration of Life

Color Description: That's what they call funerals, when they want to make them sound fun. The dead grasshopper on the sidewalk is so very green against the concrete. It looked like a leaf out of the corner of my eye and now my friend is leaning over it, its once-whirring wings translucent in the sunlight. The ants march around like they're honoring a whalefall. It's hot for October, and the sky is bright, and my friend is grinning and I am too. It smells like the rosemary bushes and I'm playing with the faded bracelet knotted around my wrist. I could write a poem about this. Is it a celebration of life to be consumed, I wonder, to continue the cycle through the ants trooping around your corpse? And is this a celebration of the grasshopper's life or mine, because the sky is bright and we're staring and smiling and it doesn't seem fair to the motionless insect below us. It's so very green against the concrete. I hope these sentences suffice for a eulogy.

3. Blue, All The Way Down

Color Description: I'm rolling the garbage cans out and I stop to watch the sunset. I fiddle with the lock to the side gate with ink on my fingers because I needed to stain them and ink is less destructive than blood. The sky is pink lemonade in Grandma's blue plastic cups. I stare up at the clouds and wonder if they were ever home to me, wonder if anyone is watching me

watching. It smells like compost and summer and there are cobwebs pasted to my palms and sunlight catching in my teeth and maybe this is how caterpillars look at the sky. Not that I will

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ever rearrange myself into a winged thing, but perhaps we wish the same. My feet are stuck to the ground. I'm rolling the garbage cans out and dreaming of zero gravity.

4. Mercy

Color Description: The crane fly's wings are brown and beating wildly against my palms. I feel guilty for the fluttering. Out the door, out the room, into the hallway, out the building. Hands open. The fly flits off unsteadily into the night. It was drawn to the light, I'm sure, that came in through those blue-shuttered windows that don't open all the way. Sought out the stark white fluorescence, an industrial imitation of moonlight. It didn't expect the tumbling. Teenage girls laughing and smelling of campfire smoke, shrieking when they saw it for the crime of being small and brown and ugly. I feel bad for catching it, for the panic with which it desperately tried to escape my grasp. I don't know enough about crane fly brains to know what it was like in the dark between the warmth of my cupped hands, but I hope the empty night was mercy. I hope that a capture was better than a killing.

5. Falling Away

Color Description: I've been thinking about stars for hours now. I was on the phone with a friend again last night, talking about the piece I wrote about seeking out galaxies. I wish I had

the patience for science, a passion that matched the pressure behind my eyes when they're stuck on the sky for too long. But I don't. Mom takes me outside anyway to see the supermoon, glowing silently through the cornflower and lilac of the sunset. The phone camera doesn't do it

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justice. Perhaps beautiful things are meant to be fleeting, like stars exploding at the edges of constellations I will never see. I think about winter and the growing shadows on the walk home, glancing back as the moon rises higher and higher and cornflower fades to cobalt fades to dark. I think about black holes, about how space and time switch places inside them. I think about how I used to cry over my math homework for hours. I think about falling through color and inky sky and wish two thousand, four hundred light years wasn't so far away.