

The White Room

He sat in a white room.
Even though the walls were gray and the bookshelves beige,
the bedspread brightly colored. Large floral patterns
on the bedroom rug,
and the floor being dark and woody.
Yet the room in which he sat was white.

Out in the town, he wandered among bookstalls, reading the spines,
a library's musty smell of stale ideas.
He lingered in the aisle of clothes, fingering the fabrics,
tracing their designs.
He sat on the courthouse steps seeing children play on the green lawn below.
Still the room in which he sat was white.

Hiking a trail, into the woods, up a slope to a clearing meadow
of wildflowers and grass.
He pitched his tent and unpacked his pack and opened his sketchbook
to draw the view,
a magnificent view he saw through a gap in the trees.
But in his deepest thoughts he knew.
He sat in a white room.