Beige Colored Walls

Oh how I long for you, my beige colored walls.

Your protection from the outside world, how it provides comfort, a way to sleep in harmony through each night. Your beauty through simplicity, oh how it intrigues me so. Your color, some may call it bland, others boring, yet I find it quite soothing to the eye. The clumps of paint, running along my fingers, pleasing to the touch, reminding me that beauty does not always come through perfection. A flawed masterpiece you are, oh beige colored walls.

Why, why must you isolate me my beige colored walls? Yes, I enjoy your company and find you pleasing to the touch and to the eye, but oftentimes it seems that you isolate me from the outside world, too selfish to share my love. Please let me out, dear beige colored walls. Let me see the brighter colors, let me smell the smell of prettier roses, let me taste the fresher air, I beg you my beige colored walls.

PLEASE, I plead with you oh beige colored walls, LET ME OUT! I can no longer stand you, cramping me in, unwilling to share. Your flaws, they disgust me, mocking my own imperfections at every turn. Your colors, how they blind me with blandness. Just let me
experience the light of day, dearest beige colored walls, do not suffocate me any longer. My senses have gone dull, my life has become nothing but this horrid color. I’ll beat on you until I break through, only to leave and never return.

*Oh how I despise you, my beige colored walls.*