I dream in silver and orange.
No rhymes, no companionable spirit,
the landscape
a prism of contrasts,
seldom traveled.
If only you could find your way
those autumn leaves and tinkling bells
would guide us through each dip, swell,
until one becomes the other.

Birds in fields of pumpkin
await our audience,
their atonal melodies drift
like a mist that illuminates
Fish explode upward, like fireworks,
retreating with the sun

Into the glittering depths

Staring across phantasms, my breath
held, as the winged creatures
exhale like trumpet blares,
I wait, listen, still apart.

Morning strikes with its blue and gold, which never stand alone,

Then a sound pulses intense as firelight.
It’s a match striking, one heart picking up the beat of its pair
warm, bright, orange and silver.

Roselyn Perez is the fifth of six children, all girls. Two of her sisters, as well as herself, have lived with Retinitis Pigmentosa all of their lives. She is 27 years old, resides in southern California, and is studying creative writing and psychology at California State University, Northridge.