

*Stories in pictures*

# MAKING OF THINGS COLOURS

VIDYA AND RAJARAM SHARMA



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**COLOURS**

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*Vidya*  
**Online**

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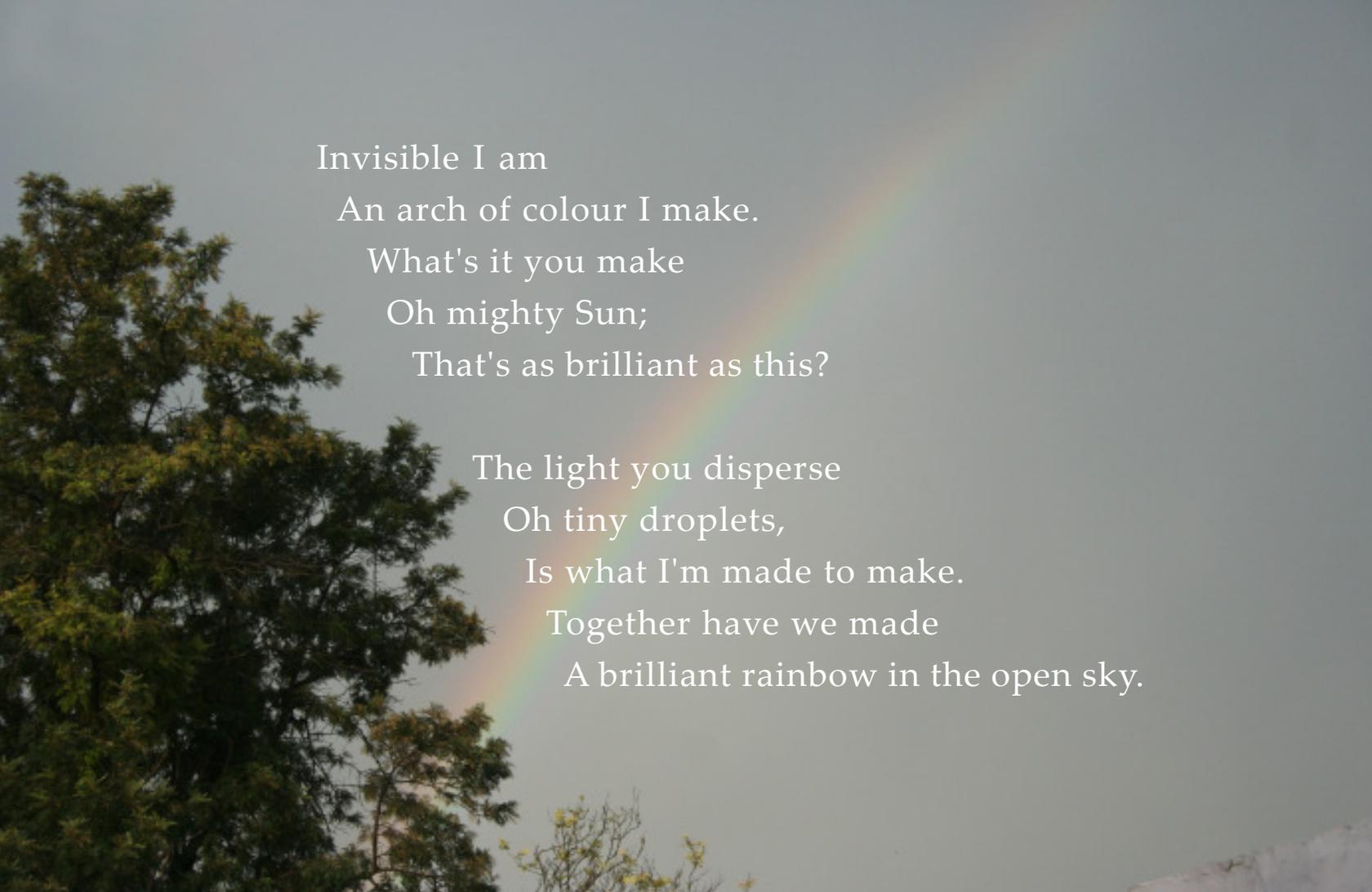


Yellow I am  
A yellow patch I make.  
What's it you make  
Oh mighty Sun;  
That's as pretty as this?

The light you scatter  
Oh little flower,  
Is what I'm made to make.  
Together have we made  
A pretty yellow patch on the wall.







Invisible I am  
An arch of colour I make.  
What's it you make  
Oh mighty Sun;  
That's as brilliant as this?

The light you disperse  
Oh tiny droplets,  
Is what I'm made to make.  
Together have we made  
A brilliant rainbow in the open sky.



Calm I am  
Sharp images I make.  
What's it you make  
Oh mighty Sun;  
That's as clear as this?

The light you reflect  
Oh glassy pond,  
Is what I'm made to make.  
Together have we made  
Sharp images on waters calm.





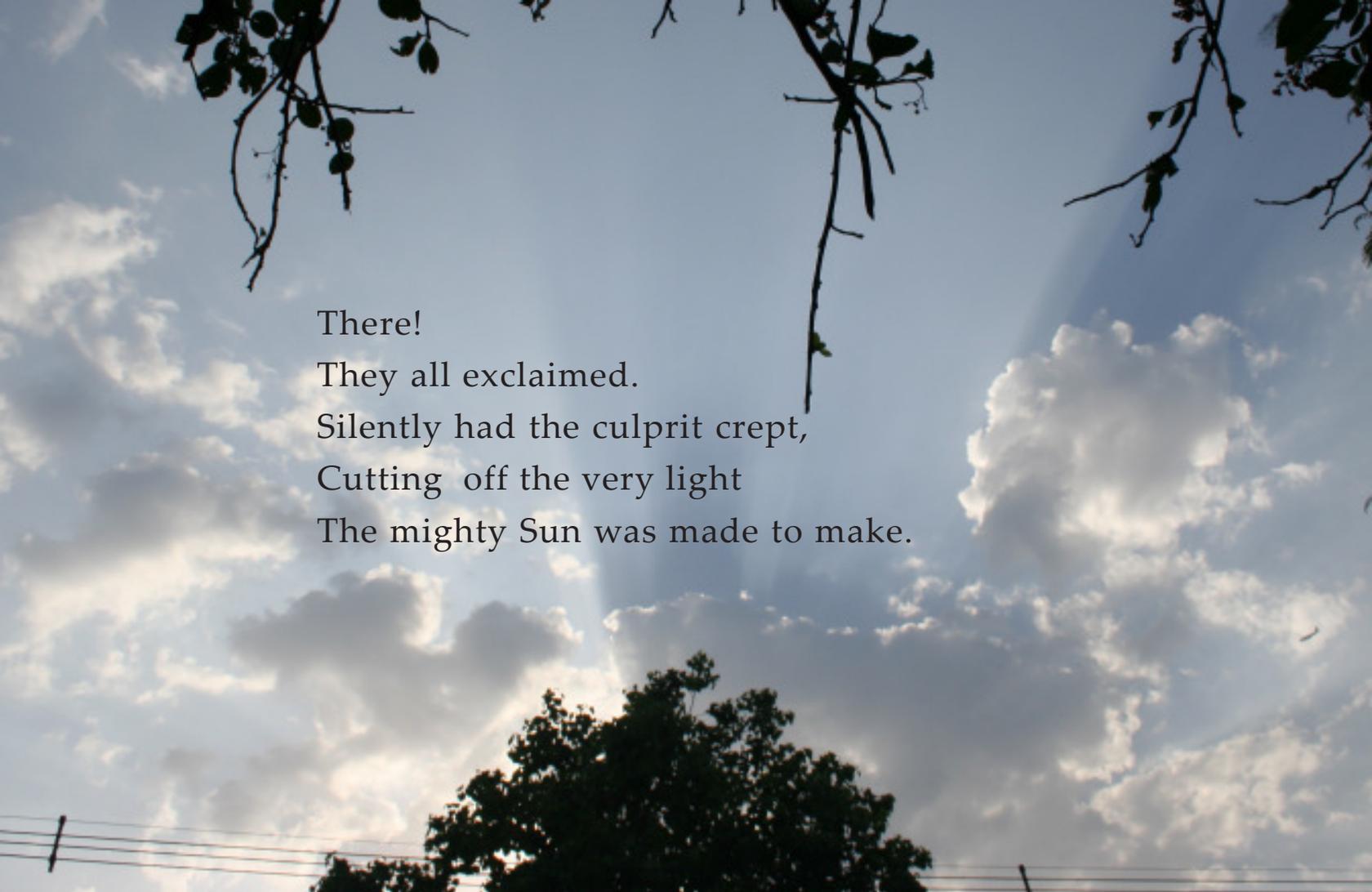


Opaque we are  
Dark shadows we make.  
What's it you make  
Oh mighty Sun;  
That's as black and true?

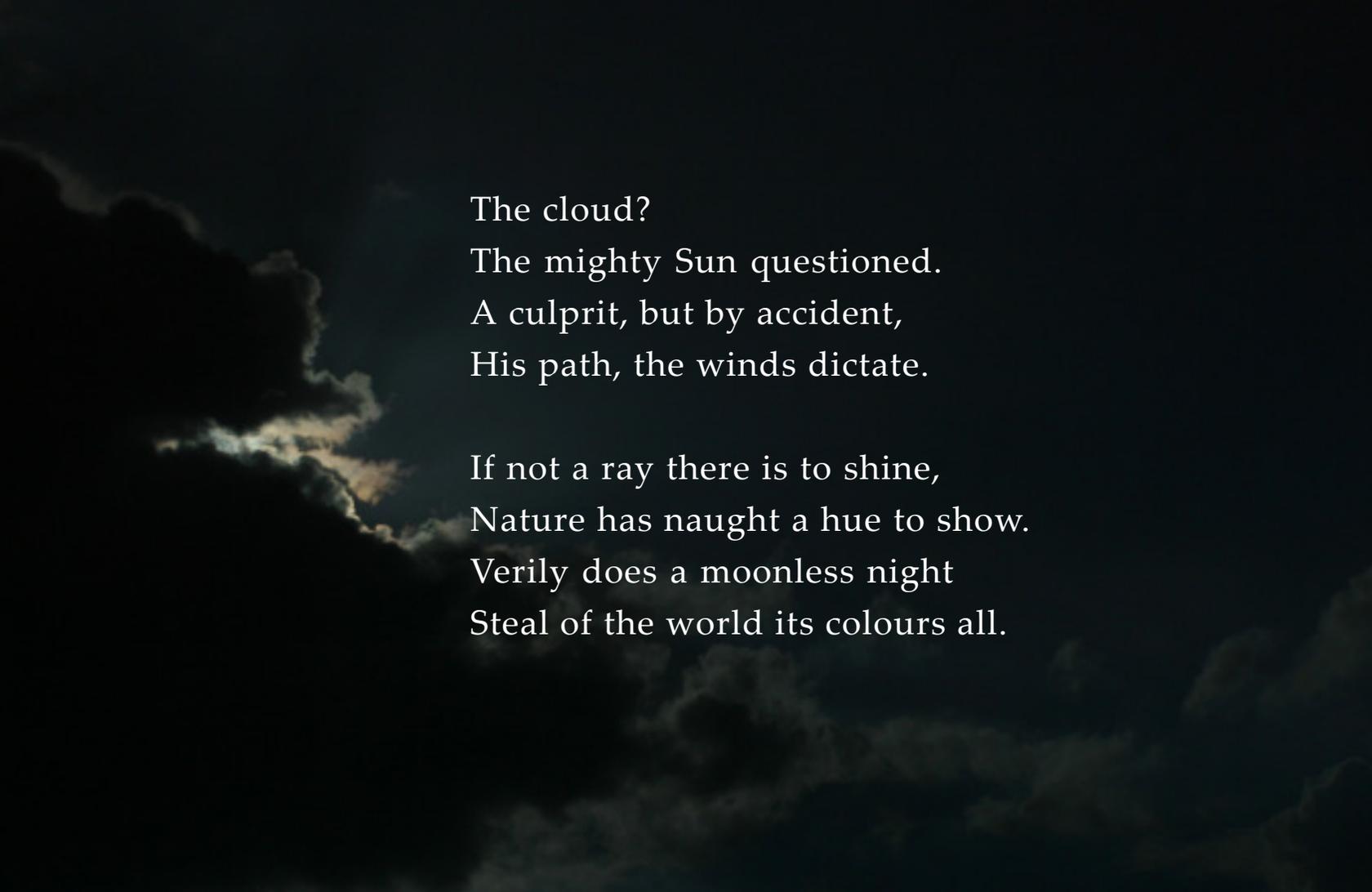
The light you block  
Oh great trees,  
Is what I'm made to make.  
Together have we made  
Faithful shadows true and black.

A grayscale photograph of a sky with dark tree branches on the left side. The text is centered in the right half of the image.

Suddenly!  
Shadows blurred  
Images dulled  
Rainbow disappeared  
The Yellow smudge dimmed.



There!  
They all exclaimed.  
Silently had the culprit crept,  
Cutting off the very light  
The mighty Sun was made to make.



The cloud?  
The mighty Sun questioned.  
A culprit, but by accident,  
His path, the winds dictate.

If not a ray there is to shine,  
Nature has naught a hue to show.  
Verily does a moonless night  
Steal of the world its colours all.

A photograph of a pond filled with large, vibrant green lily pads. Two white water lilies with bright yellow centers are in bloom, one in the upper center and one in the lower right. The water is dark, and some fallen leaves are scattered among the lily pads.

Memories of the morn, then  
Bring cheer from deep within,  
Once again will the colours dance  
In the light I am made to make.



*Other Titles*

BAR CODING

A WOVEN TALE

THE ODD GOOSE

MAKING OF THINGS—WORDS

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