

A CURSE CALLED NOSTALGIA

Nostalgia has a colour I'd say,
I'm not really sure which though
Maybe it's the hue of the classroom when we were little
Or a faint memory's blow.

2000s, how fascinating they were
Movies having bright colours
Songs having nothing but whites and hot pinks
Whites and hot pinks, as I come to wonder are what makes my mind go all
thunder.

That's the thing about Nostalgia
It makes you feel the best and the worst at the same time
Realization of the good times and the lack thereof.

2010s as we come now, everything's vague
From memory to choices, we can not really escape
Browns, blues and blacks are what describe us, people say
For this is the very phase of chaos and dismay.

One day Nostalgia will have a new meaning
Will represent a different memory
And will have a different colour
Blues and blacks will it be, oh I wonder.

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