



Life in Yellow

ADRIAN TANASE

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by Adrian Tanase

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Foreword

Life in Yellow is a collection of free-verse poetry that tries to capture the life of a writer, who lives in a world where trends, colors, fashion, and technology are changing very fast, and where the meaning of life changes from one year to the next. He lives on Earth in an alternate future and is a well-known author of fiction prose and free-verse poetry, that lives in the United States of All Colors. Contacted by a literary agent that lived more than a hundred light-years from him, he agrees on writing a poem book that describes the society in which he lives, for a substantial compensation.

Our main character describes his experiences with his shifted perceptions on what sometimes seems an almost surreal world, where people live out-of-time feelings, foresee the future in short glimpses, blend reality with the digital world, and most of all, enjoy a world that praises fashion, art, and colors.

Enjoy another original concept poetry book from the **Timeless Adventures** series.

high contrast

1. wearing my glasses
 with their slim neon shiny frames
 and a fashionable outfit
 bought from a store
 where only unique items
 were on sale today,
 I'm waiting for my glass of whiskey
 on a seat,
 somewhere back in the almost empty club
 where the coldness of the concrete
 mixes with the smell of old wine cellar.
 occasionally
 the girl dressed in her shiny fuchsia
 plastic-like dress
 that serves cocktails with green olives
 passes by
 just to remind me
 of her Restless Soul Vanchy perfume
 that she always wears
 only in the weekends.

2. today,
 rectangle projections
 and threads of golden light
 alternate with long bars
 of darkness,
 immersing me
 in a semi-opaque environment
 where coldness abounds,
 while outside, the golden rays of the sun
 shine through a semi-transparent
 irregular rain
 where umbrellas of translucent plastic
 and shiny plastic clothes
 create kaleidoscopic reflections
 upon all the buildings in our city.

3. inside my violet car,
 that has
 red velvet velour padded seats,
 I am listening, at night,
 to 8-bit recorded songs
 from a well-known radio show
 that broadcasts starting
 10 pm, every Friday.
 I am smoking a herbal cigarette,
 dreaming away of another world, at night,
 in which perfumes and flashlights
 illuminate the interior of my vehicle
 padded with dark sparkling
 nanomaterial fibers.
 I am just waiting for the rain
 or for the moon to show up
 that is now probably resting
 behind a few gloomy clouds
 lagging behind what would be
 a surreal night
 where everything is perfect
 in its irrational arrangement.

4. my cyan trousers
made of shiny synthetic leather,
stretch around my feet
reflecting around me
like a halo
the color in which I always
like to dress
when it's Thursday,
and when I leave my worries
show up maybe
at a later date.
only the bartender rests quietly
awaiting for a new customer
that would give him something new
to do
in this beautiful and sunny afternoon.

5. cars passing by
leave their trail imprint
of violet, cyan,
and yellow colors,
on my long exposure picture
looking like
vivid neon glowing tubes
on an old holoimage of the past.
I know that every dot of light
is made out
of tiny little sparks
of everything
that once passed in a rush fashion
on the street
that never seems to ever
change
its appearance.