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Hope Is the Color Orange

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Please see the Editors' Foreword - A Christian Response to Art and Literature: A Very Short Guide to Images and Texts

Description (Optional)
This is a nonfiction short I wrote as part of a collection of shorts concerning my home. This piece specifically addresses how to fix something that doesn't seem blatantly broken, but something is definitely wrong. I play with concepts of a the color orange as hope but come to realize orange can mean more than just hope, and life can be as complex as colors.

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About the Contributor (Optional)
I'm a Junior English major at Cedarville University pursuing a minor in Creative Writing. I'm interested in accurately portraying the world, primarily through human interaction and the tension that occurs. I hope to accurately portray both the major and minor themes of life, as a Christian author who wants to make good art while maintaining my world view. I adamantly believe it can be done, and I hope my work is found to be thought-provoking, beautiful, and truthful.

Nonfiction by Angel Grubbs
HOPE IS THE COLOR ORANGE

The room feels dark somehow. The walls are yellow and the ceiling is laced with golden Christmas lights, but, rather than invigorate me, the yellow drains and leaves me more hopeless than if the walls were gray and molding. With gray and molding, I would have something definite to fix. I could see the problem. I could grab sponges and soap to scrub away whatever it is that's so intangibly yet inextricably wrong. I could feel the sweat and suds mix and drip down my arms. Once scrubbed clean, I'd go to Ace Hardware and buy orange paint, more particularly "Tangerine" or "Mango" paint. And my excited mind would wander to how orange reminds people of fruits and citrus. Of poppies and peaches. Of fat, juicy pumpkins waiting to be picked for the sacred tradition of carving Jack-O-Lanterns. Orange forces attention, it beckons hard work. Orange bounces and dazzles.

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Yet, sitting here on my sheet-less bed, surrounded by Alice Cooper music folios, organic bananas, dried carnations, and an old pot from my ex roommate's historical ceramics class, I'm reminded of how yellow should do the same as orange. How Christmas lights should dance on the walls, not remind me of the butterflies pinned to the corkboard of a sociopathic middle schooler's science project. No. Orange wouldn't dazzle in this room. I would paint Mango and the walls would give me off-pitch cars' horns in Chicago. The kind when coffee has run cold, and secondhand smoke pairs with hoarse swearing voices to pollute the air. Tangerine would be dirty traffic cones, stagnant and filthy. Orange, on these walls, would be realizing Monarch butterflies are poisonous, not just pretty.

And I sit here and wish I knew where I'm supposed to scrub.