

Your Ding an Zing

I saw your Ding an Zing.
'Twas such a wondrous thing!
Blue! Blue as the sky only seems --
Yellow as daises bobbling
In the sun bogging
My mind.
I find
The imprint of it within my dreams.
But no,
It is not so,
I'm told.
(The intellect is cold.)
Blues and yellows and such things
Are never parts of Ding an Zings,
Your blue is but a brain created sign.
It's only an aspect of how I see.
I won't dispute
What I can't refute,
But ah! What must your an Zing be
To originate such loveliness in mine?