

Black's Magic

By Cindy Dixon

Why is black my favorite color?

Is it because its inkiness wraps me at night like a security blanket, bringing me comfort and peace?

Or is it because I am next in a generation of farmers that find black soil desirable?

Rich and fertile: the backbone of my heritage.

Or first to know the stir that comes when black ink jumps out at me as I read, feeding my mind and soul-Not unlike the black dirt that nurtures my body-but different.

Is it because wearing black symbolizes class, sophistication, power, and professionalism?

Traits I strive to perfect.

Or is it more personal?

Is it because wearing black cloaks me in vanity?

I am taller, thinner, more refined...

Feminine and desirable.

Oh, what is it about that "old black magic" that remains the standard

For graduations, interviews, important dinners, and ... mourning.

Is it because, against every other color, it stands out as the dominant force, yet

It enhances the brilliancy of the other colors?

Without black, all colors pale.

Without black, the moon's glow and stars' shine would be lost ...

The security would be gone.