**Name:\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_**

**Dr. Attis**

**AP Lang and Comp**

**Date: \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_**

**Text based argument response**

**Step 1:** Close read and annotate/label for: SOAPS, tone, claim, data, warrant, counter claim, and any reactions or connections to the text

**Step 2**: Compose a text based argument response.

Grey

I hate the color grey.

It’s the color that men who have no true intentions use,

To paint dreams for women who are green…

And because of it,

Who later turn blue.

All different hues of blue…

Some deep cobalt and some baby blue like the sky,

But different shades, nonetheless.

Shades that tell stories of broken hearts and unfulfilled wishes.

Grey…

Stuck between here and nowhere.

Stuck between commitment and just meeting.

Stuck between a flourishing love and one that’s stifled from fear of falling in too deep.

I hate the color grey.

No title.

No stability.

No guarantee.

No boundaries…

Just an illusion of partnership,

And benefits,

And companionship,

And sometimes even a pseudo first place spot.

I hate the color grey.

Your mind plays tricks telling you that patience is a virtue,

But have you ever left a hot item in the store knowing that it may not be there in your size when you return?

No.

All the games of grey:

Mind bending,

Heart rendering,

Self-worth questioning,

Emotional purgatory,

Total package limbo.

I hate grey.

More than friends,

Less than committed…

Waiting for a stamp,

A confirmation,

Something to solidify not just your intense feelings,

But that you’re good enough for those intense feelings to be returned.

Grey has you feeling…

Downright confused-

About him,

About yourself,

About what you are entitled to.

You see, when you are denied something long enough,

You start to wonder if you’re really worthy to receive it in the first place.

A constant battle between letting your guards down and trying to exemplify loyalty.

Trying to purchase love with currency of time and understanding and favors and FAVORS-

Only to find your money is no good here.

You see, grey has a way of making a woman work so hard,

With no guarantee for a return on her investment.

I hate grey because it a deceiving color that yields excuses.

Once all a woman’s heart sees is red,

Grey is just another way to say “it’s complicated,”

Or “I’ll wait,”

Or “He’s been through so much, he is still trying to heal.”

I hate grey.

It never gives the opportunity for a Queen to thrive,

Or truly enjoy herself,

Or receive a pure form of love.

                                                                                                                                Man, love me or leave me alone.

Give me black.

Or give me white.

You can have your grey.

I HATE grey.

Penned July 1, 2013 by Jessica L. Nichols