

excerpt from "Song of Solomon" by [Toni Morrison](#)

You think dark is just one color, but it ain't. There's five or six kinds of black. Some silk, some woolly. Some just empty. Some like fingers. And it don't stay still. It moves and changes from one kind of black to another. Saying something is like pitch black is like saying something is green. What kind of green? Green like my bottles? Green like a grasshopper? Green like a cucumber, lettuce, or green like the sky is just before it breaks loose to storm? Well, night black is the same way. May as well be a rainbow.