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## BLUES

Take a fearless plunge into cosmic mystery, wade into deeper water, peer through a telescope delivering the wild blue yonder. Oceanic, tidal, celestial, there's that pea coat we'll have forever, there's our memory of Paul Newman's eyes. From low-down Delta blues. to a simple summer sky, we have a million reasons why we sometimes feel like you. As trusty as denim, chambray crisp off the loom. All these words we have for you — azure, cobalt, cerulean what's more royal than blue?

## GREENS

Mother Earth, kelp lashed against the shore, chlorophyll pulsing through the leaf deck. And Japanese tea, even just lightly steeped. The color of the one home we all share. The color of nourishment. This glorious, endless menu of you: lettuce, forest and foliage, canopy, cash and camouflage. A golf course spills over the desert, a lizard suns himself against a rock. Green originally meant "to grow" no wonder that when we're you, we're new. Oregon, Africa and the Emerald Isle shining in the sea. Part yellow, part blue, we lived generations without purple, we've never lasted long without you.

## NEUTRALS

it's how we can all get along, how we can take charge of a situation or porcelain in the moment it cools beside the kiln. the tranquil ground where we all aspire to stand. You're self-sufficient. You're your own complement, as confident as a steel-gray ship to gently disappear against the sky.

## REDS

You were the first pigments we brushed on the cave wall, ground from the earth, an ancient handprint, a hunter's arrow still chasing its target. You precede the words we're left with to describe you: aboriginal, Neolithic, blood and fire, danger and victory. You're our past made suddenly present and the warm heat of the transformation: the V on a Masai warrior's chest, the kiss left by a Hollywood starlet. We'll never solve your eternal mystery: how the easiest pigment to make remains the hardest to forget, from the images our young eyes first imagined flickering in the firelight to the walls that now warm this room.

