

BLEW AWAY

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Poetry

What is it darling? What's troubling your mind?
You don't understand how the world
Has become like it is.
Come closer sit down let me tell you a story
of long ago times and long ago skies

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painted cyan, aquamarine, royal and steel
shaded with sapphire, azure, navy and cobalt
The hues a young child's eyes will never get to see
The home for blue jays, the hair of tall oak trees,
And a home for eagles, just as distant as our blue.

It's the color of your father's eyes, crystal ball blue
The color of *that car! Right there!*
Though not exactly true.
It's in the way you move when you wake up
Its in the stillness of the waves
Its in the way you feel when no one wants to share.

Its bright, electric like neon lights
Stare too long and it'll cause your eyes to see
Dancing caterpillars all around.
It's a blanket of velvet
No one can touch.

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Our world decided not to share, that's why this all began
Why you my dear can't see the sky your grandma
Played under as a child.
It started with dark smoke, black oil
It seeped into our roots, from those roots we breathed out
Murky gloomy shadows into our air.
The atmosphere filled with haze
And darkened up our blue,
It disappeared, leaving murky gray
The color that now reflects my eyes.