

Blue

If I said – crying in winter
The cardigan's drastic stain of blue
On the mere edge of the collar

If I said, blue nails on those slight smothered fingertips
Of the girl with weary eyes
Grasping a notebook in the dark
Holding on to her dear life.

If I said, ocean eyes dwelling from a distant –
Or drowning in the temporary excitement lingered autumn wind
On a bland day in between the space outside this world

Blue, I said. Inflicted, blue.