

A pinker shade of blue

by Jennifer Yeh

The blue sky is smothered
as always
by a veil of cloud.

Today
the blue sign said,
Bake sale outside the hall.
Nobody went.

Supposedly kids are getting smarter.
The Flynn effect they call it.
Hope it's true because
global warming,
that's on their turf now

And the death row inmates
in their uniform blue
have a better chance
Apparently.

I took a shortcut the other day
through a park
with black rubber swings.
The wind whistled blue
the swings rocked
It was awful creepy

Homer's sea was wine-dark.
Experts reckon
he was colour blind
or drank blue wine.

We dissect dusty words
when there are billions of other things
which need thinking about.
And all of them new.

Maybe the poor guy
had no word

For blue.



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