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IN MIDDLE AGE I WANT TO MEDITATE ON BLUE

no actually I want to be
every blue every possible
shade of sky and water want
to birth myself
into blue that wends
unbridled distancing
land from land the kind
that binds and compels
stunning us till we drown
in wave after wave
of our disavowals of faith
the kind of blue so blue
it does not care actually
for our seeing or
what we believe exists
nowhere really cannot
be found in the loveliest
of periwinkle winking
from a blush of petals
not in indigo sharpening
its knives not violet veering
toward mercurial midnight
not even in hopeful robin's-egg
all of them just tricksters
no no other blue
will do at this late hour
but the original metaphysical
with her come-hither ways
dyed into the woven cotton
swishing between my legs
whoring me all the summers
of my days holding
my sex and death in check

THIS IS THE COLOR OF MY DREAMS

Photo: This Is the Color of My Dreams by Joan Miró

this field flushed red gluttoned with the ever-present poppies a gaggle of them
showing off then feigning the coquette amidst their verdant leaves but

oh oh oh

spotting the distance under the milkiest of skies slopes a pale yellow house I
could enter and make a life