Blue Light

Starfish, the hard twirlers,

once squid soft,

in lucent accord with the brine...

Now their grace is calcified

in glass bowl after bowl

with the other empty shells,

the pearly sheens each

a polished keepsake

lit in the shape of this room...

The small walls, the winter windows,

that starched snow of whipped powder,

drifts to resemble the tips, the sculpted

gullies of your sheets.

"Comfortable?" we ask,

arranging pillows lost all about the comas'

bloating & hollowing, its catatonic

state of siege. You're set on some seas'

voyage, your

eyes of pale topaz

yet stirring with an open, a close.

Involuntary, they say, whispering too

of "lost another, another going",

but we find you, the room, the light

& its relics of ocean dreams

still staying with us quite alive

with every breath of whomever is next

to become patient

in this ward of sighs