

## 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