

## **The Blue**

By: Morgan Cancel

It always appears  
out of nothing,  
the clear sky,  
stretching wide.  
What falls from  
the blue, anyway?  
Maybe it's a piece  
of cake, warm and sweet  
or a bullet we must bite,  
cold and heavy.  
This joy,  
this pain,  
we have no choice  
but to face it.

A spark,  
a memory you  
forgot you held.  
The smell of Grandma's  
oatmeal cookies,  
a kiss,  
or your voice,  
falling into me.  
Time flew then,  
when you were near.

You're a bluebird gone  
in the blink of an eye.  
Chasing the wind  
back to the blue.  
You were a flash  
in my heart,  
born from the blue—  
now just a blue memory,  
of what was once mine.