

## BLUE

The ocean eyeline, edgeless, spaceless,  
salt and spume viscous with arresting calm,  
calling the retina with a glimpse of dolphins.  
Beyond, flat walls of water, the other end of the sea,  
soothing and blue as a moon, a heart, as faraway hills.

The hills, remember them, the mountains?  
Climbing the hot Sunday track out of the valley  
until the air turned azure with perspective and tea  
and late afternoon receding moorland? Re-live its hue  
preserved in time and distance, the purple blue  
of lost content, of homesickness.

Sickness, sea sickness recall. The horizon heaving  
like a cobalt belt rising, falling in the second coming  
of the sky: the void within.  
Remember how the liquid terrors passed,  
how the world turned again, humming,  
bright and ultramarine?

And that paralysis? That shame?  
That petrol air that chokes?  
That colour of thunder that cannot speak its name?  
Conjure it. Remember. Then evoke  
a patch of sunlight, kindness on the upland,  
the solace of an indigo sky as night  
promises immortality, flat clouds  
painting the sunset with pink and sapphire light.

I can't return, that ache is real and true.  
Encircled by the children running, as if in sleep,  
through paternoster days of peacock bliss,  
I cannot go again. But remember this:  
*First there is nothing. Then there is deep.*  
*After that, deep blue.*