

# The Grey Day and the Blue Day

*by* Carl Santoro

## **The Grey Day**

Sadness comes more  
on grey days.

The sun is there  
but it is blocked.

Wherever I am,  
I am shrouded  
from it.

Perhaps it  
makes me introspective.

The reality of the now  
makes tomorrow  
very distant.

The sun is  
kept from me.

## **The Blue Day**

"Over here!" Eddie shouted  
as he thrust his arm into  
the blue sky above his head.

His excited cry seemed  
to make even the  
cicadas pause to listen.

But it was Roger's attention  
he needed, and while  
still kneeling and staring  
at the dirt before him,  
he waved his clenched fist  
to signal his location.

In his hand,  
he was sure,  
was the find  
of their day.

