

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.

