

# Big Blue

by Michael Tusa

Standing on the edge of the great shelf

Quilts and comforters  
Bright blue pools of water  
As far as any eye can see

Making dust  
Collecting it

Tracing out along the precipice  
Running my fingers down the long white line

Hiding from and being seen  
Watching and waiting in hunger  
Ringing and longing with silence  
Riding on and on and on to anywhere now

The great breadth of new dawn rises out from her brown basin  
Black birds begin to call out their claims of victory over the night  
perched high in their naked branches

Silken snowflakes waltz warmly down the crystalline stair case far  
from the towers and belfry and cracked ceiling of sky  
Finally face to face with my maker  
The dance resumes  
But I do not

