

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

