

Shades

There's this
shade of blue-
not a pure
blue,
but a shade,

of blue.

That's not green- cause green is too
crazyfresh to be called
blue. It can't take any green 'cause
Green is too vibrant, like a field of long fingered
grass, glowing for Nature's enjoyment.
Green is the treefrogjusthangin'onthecovers
of National Geographic, the one with the red beady eyes
and
the shining smooth skin.
It's independent
independent.

so it's still this
shade
of blue-
not yellow-ish,
GOD NO! It's too bold to be
the embarrassed pool swirling clockwise against the
white porcelain. A realshadybluemother won't lean
on yellow's crutch.

Not a yellow-belly, and too deep
to be a flighty canary.
If it were yellow it would be too translucent
and everyone could grab onto the meaning.
So it's just a
shade,
of blue.
My sky, baby, my sky.
That grabs the eye
and sinks your imagination.
into its
color fascination.

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