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Blue

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MARIA CARMINIS

Blue

Some people see blue as sad I don't.

Blue is the color of the rolling ocean
the color of my lover's eyes.
Blue is the color of truest devotion
the smell of blueberry pies.
Blue is the smell of spring in the air
the smell of a day at the beach.
Blue is the smell of my favorite doll's hair
the feel of love beyond reach.
Blue is the feel of my baby sister's skin
the feel of a marble in sand.
Blue is the feel of a dolphin's fin
the color of my heart twisted in someone's hand.
Some people see blue as sad.
I don't because blue is me.