

## **“Blue is the Color of the Year”**

Blue is her favorite color.

Grey-blue is the color of my Father’s eyes. They have a mood more than a color.

His eyes are the ocean as a storm rolls in; sad, lonely, dramatic and full of stories.

My parents have ugly, nubby-blue dining room carpet that always looks dirty. My Father resists changing it.

Blue is the color of her sweater. It’s the one reportedly stolen by a nurse. I find it at the bottom of her closet in a pile of dirty clothes.

“Did you look in the closet?” She responds as if reminiscing, “Why would I look for something when I don’t know where it is?”

Navy blue is the color of the fuzzy blanket I bought her nursing home bed because she is always cold. She has shrunken down to a small bag of misshapen bones and white hair.

The house I grew up in was always freezing. She turned the heat down and opened the windows in all seasons “to feel the fresh air so she wouldn’t suffocate.”

I don’t wear a lot of blue. It is not a color that looks good on me or so she has told me.

Blue suppresses your appetite. There are not many foods that are blue, so our brains tell us to stop eating. Now you’re trying to think of blue food.

I have Murano blue kitchen glasses that give me pause whenever I drink out of them. I wonder if I stop because I remember they are blue, or my brain is reacting independently to the color.

Bright blue is a douchebros car color. I don’t even like riding in one. It’s an embarrassingly obvious color that makes me uncomfortable like the increasing complexity of my coffee order.

Blue is the child of two parent colors: cyan and magenta.

Whenever someone tells me their favorite color is blue, I think of her.

Classic Blue is the “color of the year” for 2020.

Perhaps this will be her year.

## “Inside of A Drop of Water”

You are everything.

You are a complete biosphere  
of microorganisms and life force. You are  
understanding and movement. You are lost and found.

Like the mysterious sock that emerges from the dryer without its mate.

There is light and dark. There is aging then death. It's all the same. We are  
here and they are there. We encapsulate all these tiny moments on a long continuum.

Who do you choose to be in this moment? A caring daughter, parental caretaker, older sister,  
attentive friend, supportive spouse, present step-mother, or committed employee. You are an  
infinite number of decision trees that flow into one another.

You are deliciously simple peanut butter and jelly sandwiches and gourmet  
carrot ice cream. Your warrior soul comes from steadfast Capra genus  
and wild red hair from the salon. You are *Three Stooges* and Cinéma France.

You are great skin and bad backs. You are an ex-smoker and a health and wellness coach. You  
are silly and serious. You use humor to cover the mistakes. You know when to blame the farts on  
the dog. You are different variables all happening at the same time in cascade. You are waves in  
the ocean. You change direction when you need to.

You lap up into and meet yourself.

You are perfect balance and stumbling grace.

You can retreat and pause any time you like and still end up  
where you are. Your sanctuary is a library; find safety on its warm leather  
couches, pull your favorite book from its shelves and be lulled by the rhythm of raindrops on its  
window panes. This internal space lives in your present mind always open and accessible. Your  
stillness allows action and movement. Even butterflies and birds take time to glide on their  
chosen air currents. You have an infinite number of books, memories, and choices to draw from.  
Past and future are all at once here.

Your life is an Escher drawing but not in a cruel or confusing way.

Let's rethink that. Maybe your life is just an Etch-o-Sketch. Shake the toy  
and the scene resets. Nothing is written in sand that the ocean can't wash away.

Their future is not yours. Your future hasn't even been lived yet.

There are beautiful and elegant loops in your life.

Like light and water you bend and refract into yourself. Your beauty creates this beauty.  
Your pain creates this pain. The waves carry you forward.

Your life is all connectedness and all knowing.

You are a precious drop of water for a thirsty soul.

## **“Her Piano”**

In the basement of my parent’s home growing up we had an upright piano  
Abandoned by the previous owners  
It was too heavy to move when they left  
Reluctantly my family allowed it to stay  
We were poor hosts  
She claimed she always wanted another child  
My mother insisted on music lessons for us even though the same thing had been forced on her  
She blamed the piano  
Instead I endured so many horrible years of flute lessons  
Pretending to play by hovering my fingers above the keys  
It happily ended due to the braces on my teeth  
I would sneak into the piano’s room and run my fingers down the keyboard like a jazz player  
Certain keys responded with a dull, heavy, hollow sound  
She was never in tune or repaired  
We wrote on the keys in magic marker knowing that she couldn’t defend herself  
My pet rabbits chewed on her legs  
The veneer peeled off the side like dandruff due to a nervous condition  
We would play records in the same basement room  
Did she think proximity was akin to love?  
She slumbered in silence taking up so much quiet space in the basement corner  
I had forgotten about her until today  
When she just popped into my head reflexively  
Like when I think that I left the curling iron on in the bathroom  
She currently resides in the haunted basement of my parent’s home  
The focus of mother’s dementia is a young girl named Gemma who invades their basement at night to plant bombs, sell drugs, and generally torment her  
Too bad Gemma doesn’t play the piano: it must be a conflict between art and terrorism

## “Sticks and Stone”

Today something broke open

I could feel it bubbling to the surface like a scuba diver’s air bubbles

Buoyant, purposeful, unrelenting, and clear

“You are so strong, silent, and calm on the outside”

“She’s like a rock”

Those have been left behind on a beach for someone else to discover and save in a jar

I always thought change would be a foreign invader conquering the weak

But it’s an old flame

A steady and consistent light that glimmers in the fog

It came from such a simple element many eons ago

Strength and resilience passed down over generations through DNA

Survivors, seekers, entrepreneurs, artists, ship captains, warriors

Once a small voice; it was just a faint whisper in my ear

Sometimes I thought I had only imagined it

The sound became clearer and carried further by wind and time

As it increased in volume I could start to feel it reverberate in my chest

Until it was so loud that now it’s a ROAR

I wore so many hats: 1st mate, passenger, engineer, radio controller, helm, and captain

“All me” says my ego

In truth, lot of hands helped me pass the buckets while I was bailing out

I finally realized that you can’t stop water but you can ride the waves

Allowing isn’t giving up as much as quiet persistence without clenched fists

I allowed nature to transmute the landscape it touched; instead of seeing it as a force to be tamed  
or managed

It became my creative partner

Something once so heavy is now smooth and light

It's a sea and I can't call it back

Nor do I want to