

BLUE

"to make an end is to make a beginning"
T.S. Eliot

I. Impending Blue

"Mistah Kurtz – he dead."

Libera me, Domine (Deliver me, O Lord)

Libera nos, Domine (Deliver us, O Lord)

When night descends on a turning world
I hear the distant beat
of impending blue.

I sit staring, nervously
stirring coffee into a still point
waiting as one makes way for another.

I close my eyes, slowly
knowing what to expect
a quiet terror approaching out of time.

I inhale you, you consuming color
as you roll over me
a march of impending blue.

What keeps you from turning back?
Or blue from turning black?

Libera me, Domine (Deliver me, O Lord)

Libera nos, Domine (Deliver us, O Lord)

Sipping hot black coffee
on a night of blue pursuit
a stone cold sober
of the cruelest kind.

II. Dark Blue

As gentle rain begins
from ascended blue light
I turn, again.

Quietly fading from any well lit hope
I burn out of view
while my body remains.

What keeps you from turning back?
Or blue from turning black?

My heart, my tired hungry heart
slowly descends into a
deep, dark blue.

III. Fading Blue

Hear my cry, O God;
listen to my prayer.
From the ends of the earth I call to you,
I call as my heart grows faint;
lead me to the rock that is higher than I.
For you have been my refuge,
a strong tower against the foe.
I long to dwell in your tent forever
and take refuge in the shelter of your wings. (Psalm 61: 1-4)

IV. Still Point Blue

The march is gone
the descent is made
and blue has finally turned black.

Thomas? Is this my end?
The still point dance?

“Is the light still?”
Thomas? Yes.

“Make an end in the still point dance.”
How?

“Listen.”
To what?

“The still small voice, so faint.”
Where?

“Hope is that voice undeserved.”
A voice from where?

“Listen.”
A voice from where?

“Listen.”
Thomas?

“Listen.”
There is no voice.

With a barrel staring into my heart’s mind
I inhale the last hue of still point blue.

I hear nothing and pull
frozen before the snap of flint, I give up myself.

Libera me ex nihilo. (Deliver me out of nothing.)
“Mistah Kurtz – he dead.”

V. True Blue

One redeemed snap.
Sounding sparks without sight
I listen, another and another
like wild fire into brimstone light
growing louder, faster and faster
army of flint from one ransom snap.

Frozen in terror, is this my redeeming fire?
I feel my heart ascending back to flesh
by no muscle of my own I stand
my eyes are lifted up
to a distant sight.

Luminous river, dotted light.
Sparks of unknown blue
swirling down in liquid fire
I watch it descend as my terror gives way.

Pouring over me, through me
in stillborn disbelief
the river forms around my neck.

And for once, knowing is not seeing.
I cover my face, embraced by a mantle of true blue.

Good-bye Thomas.

In a quiet tone
from the red hot altar
of a tired hungry heart
I listen to a still small voice:
“The blueness of a wound cleanseth away evil.” (Proverbs 20:30)

I do not know why
my eyes are opening
to a warm yellow light
from a distant rising Son
that quietly reaches out
with the fire of a new day.

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