

Tracking The Blues

By John McKernan

In these flowers
In these weeds

In celestial chicory
In the autoerotic iris
In this blue rose

Popping out of gravel
Rising from thick red clay
Black manure Brown rot
Even sand White as a skid mark moon

Blues usually means
That Death wins every bet with any tattoo
That you can nudge Tomorrow only so far away
Where did these blossoms gather
This bold pride on an ice-encrusted April noon

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