

SINGING THE BLUES

(upon watching a *Wild America* program about the color blue in nature)

I

Form must yield to his better half
in union we adore as beauty.
Sky and water were all color,
formless when the world began,

formless, and the world began
with nothing under heaven's blue sea,
only water's sky-blue answer
to the sun's creating laugh.

II

While silent giants mildly troll,
like shapes of peace in dreams they slip
from pole to starstruck pole
beneath the sea-dark brim:

their excellence blue.

III

Invisible, the Texas viper,
whose blue phase is one
with close-held soil of home,
insidious, matures a riper
spit by lying low,
knows how the West was won.

IV

The bluebird of happiness isn't blue
but colorless. It takes its hue
from sunny days at beck
of penchant to reflect.

V

Mountain lions are born, we're told
with eyes blue by default. The will

is gentle, kind and good until
they gain the savage gold.

VI

Most birds sing at dawn or dusk
in blue of day's or night's husk,
bound like us by color
to the facts of nature's order.