

Blue Is

By participants in the Managing Stress to Improve Learning project World Education, Boston, MA, March 2011

Blue is the feather hat walking by.
Blue is the bluets in the field, the melting Popsicle
on the porch in Maine staining our fingers.
Blue is missing, not hanging in the closet.

Blue is the walls of my brother's room,
My sister's color, patterned on fine white pottery.
Blue is music, and keys; pens and pencils; notebooks, a planner,
tightly packed.

Blue is a scratchy wool camp blanket. A borrowed cup.
Blue is Dad's eyes. Blue is my father's eyes. Blue is Drew's eyes,
startling,
smirking, engulfing.

Blue is a stain on your shirt, the background
on which I stand, the color of sky, the waves of my emotions.

Blue is the scrim at the back of the stage, an eerie light.

Blue is the baby's breath, rare sea glass, the water between my toes, the blueberries
next to my house,

Blue is South Beach water, the flash of color above the clay cliffs, the calmness
of the ocean, the view as I look to the sea, the endless sea between you and me.

Blue is cobalt, first necklace ever, me.

Blue is my bicycle, I rode it on Farm Street all the way to Milford.

Blue is a wall the sun must embrace. Blue is giving up
on trigonometry, is the shadow of my death, cold lips, is the sugar
on elaborate Easter eggs.

Blue is homemade pie, fresh picked from the low bushes in Maine.

Blue is the seam in a moonlit sky,

Blue is feeling energized. Blue is asking.

Blue is asking a question.



See the lesson plan [Collaborative Poem: Blue Is](#) on the website.