

LADY SINGS THE BLUES

She is brown and blue

Her soulful moan

Serenades the moon

And sets the sun.

She is screaming quietly

Through muffled memories

She serves the audience

The bone blues of

Fragile flesh on fire.

She is melodic, magical,

The spirit of the willow

Weeping, sweeping above

The dark, slow-moving currents.

She is marred, scarred

A fierce warrior who

Looks into the eyes

Of demons from the red war.

She carries her ancestors'

Enchantment for people

Who are worn and weary

Of waiting and worry.

She is the wind crossing time

Longing to bend a soul sublime.