

Kate Braid

Blue

There's no thing that does not yearn.
-- Anne Michaels

Nothing of colour but dark,
no tapestry for warmth
only a faint shadow here, another there
where history seeps through blue granite walls,
a bittersweet salve.
Here are the ghosts of those not invited.
This is the place where the child is not.

Some days she comes and sits
and wails in the company of wind.
There is solace in stone, a packed earth floor.
She raises her eyes to the splendour of ceilingó
midnight crystals lit from above,
jagged in a twilight hue.

This is a formal chamber, place of audience with shadows
cast by wind, place of a fierce, bare reckoning.
Mercy is inappropriate here.

Here is where a woman nourishes herself,
prepares for certain battle, eases herself
into other armours, keeps the dagger of her loss
hidden. Stone walls give her strength.
Bare feet read the earth. She places them
one at a time, open
welcoming the sphere she walks on.
Clear blue, her cloak.