**YInMn**

Julene Waffle

Cerulean, azure, indigo,

bold lapis lazuli, blue obsession.

Star hot. Glacier cold.

Kandinsky played in puddles of its power.

Marc tamed its wild manes. Carle gave it to children.

On Being Blue, Bluets, The Bluest Eye,

Blue Horses Rush In.

Is it a wonder

the Hope Diamond and tanzanite,

the rarest gem, are both blue?

Mother Nature saves it for her favorites.

There's a reason it's called royal.

When my mother pulled crayons out of the closet,

coloring book on the table,

I'd pull Midnight from the box,

the color where ocean loses itself in sky,

every time.

Draws us in.

Turns in upon its center

and heaven-expands at once.

Bluetooth opens worlds.

Blue screen shuts them down.

Transcendence, leads us in flight,

in pursuit of the infinite, into the deep yonder,

and coils tight inside our sadness.

Lazarus' lips. Litmus test.

Recessive gene gives rise to desire.

Chart topper around the world.

The color of calm and Earthrise

from Apollo's window,

and the rivers of our veins.

What we can’t fathom about blue sky

is its imperceptible, perpetual

motion of blue light waltzing

earth’s uneven breathing.

Yttrium, Indium, Manganese,

an equation at 2,000 degrees.

Two centuries in the making.

An accident mixed with oxygen,

a loose luminescence,

indelible,

vibrant,

God-gift.

Oregon Blue.