**The Blue World**

Terry Martin

Spooning with her on the raft of night, she falls

into watery depths, slips below the surface of sleep,

sinks into the blue world, drifting down and down

without making a sound. Beyond charm and success,

her dead mother rises from a mirror, holding

the keys to the cottage. Her 5th grade teacher

stands at a chalkboard, says “Take out your pencils

and begin.” The moving van arrives but she forgets

what she’s packed, doesn’t know where she’s going.

A red oriole flies from shadow, stabs at a peach,

in search of nectar. There’s the wail of a saxophone,

the long slow hurt of another woman’s song.

Like shy deer stepping through heavy fog, human

and animal spirits enter and exit a moonlit stage.

Winds shift. A storm blows in. Pulled by stronger currents,

swept by ebb and flow, the woman will navigate

shallows and depths until morning, when she’ll stir,

wake, venture tentatively back to solid ground.