

## Indigo

by luna *Saturday, Feb 27 2010, 8:47am*

international / prose/poetry / literature



*Pauline Morgan, photo*

### Indigo

that afternoon was predominately grey;  
sky, clouds and the evening light reflecting  
only midtones.

if ever a sky could be  
despondent  
it was that grey blanket  
above Rushcutters Bay.

a perfect half-moon stole glimpses  
of the earth between rolling lead clouds;  
bright, transmuted silver shafts of moonlight,  
reached the earth  
originating from a hidden,  
warm, golden sun.

the moon, framed by grey despair,  
seemed to shine of its own luminescence  
against the heavy gloom.

occasionally a long break in the clouds  
revealed the moon  
hanging, bleeding reflected light  
from a clean dissection.

i gazed up often at its wounded yearning  
as if answering a plea  
that few could hear.

people hurried past casting  
apprehensive glances in my direction  
perhaps wondering whether  
i was a genuine 'lunatic'  
making silent entreaties,  
face pointed skyward  
to the pagan Goddess of the night.

i would not wait long;  
the entire universe acknowledged  
my silent petitions  
affirming transience, flux and constantly shifting realities,  
as (the) primary characteristics of existence --  
a life of constantly changing splendour.

the midtone sky began to develop a hue,  
lead-grey slowly shifted to  
a warm  
Indigo-Blue,

a colour often used  
as a background to serene Buddhas  
seated in trance  
eyes turned upward-inward  
with faint smiles painted deftly on their faces.

in minutes the grey foreboding became  
a soft sea of velvet, indigo-blue  
gently supporting a serene  
half-moon and wisps  
of silver clouds reflecting  
reflected (moon)light.

is it coincidence my favourite colour  
is Indigo-Blue?

🔊 [Ain't no Sunshine when she's gone - Bill Withers](#)

🔊 [Season of the Witch - Donovan](#)

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Cleaves Alternative News. <http://cleaves.lingama.net/news/story-1855.html>