

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](#)

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