

LOVE IS BLUE

by Nancy Botkin

I find myself gulping for air which has no melody.

At best, it's cymbals crashing. Blue ocean
as far as I can see, and my body in love with water. My body
in love with undercurrents. These are difficult
matters. During revolutions people destroy their own artifacts,
create a million cacophonies. All that fire. All that roaring.
You'd think lighting a match would be clean and simple.

Long ago in high school a girl crumpled her math test
before bending over a small mirror to apply mascara
in a sweeping motion while the rest of us were solving for x.
The enraged teacher stood next to her desk. She paused and held
the raised wand like an orchestra conductor. Without taking her eyes
off the teacher, she brought it down slowly so that everyone
in the room would continue believing in music.