

Michael Dotson

Blue

A warm wind blew the top of the wheat  
Looking up, it was like being on another world  
A sense of serenity swept over me  
That word kept coming to the front of my mind

Blue

The sky, so ever present. So, dominant.  
The wheat continued to dance in the wind. Softly it moved in unison  
Blue was there still in between and all around  
Marshmallows moved through the blue with no urgency  
Gracefully moving as they had no where to be at no time  
Each one shaped differently and specially

Blue

I saw a rabbit move slower than a turtle and a rocket frozen, barely moving through the sky  
In these marshmallow clumps of white  
There was a peace to this place. Like no other I had ever been to or seen  
It was a place you would never forget  
Staring up at the Blue  
The warm winds like a blanket wrapped around me  
The entire world was moving yet I was still

Blue

Everything was happening around me but nothing inside me  
I had become part of this world  
Just observing not participating

Blue

That word never ending  
Always present

Blue