

In Praise of Blue by Alex Hirsch, 2021

Praise for the blue of a late February sky
Dappled with puffy and clean white
Absent of thunder and rain
The urgency eased to rush walks and bring in the laundry

Praise the clarity
Fresh like the flash of a Jay and dart of a fish's tale
Clear like drinking water free of muddy sediment, golfing green run-off and
antidepressants thrown down toilets

Praise crispness that brings a jaunt to my arthritic pooch
She prances

I grew up watching blue
studying the southern shore of a lake so large it's more like an ocean
We could see it from the neighboring state
Winter waves were ten feet tall, huge to my ten-year old self
Waiting with bus fare tucked in my mitten

Grey-green,
Green-grey,
White-grey so similar to the sky that only the line between make the difference
Water turquoise, or jade ruffled in white, that healthy green my Nana wore around her
wrists
Colors so innumerable I visit the lake every time I visit Chicago

Praise the blue that I know as promise
Accented by yellow daffodil after a winter frost
Dressed with royal purple and egg-yolk crocus
The blue that tells us we are making it to the other side
Days are getting longer
Damp is drying
Dormancy is lifting
Death is passing for now

Praise the metal grey of January, the green-grey of August fires, the flat white of October,
the peak of baby blue between buffered cloud bales, the feel of long underwear, the press of
a gas mask,
the inclination to take an afternoon nap
These things make today vibrant