The Blue One

He sings spring.
Thinks divided, April, May.
Say it like thunder.
Big eyed swollen, stolen as fresh life.
Churn depths skyward, high tides shows.
Knows no condolence as the light.
Needful, wants nay, but to desire tomorrow's
yesterday.
Upon today, all is nothing.
Nothing enters, doesn't stay long.
Currents strong paint black the azure after dawn.
So long, strange notions cling from wild skies.
May happiness haunt beneath maddened seams.
Playing out a makeshift joyride,
Watching silent, hooded bleu.
Never knew but what I know now.
Not so chilled as to hold Reapist's hand.
Cold spells unplanned slip sharp, the stigma.
Ice fingers drip, drop down, unsound.
Drown inside me, spry virgin one.
Undone tied, grown tired, needs fertile ground.
Compounded rubrics' clicks cacophony asunder.
My need, sweet nothing, built up, let down.

by Jennifer E Snyder