

Deep Blue

by Christina Moore

Deep familiar blue

The summer sky has turned
that glorious mountain storm shade
I always linger to watch, as long as I dare
I'm quiet, watchful, humbled

Soon it will explode in lightning
spears of lusty, dangerous energy
mesmerizing me with its display
of unconstrained, enthusiastic strength

Sometimes with hints of green and pink
These storms contradict themselves
youthful yet timeless
elusive yet ever present

Deep dangerous blue

This blustering mountain storm
Will it dance for me? Entertain?
Or will it seek to strike? To wound?
Should I remain reverent? Or seek refuge?

The raging mountain winds
are making their presence known
I'm hypnotized with the sway of tree branches
my hair whips around my face

A heavy scent hangs in the air
the hairs on my arms stand up
warm summer rain has begun
the smell of rich, wet earth is almost visible

Deep inconsolable blue

I can't turn my back, I must witness
crashing, pounding, howling
the sky looks like waves from beneath
reminding me of my childhood, of the ocean

This mountain storm has a similar dance
vying for my attention
astonishing, juvenile, reckless
shameless in its exuberance

These raving storms are more dangerous
in its neediness, its narcissism
the Pacific raged often, loudly
but was never abusive for the sake of pride

Deep powerful blue

These mountain storms often bruise
they seem to gloat in their virility
whereas the Pacific raged only when helpless
seduced by the moon's pull, cyclical, tidal

Her song of rhythmic waves
crashing, pounding, lapping
chanting me into a trance
an infinite chorus of power and wisdom

Her many gifts washed ashore
brilliant starfish, delicate shells, twisted wood
a pristine beach full of life, a dinner table
for the sea birds the brinish smell, clean, fresh

Deep oceanic blue

Her depths unexplored
mysterious, maternal, a dark sanctuary
the universe reflected in her eyes
timeless in her gaze and her patience

I'm homesick for her beauty
for safe harbors, for her sapience
I miss her sweet lullaby
singing me to sleep, to surrender

but for now, I'll remain steadfast
watching this gorgeous mountain storm
its youthful demonstration of strength
breathtaking, awesom, wonderful