Out of the Blues

Emily Jackson

There's just something about the blues, ya know? The moons, the jays, the berries.

The grasses, the bells, the Marys in the field.

The skies and the seas, all rolling, raining, reaching for one another, burdened clouds falling into the brilliant waves that all too willingly crash back upwards, as if longing for one great big blue blend.

And how about those tunes! You know something is special when you find yourself running your fingers over feelings, singing your voice over vibrations, and suddenly, everything becomes so clear.

I only wish that every day I had the blues.