

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.