

Cool Purple Mist

John Vanderslice

late spring rain, cool purple mist
strawberries big as a baby's fist
earth is soft and it yields to pressure
the moon is far too bright to measure
comets crossing overhead
i wish that we both were dead
hard times that you've seen us through
selfless heart that beats in you
the things you say to comfort me
your offhand virtuosity
your pale pink lips, your face flushed red
i wish that we both were dead
eyes green as watermelon rind
the artless way you speak your mind
new stars were born for us tonight
old sky pitch black, new moon bone white
i heard the evil thing you said
and i wish that we both were dead