

## 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