

...march 31, 2025...

**a rare blue sky of sunshine
holds the stage for clouds
to dance a white perimeter
of balloons and circuses –**

**we – below – are audience
when all eyes are upwards turned
far above apartment lines
and wispy city trees –**

**as days and days of stale grey
fade from consciousness
our skin drinks in the spectral blues
that range the firmament.**

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