

Collaborative Poems from Celebrating National Poetry Month Workshop, First Literacy, April 13, 2018

Blue Is

By: Elin, Jackie, Jason, Paula

Blue is my mother's bathrobe in the morning,
Her eyes across the table, the rhythm of her walk.
Blue is the fragility of her feelings, the softness on her kitchen walls.

Blue is the night in love, the Boston sky in the morning after a Nor'easter,
Softly shining twilit snow, Christmas tree's bluest ball. Blue is

The Azul nature of jazz, the deep translucence of the glass on our table, my favorite
Bunny-shaped ceramic pottery, blue, swirling with yellow in Vincent's café at Arles,
In the starry sky.

Blue is Monday morning, a mother's worry.

Blue is my tranquil shelter from the white noise of my body: crocuses piercing through
spring ground, periwinkles bursting open along the hilly path, rolling waves, salty smell of
the sea.

Blue is my heart's resting place.

Blue Is

By: Gail, Teresa, Tim

Blue is
Baby's breath on the groom's lapel,
Miles Davis,
Monet, Miro, Modigliani,
Freed blueberry smell.

Blue is
An old hound in the alleyway,
Shadow on the snow,
As cold as a hotel swimming pool
Freezing lips.

Blue is
Midnight megawatts
A neon sign from your local pub.

