

A QUINTET OF QUATRAINS IN BLUE-GREEN

B.L. Gifford

All my best dreams come in blue-green,
rolling in the tall grass with you,
blades of green mixed with blue,
the earth at peace and the sky serene.

Fishing for bluegill in an old man's lake,
School's in, we're skipping class,
a dozen suns and a forlorn bass,
release them all for our children's sake.

Aquamarine planks at the city pool,
launch off the springboards into the deep end,
those boards don't break but they sure do bend,
and you're so hot but the water's cool.

The peacock's proud at the zoo downtown,
iridescent blue and a shimmering green,
strutting his stuff and showing his sheen,
feathers with eyelets and a crested crown.

A gazing ball reflects where we've been,
its stainless steel cool on the flesh,
leaving cyan images on our breath,
as I dream about you and the cherubim.

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