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 measureComets crossing overhead
I wish that we both were deadHard times that you've seen us through
Selfless heart that beats in you
The things you say to comfort me
Your offhand virtuosityYour pale pink lips, your face flushed red
I wish that we both were deadEyes, 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 whiteI heard the evil thing you said
And I wish that we both were dead

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