Indigo

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Published on: Jan 15, 2023

URL: https://www.sareview.org/pub/4pindalj

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The curtains pull
cross the landscape
behind my eyes—
the way they do
on days like this—
emerged
from sleep,
from splashes of water
in the basin,
and black coffee
past a sugared tongue.
Praised be drip-dried epiphanies
that swirl
and stir ‘neath drowsy lids,
over smoking toasters
and morning papers,
rousing consciousness
with gentle shocks
ike chewing aluminum foil
and the last lick of a taser’s kiss.

There’s a blue sky outside.
A blue blue,
The bluest blue.
The kind of blue that bruises the sky
before its skin splits
(re)submerging
us
with splashes
more
of an angry rain
that dismantles
but doesn’t drown,
diminishes
but doesn’t destroy.
Indigo is its color—
Indigo, the King of Blue.

It’s a violet field,
trampled
by God’s thumb
and the hard souls of saints,
raining down
blessings of sweet water—
like napalm
set aflame
by the perfumed blood
of petals—
upon waking earth and trees,
parking lots and sidewalks,
and skin,
leaving scars and cold scorches
and ghosts.
It smells like cuts and mud
and shit.
It smells like indigo—
Indigo, the King of Blue.

Longing is deep
for the cold comforts of my walls
and drawn curtains.
The cool blazes of artificial suns
in every room.
The scent of dog and recycled breath
coming from the AC.
But, I hear the call of the rain
(I always do, it seems)—
or all it takes
and gives,
for the cold it brings
and the loans it calls in—
and it draws me back, again,
again, and again—
a shade haunting the pane.
Today,
I feel indigo—
Indigo, King of the Blues.

David Estringel is a Xicanx writer/poet with works published in literary publications, such as The Opiate, Azahares, Cephalorpress, Lahar, Poetry Ni, DREICH, Somos En Escrito, Ethel, The Milk House, Beir Bua