

Jack Hirschman

Blue - 2002

Love comes over me  
like someone who walked  
away and left her white dress  
with the blue flowers

behind. Behind, behind  
going into the future  
radiantly naked. What am I  
to do with it? Put it on?

I don't wear dresses. I love  
what's inside them. But  
this one's so sad and alone  
I'll just let it lie

awhile on my chest,  
against the curve of my arm  
and just let blue flowers be  
blue.