

from *Testify* by Barbara E. Young

Blues for the Fisherman

Since the blues ought to be tall birds  
wading and wailing  
when the sun dies—  
let the blues fill its lungs now:

the hard-working sun dips  
and folds into the hills and rocks,  
and the stars begin to show up  
one one.

As the sun dies, love it with the blues.

When a man dies  
hurt ought to be a monsoon  
moaning denial. When a man dies—  
do despise that peacock sunset,

despise the ping ping emergence of stars,  
drown their fluty condolence, damp their trills.

When a man dies  
let grief swallow the light

and the heron in twilight.