

Mammoth Blue

Matthew Hurley

Welcome to soundless, expansive,
turbid void, drifting in solitude,
caught in mammoth blue.

Something massive and
silent swims over;
that deep, low rumble swallows.
Heart, the glass elevator,
it does its best to remain
always in the opposite corner of the room.

Where is that bird outside the window,
that wind against the ear?
Wake up, already!
Where are the sputters of passing motorcycles,
those rattling bottles on the fridge?