

Post-Coronial Blues

There's a corner of warmth this February
Snow melt, river flood, bird song
And a sky of cobalt that hazes the horizon
Reflected in a scattering of winter buttercups
Strewn like seeds from a giant's hand.

Wooded glades flutter with common brimstone
Delicate wings on cautious, lemony butterflies
While roadside crocuses reveal a first curious bud;
Cerulean hands praising the Aztec god of sun
Before beating a hasty retreat amid the advancing night.

Dusk dims an azure sky into a cushion of navy,
Stars ripen like dimples across my lover's cheeks
And breath no longer hangs icicles
Amongst the indigo clouds of night.

It's a song of spring that dances like a sapphire
Suspended, twisting in the soft, soft light
Shooting speckled prisms along pale arms
Finally released from a winter of post-coronial blues.

*(Published in "the flower shop on the corner" – Poetry Anthology, Red Penguin
Books, March 2021)*

By Amanda Hurley.