Blue II & III
by Allie Vugrincic

Amidst the ashen stone
Slowly working its way to dust,
And the headstones
Crying out in their final attempts
To be heard
The blue door stands guard
Ailing in a sacred shadow
Losing the battle with the sun
To retain its original color
One day it will not remember
Itself or why it fought so hard
To hold its hue

My golden skin will turn to white
Under these changing clouds
Time will steal my breath away
And I will take refuge underground
The last thought stained on my lips
Is everyone forgotten this way?
Sometimes it’s hard to be brave
When the questions start screaming
The fear of rot and rue of decay
And the words all fade
Into valleys and mountains
Please don’t forget my name