

**JOSHUA BENNETT**

**On Blueness**

which is neither misery  
nor melancholy per se,  
but the way anything buried  
aspires. How blackness becomes  
a bladed pendulum swaying between  
*am I not a man & a brother*  
& meat. How it dips  
into the position  
of the unthought,  
then out. Trust me.  
Foucault isn't  
helpful here. I am after  
what comes when the law leaves  
a dream gutted. The space  
between a plea & *please*.  
A mother marching in the name  
of another woman's dead children.  
Not the anguish she carries alongside  
her as if it were a whole separate person,  
but the very fact of her feet  
addressing the pavement,  
the oatmeal she warmed in the microwave  
that morning, sugar & milk  
& blueberries blending in a white bowl  
as she reads the paper, taken aback  
only by the number of bullets  
they poured like a sermon into him.  
How despair kills: too slow to cut  
the music from a horn or set  
my nephew's laughter to dim.  
Who can be alive today  
and not study grief?  
I am dying, yes, but I am not the marrow  
in a beloved's memory just yet.  
There are bodies everywhere  
but also that flock  
of cardinals making the sky  
look patriotic.