

“You just can’t imagine
the quality of light is ...
well ... you’ve just
never seen anything
like the color of the sky in
Provence”
she said

But I’ve seen a lot of skies

Endless bright summer
Sunsets and oceans
Before the tornado
Blanketing mountaintops
Mother’s day spring
Clear and betrayed in September

But I looked

Every morning on Rue Nazareth
It’s just a sky

Every morning
Is it bluer today?

Every morning
Maybe the sunlight shimmers more deeply

Every morning
Are there ever clouds in Provence?

One morning
the last morning
that corner looks bluer today
over there, above that tree
Is that the blue I’ve never seen before?

Still just the sky