

Blue

By Jennifer Wang

You are not
The apple of my eye,
But a mirror of my irises,
Sparkling
As the light glances
Off the surface.
Your gentle surface,
Which feels cold
At first touch
Opens up
To an embrace
I imagine myself
Being wrapped in
Like a blanket.
I want to be engulfed
By your stillness,
The liquid strength
That calms my agitation
Even though I cannot breathe.
The wave of emotions
That hits me
With every reunion
Always overwhelms
My entire being,
But when I give in
Completely,
You gently push me,
A stumbling creature,
In the right direction.