

Blue Jug

When they first told her
she went up into her neglected studio
pulled out her faded canvases
and started to paint.
She took the ceruleum blue and let it roll
as if it were the deep warm ocean
then bolder strokes of yellow chrome
to bring in the long forgotten sun.
All the magentas, violets and oranges
She kept til last: the colours of her past.

They live in separate houses.
His is filled with trophies.
Hers is filled with colour.
He reads, she paints.
They enjoy their meals, their gardens,
their grandchildren, their past.
In the fading light of evening
they sip their glasses of wine.
She is dying.
Their paths are separating
and he is afraid of his fear.
He reads. She paints.

She has baked a lemon yellow cake
and places it on Tuscan green.
Colours take on an intensity
and the garden glows.
She is patting objects,
letting them go. One by one
she invites her beloveds
and thanks them.
And him, especially him.

In the fading light they sit,
sipping their quiet wine,
watching the orange purple sky.
Seeing the pretty blue jug
she takes it down
and uses it for the very first time.