

The Rare Blue

It was the year of blue eyeshadow
stolen from drugstore displays, tubes
stuck in the space
between adolescent padded breasts.
Blue was a carapace, between violet and sage,
eyelids the color of the deep violent sea,
hue the infinity of Vishnu,
sky figure, delft jar glazed to look like porcelain,
Persian porcelain,
King Tut's stained eyebrows
on his funeral mask,
the mask of my face as I walked from the store,
my crew of girls casual behind me.
We never got caught and never stole
from small stores. The chain stores
could sacrifice shadow the color of
woad and indigo,
cobalt,
cornflower,
ultramarine,
lapis lazuli,
azurite,
smalt,
Prussian blue.
Blue all the way to the brow, an eyelid
tin-glazed,
underglazed,
sancai lead glazed,
oxide blue glazed,
a glaze of blue not born of the blues, but the antidote,
spring blue, *felice*blue,
green dragon constellation blue,
occult knowledge blue,
the eye of God.
We were warriors protected by blue. To the bruise
of blue, we caked on black liner, stacked
layers of mascara, and strutted forth
to the bowling alley, Cameo Lanes,
to Eddie's Sweet Shop—into the fray.