

I lived grey today...  
Under a monochrome dome  
now smooth and high  
later  
low  
frayed  
tangled in branches  
snagged on steeples.  
Sometimes falling wet  
or white.  
Sometimes stable  
static mist  
that clings to clothes  
and vapor breath.

I lived grey today.  
Quicksilver water  
heavy  
trembling beneath my bow in calm.  
In storm  
becomes shifting steel  
sharp  
savage  
unforgiving.

I lived grey today...  
Captured by the fog  
unable to move —  
white noise vision  
reveals  
conceals  
shapes imagined  
and true  
Released by the sun  
slowly —  
nebular tendrils scatter  
strain  
to remain  
reluctantly vanish  
spirits reduced  
to shimmering dew

I lived grey today.  
In the air  
the chilled salt scent of seaweed  
mushroomed damp forest floors  
bruised skunk cabbage  
spicy grass  
sun dusted moss  
crusty lichens  
hugging rocks  
that glaciers cast aside.

I lived grey today.  
Grey-blue coastal mountains  
cradling ancient ice in alpine glow  
birthing plump winter moons  
dozing dark against a scarlet dawn.  
Grey-green conifers  
scarved with old man's beard  
reaching up slopes  
securing the shore  
Grey frost red and gold of autumn muskegs  
flowing into valleys  
resting on flats  
Grey ash and fire — the midnight sky  
strung with stars  
and kaleidoscope streamers.

I lived grey today  
and it was beautiful.