

**The Bluest Blue**  
*(Velella velella)*  
**Sarah Wallis**

blown to their rest  
by a troubling storm  
in their teacup sails,  
By-the-Wind Sailors  
blue up on the bone  
white beach, the wind  
that plays them like  
Aeolian harps, sated  
for now, sit still on a  
mile or so of quiet  
sand, by the blue-green  
waters of a Scottish  
island, the dunes lifting,  
falling, unspooling, one  
sweet sailboat alone out  
there, sliding her bow  
wave through the white  
topped waters, towards  
breath of bladderwrack  
the tide gathered in white  
sand blown sculptures,  
starfish, oystercatcher,  
clamshell, the curlew's  
done with beak, covered  
with by-the-wind sailors,  
*Velella velella* arrested  
by the breeze, waiting  
the next stage of journey,  
watch as they magic their  
blue, bluest blue the beach  
has ever seen, until fiery  
orange sun goes setting  
a dance of light at the close  
of day, winks out a picture  
of blue jellies, sails turned,  
waiting on the wind, still  
waiting, while a smattering  
of stars take their turn  
to watch, the sky jewels  
wink like a lighthouse  
blinking, myopic, off rock,  
showing the way when the  
breeze returns and the sailors  
are off, following the wind,  
the wind leading them astray

Sarah Wallis is a poet and playwright based in Scotland, UK. Sarah has recent work in *Trampset*, *Lunate* and *Abridged* (Nyx issue) online and in print journals *Finished*

*Creatures* (Stranger issue) and *The Alchemy Spoon* (Metal issue). A chapbook, *Medusa Retold*, a feminist re-telling of the myth from Medusa's point of view is available from @fly\_press and she tweets @wordweave.