

Life Blue Morning.

DS Maolalai

life blue morning,
like when somebody
pulls a piano. life, blue
morning, like the end of a blue
swimming pool. slipping

in the busy
city movement—air
full of dust and lazy, moving
like dust
and falling
like dust between buildings. blue morning,
and business too—
kicking and cracking
a treestump. beetles and woodlice
seeing air.

I swing the van forward, stop
and move onward. watch people
as they pause
at my movement, and pause
before crossing the road.

DS Maolalai has been nominated four times for Best of Net and three times for the Pushcart Prize. His poetry has been released in two collections, “Love is Breaking Plates in the Garden” (Encircle Press, 2016) and “Sad Havoc Among the Birds” (Turas Press, 2019).