



# MUDFISH 23

POETRY - ART - FICTION

Melvin Konner

## BLUE RIDGE

Receding shadows cross the valley dawn  
and a languid, slender cloud stretches out  
before the Blue Ridge. The crimson's gone

but the chubby half-moon still hovers pale  
and blotchy-blue, not wholly opposite  
the dazzling yellow sun, which sears a trail

through the bare woods to start this cold March day.  
Our time is peaceful here, the children grown  
and mostly gone, and grieved for. All their play

is turned to work now, as they struggle through  
the unrelenting coarsening of life.  
I wish them every beauty, every new

joy they find with others far from me.  
Once, beside a near-endless southern beach  
I woke them in the dark, so they could be

my troops in a skirmish against the dawn.  
The sun rose huge and red on the gray sea.  
Huddled with them, I thought I could go on.