



Kulen Dooley

That Blue

That Blue

—Charles Canady

After coating my body in
baking powder
to hide the stench,
and after my well-
crafted farewell note,
and the laying out
of my ID cards
on the bed,
I slipped the noose around
my neck
to silence the
voices in my head.

And silence them I did
with instant regret
and slow suffocation—
bulging eyes, unwilling,
unable to draw
one more breath.
The creaking noises
of the rope
my only sound.

I turned blue.

Not that blue I saw
in the Atlantic
below the Cliffs of Moher,
not the blue
of exploding fireworks
that warm Indian summer,
but the disappointed blue
of a dislocated death.

Having silenced the voices
and traded my years
for rope,
I lay in the box,
with eternity
in my ears,
having exchanged hope
for darkness,
and the voices
of my thoughts
and emotions,
dreaming of that blue
I once saw in the ocean