You are all blue-bruise and magenta where clouds hunch like shoulders above the mahogany tree-trunks. Above them, you fly up, dove-gray for miles. All day I’ve watched you transmute: lemon, nativity blue, flesh of the broiled salmon. All day you shapeshift: buffing-cloth, rock-field, ocean roiling spit and spume. I would paint you if you could stop, stay pinned on the canvas of my eye. But you are a wily fellow—you leap up, the wind takes you, the turning earth takes you. Oh you are breath of ginger, cardamom, peppermint. You smooth my forehead with a dew-moistened glove; rub up against my hips and thighs. You ring like a church bell, clang two spoons together, bang pans and dance. To keep you, I swallow you whole; my abdomen swells with your thousand colors—all my cells explode with your light.