

skyn
otsk
ying

bob*
marc
acci



sky not skying

not wondering whying

a heaven

liquid light from some light below the surface
whitish

turning on itself its source a wellforce

livid discolored meander murky
what we could muster

either one the other touched or touching
all blues and bruises and the best of us

all the spirituals and symphonies of sadness and
surrender all the deliquescent sinking sound

azuline ablaze in airy arroyo gaze into the
churning cataract

neck or bend in the end of a sleeper

truths and lies in a whitewash

the ultimate indulgence wishing

to look for where they come together weather
a confluence

neatly-defined oceans' mouths meet seas and
skies meet and meet
the pure color of a clear one without a horizon
inseparable

we ultramarine bodies of water that exist on Earth
in rivers and rivulets and rapids

a ruckus shallows and shoals

the arm of the sea narrows waves break

an effect of light with a wavelength of 450 and
500 nm some spring

chrome at the horizon where the rest of the world
waits blindly abed

this problem of nomenclature extends indeed to
indigo estuaries and gulfs engorged and glorious
and god this gawking

currents are formed by differences in density and
wind action

we bleed

the primary color between green and violet in the
invisible spectrum

in the watchet a pavonated swatch
turquoise tumultuousness in the surf swelling

with self or what remains smooth sand and
shells and fragments and shards of sea glass and
reef blue

distinctive color of the dress for servants and
books of very questionable character a belief

read yellow flat spots and dark green depths
we entertain the ideas

the skin of an enormous liquid animal that engulfs
us the owners of this place misnomers

guardians and protectors givers not only
possessors we are like stones asong on its
sandy seafloor moving our cold pieces or being
moved

royal disturbances transmit energy from one place
to another kingly or queenly or even
meanly

different wave groups meet and interfere and
intercede adding to or cancelling each other

blue-gray blue-green mazarine bays in
need

all the waves rolling in rolling westward with
only the sound of surf smash and shushing in the
deep sheets of it
little diamond tips and white caps and shadow
where wind and water played and we stayed on

the island on the sound and scarp harping on
it

it all meant something and then some and then
sometimes all the wind and water and wonder of
scree and shore in our little reservoir
resumptuous

we placed or pleaded one hour after another in
the lengthening morning and later hours and later
and later and days passed and we loved as hard as
we could and we could

a couple adding up the moments minutes
in a second

our faces colored we counted on this
continuing this cuddling on this aqueous
countenance and accountability this crushing
slush we dissolved and desired again
we could

where we were taken where we had gone
we went on bluing and wooing one another in
water and wow

where there had been wind and waves on the
shore sure and so

we come together

about

Bob Marcacci, a native of Vacaville, California, lives in Doha, Qatar where he teaches as part of the faculty of the Academic Bridge Program on the Education City campus in Qatar. His poems have appeared in numerous print and electronic magazines around the world.

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