

# Blues Hole

Bruce A. Kaufman

Blues hole, the doors  
empty, ravenous, groaning

not knowing  
                  blue  
desire, to fill the whole  
planet with significance.

Iridescent midnight note  
blurs bells' ears on  
                  rainy windowpane,  
a box unfolding  
in the synapses.

So long since  
falling through the sky,  
                  now deficient,  
forgetful of dreams, though  
dreaming.

Prankster sings Prine's key  
to expand reality,  
                  rose petals erupt  
in June under a flower  
moon.

Root to skull lights with bolts  
of four-dimensional fabric,  
                  safer at home  
with Albert's problem child.