

MOLLY CLIFF HILTS

Coming Home, 2014

Oil, powdered pigment, wax, graphite,
litographic ink on rives bfk paper, 60 x 60 in



COURTESY THE ARTIST AND SESNON ART GALLERY

ANDREW FAGUE

Blue Light

The whole party was telling you how
the green flash grabbed for air
above the drowned sun,

how cerulean sea currents fizzle
as they ferment to wine-dark.

Now you pause your pedaling home: the same
silhouetted
Monterey cypress overhangs the cliff, an exposed root
twisting
into your vacant vantage. Time, don't you think, to think
her over

and out? There's the moon like a tear-blurred eye
staying on you as on the waves.

Dim your thoughts under branches unwavering as soft-lit
taverns, rest
your spine, your neck, the back of your head in the
trunk's soft nooks,
palm-sized depressions. No wind, nothing changes.

A headlight passes in the same way as the last.
Everyone's going to be how they are, even she.

The color, the way the pale light situates on the surface—
the shifting
consistencies, angles, forms—is nothing you could have
anticipated,
like what so many went through to love Ornette
Coleman,

the fifties. Playing in shifting magnitudes like the water
and the sky,
unreal ribbons of thin clouds like seaweed laid out for
wreaths

temper the throb and break of the waves into silver
accolades:
this whole conjuring is for all you've weathered.

Andrew Fague has taught classes in composition, literature, and mythology as well as poetry workshops at various colleges on the West Coast. He is currently teaching at Cabrillo College and the University of California, Santa Cruz, while hoarding time to finish a collection of poems.