



Not distinctly blue,
My sky today is grey
Overcast
In a hazy way
Not brilliant
Nor is it dark and gloomy
My sky today is shrouded
With a sense of something looming
At the horizon
My sky
Meets a wrestles sea
Itself an endless grey
Twin of infinity
My sky rolls
Above the ocean's roar
Reflects the sun
And roars itself!
On its drive
To distant shores
I am the sky
And I am the sea
I am the watery haze that envelopes me
Mutable.
Not black or white
Neither wrong nor right
Between weakness and might
I am grey.
I am life.

*Author: Sherri Cropper, 11/2012
for Sheila*