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Blue Sailors, and: *Les bleuets*

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Southern Review, Volume 55, Number 3, Summer 2019, pp. 381-383 (Article)

Published by Louisiana State University Press



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Blue Sailors

. . . Once the petals looked up.
Now small pieces of dust. . .

. . . Imagination is having
to live in a dead person's future. . .

—VICTORIA CHANG, "OBIT (THE BLUE DRESS)"

I imagine the clearest blue of my favorite flower.
Chicory limning the edges of an Illinois cornfield
where life and death come to blows, laying to rest
outstanding disputes but never their uncertainties.

Who will make the salsa? Who the salad?
Will you be home late, on time, stay long enough to
help me prepare this Festival of Joy,
our son's birth—

And thereafter?

I imagine the borderline dividing Ford from Iroquois Counties
is a trip wire. Patrick dazzling in white clear coat, hurtling
through the air like a meteor
heated to an incandescence that strips the sapwood
from the utility pole in a single flash.

"Like a modern day Tutankhamun," reads his obit.
Only it was Apollo's golden chariot that smashed into him,
splintered his ribs, crushed his heart.

I imagine the clean, clear blue of my beloved. Cerulean.
The sailor's square-tipped petals courting the sun before the dust.

Rayed inflorescences casting halos along roadsides
as neighboring farmers set to work.

Grief is the corona of love made visible by future's absence.
Blue sailors in the twilight, hovering between earth and sky.