

# A Grey Field

by [Michael Shindler](#) (September 2023)



*Reveries*, Maxfield Parrish, 1812

A grey field at the edge of things  
Where the grass no longer grows green  
Stretches where breath hangs heavy

And overhead in the folded sky  
There are clouds of moving petals  
Rustling against each other.

But between the two, the holy pair  
The colored clouds, the dying air,

She falls in the blossoming hue:

Her hair is gold;  
Her eyes are blue;

Ἀφροδίτη.

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