

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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