

All-encompassing Angel Blue

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Angel Blue woke in the morning. She'd been asleep all night, locked in vast, unending darkness. Now she was dawning with the morning light, moving towards her everlasting center, wrapping her wings around the world, laying her arms about distant hills, sinking into waters and touching the eyes of children. Languid she lay in the morning light, pleased with the world and its newborn day. Laborless she gave birth to yellow: the sun shone, the yellow roses brightened, the paths turned to gold.

That was the hour she found her way into the arms of the girl. She stirred. She purred, she rose and stretched. She was red, then yellow, then blue again. She knelt on the floor and relaxed. She prayed, and Angel Blue prayed within her bent head. The One heard.

Up the girl stood and ran to the pool. It was turquoise and cool and the liquid lines darted and dispersed. She swam, the shadow-lights dancing, shooting from her slim body and bouncing off the tiles. Angel Blue watched her color move as orange, as children playing in a playground, as bees around the flighting queen, as birds in an aviary with a cat stalking. The girl emerged from the water and wrapped herself blue in the red towel. She shivered by the pool as Angel Blue departed to the sky. She laid herself in the sky's hue and waited as the girl unfurled her day.

Angel Blue rested till evening. She lingered in the long shadows, she vibrated in the hollows—even the violet shades of trees were infused with blue. The girl came walking lightly, her steps making heavenly arches, blue arches. She balanced along a white fence. Angel Blue slipped under her feet, inside her outstretched hands, into her eyes. She yawned and her mother covered her over with blue sheets in a blue room on a soft bed. Soon even her dreams were as silver as the moon when Angel Blue lifted her into the dark night.