

LANE FALCON

Devil's Blue

Lips blue, face licorice blue,
my mouth, soft rectangular lateral
blue, him in his racecar pajamas blue,
blue about to burst, blue buried
in chalky glass. The night nurse says:
he's turning blue as if to correct me.
We are in my apartment, a minute or two
after the first cry woke, tolled three four
times in a row for me *I sat on the toilet*
until the last drop fell, four five six blue
and his hands cool. Hours before, he smiled
through the bars of the crib, bolstered
by hands, a new trick blue. That baby,
this baby, air spliced in his throat, the blue
of lungs, crustacean blood, diluted Slurpee,
popsicle passed through the ice cream truck
window, lips dyed by a Tootsie-pop fucking
blue. His eyes roll back as his brain floods
with oxygen. Above him I hold the trach,
balloon to the nozzle of the tank as it blooms
with helium. His eyes give back, come back
and take away Capricorn moon or strangulation
blue. His cheek still cool, where blue rested,
blew away.

LANE FALCON's poems have been published in *American Poetry Journal*, *The Chattahoochee Review*, *December*, *Fifth Wednesday Journal*, *Gargoyle*, *the Journal*, *RHINO*, and elsewhere. She lives in Alexandria, Virginia, with her two young children.

