

**I who have no rights in this matter, not father, but mother:**

There was once a man's watch, the face of which was this blue. Indigo went gone. A demi- demi- child, three-thirds poisoned and three-thirds unhappy and two-thirds just totally fucking ignorant.

**I who have no rights in this matter, not father, but mother:**

Cold, Midwestern party drugs are this blue.

**I who have no rights in this matter, not father but mother:**

There were lips of a man, dead of cardiac arrest, this blue, and long, side hairs sweated limp and damp on his head-top, tweeds exhaustive in their bounty, but sweated and shitted and wet, grimaced and chest clutching at the grave-side of the everyoneknowsitssuicide, vomiting into the limp, damp grass, and finally one part of him that wasn't, for once, limp, and damp, and was this blue.

**I who have no rights in this matter, not father but mother:**

Beating my chest like bells, have a reptile, monkey, pig, heart this blue, saving my everyoneknowsitsnotlife.

**I who have no rights in this matter, not father but mother:**

The tinted top eighth of the windshield was this blue, be-specked with insects, project the blue band halfway down the bloviate's face, driving to Chehalis as his pinky-ringed right hand dives at what he assumes is the midsummer-night-blue abyss, but is just cotton.

**I who have no rights in this matter, not father but mother:**

There was once a man's crooked tortoise sunglasses, the lenses of which were this blue, dictatorial, when he spent women and children like money.

**I who have no rights in this matter, not father but mother:**

The tongue too, after the arrest, which lied and laid and lay like a fish, was also this blue.