

Indigo

Nina sings the sound
of heartbreak softly
to lessen the sting. Yes,
the blues are still blue
& sweeping like black birds
over the swaying gulf. I can
close these eyes of mine
& feel this woman's dancing fingers
push against the lean piano keys.
The loneliness creeps
from under her nails, over the round
of the fingertips & falls like shaken fruit
from a tree. How sad those days must've been.
They tightened her jaw
& made her wear her Blackness as a garment.
Her soul peeps through these slow songs
like the meat of a breast through a soaked shirt.
I watch my empty glass cry for another drink,
just some vodka or whiskey
to make the night a little easier,
thinking to myself, *Nina, my mood is indigo, too.*

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Christian J. Collier was born in Slidell, LA and is the author of two chapbooks with the most recent being *Ghosts & Echoes*. He is also the founder, promoter, and host of The Speakeasy poetry open-mic and the MANIFEST arts showcase in Chattanooga, TN.