

Cousteau, (Shades Of) Ruinous Blue

pale luminescent face
cumulescent grace now
borne in shades of
Ruinous Blue

thin, like the river's wrinkled skin
all the mirrors in the heavens
already shaded
in Ruinous Blue...

there's brooding and moody truths
moving through the moonlight
the world's lonely edge
there be monsters
hedging no tomorrow
in Ruinous Blue

thrown
towed between the Earth and sea
shown the secrets
that the sleepless secretly realise
in Ruinous Blue

years
almost never stopping
tears bottled in a bottle
drifting here awash
with Ruinous Blue