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Bleeding Sky

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Bleeding Sky

Poetry • Reilly Murtaugh

7:00 am is kind in its coldness,
so I know walking through the world will hurt less than yesterday.
I look up from my life to see that the sky is bleeding,
her violence spread wide across her body for all to see.
She is screaming her trauma, and not even in her darkness
has she ever been this beautiful.
And that glorious red rage is outlined in gold
as the truth always is.

But 7:15 covers her mouth so she can't scream and wipes her clean,
leaving a pale blue lady who sits cross-legged and smiles without teeth.
I want to bring her pain back out so she may be a painted threat again,
but it is too late. The day has dawned, and she has gone inside herself again.

I drive off in the morning's procession,
mourning a voice lost to possession,
my heart beating in time with words I breathe—
I will be as brave as the bleeding sky today.