

## **Robin's Egg Blue**

The hill was green and fresh,  
recently blessed by a spring rain  
whose power shone through  
the wildflowers that dotted  
the hill's surface and clustered  
close to the stone walkway  
of the little house  
on its peak.

The house was humble yet homey,  
garnished with a garden of tulips  
and a door of robin's egg blue.  
Through the leftmost window  
on the front of the house,  
barely visible behind  
the handmade curtains,  
a woman sat  
at a modest  
kitchen table.

The woman's eyes were a shade  
of blue which matched  
the door of her little  
house. Her mind  
was filled with memories  
of times and people  
past: his  
bright and bubbly laughter,  
his love  
of all animals but especially the robins who  
joined their sanctuary  
on the hill every spring,  
his insistence years  
ago that they paint  
the front door  
that shade of  
blue.

The woman looked  
past her mug of tea,  
past the kitchen table,  
past the faded framed photograph  
of the young boy  
with robin's egg blue eyes,

past the homemade curtains,  
and watched the familiar robin  
who made his descent  
from the sky  
from the heavens  
and returned  
to the windowsill  
of the little house  
staring back at her.