

## *Blue as the Lagoon*

by Marcy Rae Henry

---

In Iceland, where blue begets blue,  
the highway makes a complete circle, like an earth touring round a sun.  
Drive it and you can reach out and touch  
boulder-sized blocks of ice floating by.

Water reflects sky is reflected in the color of ice.  
Before freezing, all colors are mirrored in water.  
In the Blue Lagoon steam rises from water  
and blues all blend together, clouding the eyes.

The lagoon began as a pool of waste water  
and now sits in a lava field, complimenting the sky.  
Below, people soak in mineral springs  
with the look and feel of thick blue-hued milk  
the geothermal power plant forgotten, like poor girl makes good.

At night, Iceland is black as Francis Bacon's mouths.  
In summer, beneath a vomit of constellations, the lips turn blue.  
Some days, life is as simple as putting on a coat when you're cold.

Pull off the Ring Road and you can see the earth bubbling at the surface  
and letting off steam. No other landscape looks so much like lunch.  
Alfred Hitchcock once instructed his cook to put blue dye in everything  
from soup to dessert to observe the effect of blue on his guests.

A midnight sun dips below a pale horizon for a few hours before rising again into blue. For half a year, when it's dark most of the day and there is no blue to look at, blue must be imagined, like a mouth stuffed with dentists' gauze before the bleeding starts, when the absence of red is astounding.



Marcy Rae Henry, watercolor and acrylic



Marcy Rae Henry, watercolor