

Tracings in Blue

Above the Nevada sky—
deep wild open
bigger than earth,
more solid than sagebrush—
above that landlock flat
white streams of jet tails
stretch, squirm
as though a child with old crayons
in hand had scribbled them there—
tracings in blue.

Their directions are lost—
all headings gone with
wind, sky, and time
creaming into waxing glaze.
Their distances fade,
the proud plumages
of purpose, of deliberate
and firm direction,
merge after the hours-gone
into the cumulonimbus of December,
reach fade and are gone—
tracings blurring into blue.

—Virginia E. Baker