

**Karl Plank**

WHAT IT WAS

--after Georgia O'Keeffe, "It Was Blue and Green"

*It was blue and green*  
but what *it* was is hard to say  
unless in a dream  
we have seen the map of our course,  
rivering the coldscape  
with currents of blending blood  
of bluebonnet, azure, cerulean  
and the paling tributaries,  
veins that thin toward turquoise  
and disappear,  
returning our eye to the oxbow,  
that main channel where we rowed  
toward glacial air  
and turned in the other direction  
to find the same chill.

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