

Derek Healy

Blank might just as well be black

This blank white sheet of paper
offers me everything
and shows me nothing,
both at once –
blank might just as well be black:
it leaves me looking blindly at the world.

But from somewhere, or nowhere,
in strokes and loops of blue
come your green-hazel eyes,
lonely and longing,
their tears like prisms
picking me out from the crowd

long ago,
before a thin white film
stole down to shroud them,
slowly as a summer's night.

Derek Healy moved last year from his native Cotswolds to the Malvern Hills, where he enjoys splendid views west into deepest Wales and east back over the Cotswolds. He has written poetry since the 1970s, alongside a career in social work and mental health services. He has had work published by, amongst others, *The Cannon's Mouth*, *Lighten Up Online*, *The Lyric (USA)*, *Orbis*, *The Road Not Taken (USA)* and *The Seventh Quarry* literary magazines. In summer 2020 Graffiti Books published his second full length collection of poems entitled *Home*. Meantime he is busy with a sonnet sequence on the coronavirus pandemic – twenty down and a few more to go!