

**I Like Blurry Things**

**Especially clouds, how they float  
and wisp, tower,  
collapse.**

**I like the blur of emotions—  
tears when joyful, laughter in grief,**

**the soft ambiguous border between  
sleeping and waking,  
the dreams of good sleepers.**

**I like reading between the lines,  
and fluid interpretations,  
wondering, guessing, secrets,**

**fictional characters who become lifelong friends,  
soft-spoken mentors and shy children,**

**sweet and tart in cherries,  
sweet and bitter in dark chocolate.**

**I like Impressionist art, sunlit pastels that drift,  
poplars reflecting through wet shadows.**

**Oh! and the blending of families in naming:  
dragonfly  
maidenhair fern  
baby's breath  
tiger shark  
buttermilk sky.**

— Nancee Pace Cline