

## Blue Dreams

*Daniel Loftus*

Your appendix is swollen, you can't think or breathe.  
Your bed wheels into the room, the white walls blur.  
A table, sterile soap, white light, echoing voices.  
These angels with blue masks and white coats are  
your best friends in the whole wide world.  
You become a child again, you are at their mercy.  
You give them your life so they can save it.  
You don't see or feel the needle, but you feel the angel's love  
flow up your arm, in the vibration of their voices, soothing.  
The sounds rock you to sleep, and the angels  
ripple into aliens. Will you have nightmares or dreams?  
Voices roll through the black as you wake up  
and recall the day you thought you dreamed.  
You count people and places in your head, the five W's,  
and you answer the how with a hand on your stomach.  
You know what they did. Something inside you is gone,  
and the thief's fingerprints are sore under your fingers.  
A cold blade pulling through aching muscle,  
like a knife tearing through a perfect canvas.  
The blue angels cropped a painting of God,  
and thankfully, it will always hurt to pay the piper.

Daniel Loftus is a junior professional writing major with a general communications minor. His poems are loosely based on real-life events he experienced when he was younger. Daniel enjoys writing in metaphors and exploring the multi-layered meaning and future consequences of life-changing experiences, as well as their connections to one another and life as a whole.