



*Window Opening on Nice- Raoul Dufy*

## People Fascinate Beatrice Blue

Off the islands of Bay Harbor  
The lovely Beatrice Blue resides.  
In her colorful cluttered condo,  
She attempts to cover the ugly gray walls.  
Blue like the ocean, Blue like Beatrice  
Beatrice Blue, the crazy cat lady, they always say.  
In reality, she is the purest by the bay,  
Where the birds flock to her window.  
Fairest of them all, they say.

The children in 4b love to prank Beatrice Blue.  
The eggs splat,  
The toilet paper melts on morning dew,  
The buckets of water spill,  
Yet, all that Beatrice Blue does is smile.  
She smiles and closes the door, sincere and calm.  
Beatrice Blue doesn't enjoy conflict.  
She retreats.  
Her walls become more blue.  
As she cokes them with cheap paint,  
The room becomes smaller.  
Her worries become smaller.

And she joins her charming flying friends.  
Observing from her castle,  
She paints and listens to her favorite classical music.  
Next door, they conspire and listen through the cracks,  
But Beatrice Blue knows.  
Beatrice Blue loves.  
No matter what,  
Beatrice Blue loves all.

