The Blue Bird

For S A T T Bar B

Carlotta Ferrari 2019

The lake lay blue below the hill, O'er it, as I looked, there flew Across the waters, cold and still, A bird whose wings were palest blue.

The sky above was blue at last, The sky beneath me blue in blue, A moment, ere the bird had passed, It caught his image as he flew.

(Mary Elizabeth Coleridge)





2 ~ The Blue Bird





3 ~ The Blue Bird









5 - The Blue Bird



bird had passed,



7 ~ The Blue Bird