

Do Not Engage the Sky. Just Observe and Report.

It is easy for you to imagine
clouds contain great intelligence,

as they look down on the sacred forests,
our profane wanderings.

Clouds have no definition for solid,
no inclination to imagine their own deaths.

They've been here since the establishment of roses,
the emergence of bees.

The wind is a great heron
sweeping cobwebs from the attic.

Clouds have a long tradition of storytelling.
And their cousin, the mist.

Clouds have emotion. Think storm, rain,
what precipitated them.

Clouds have a language.
Think cadence of thunderclap. Abandoned praise.

It was a cloudy day when I found you lingering
under a unicorn cloud.

*This is an ancient world, you said.
Tilt your head backwards, and see.*