

CLOUDS

I love clouds --

black, ragged, clouds, scudding across the sky,
fleeing pursuing winter winds,
scouring the dull moon-face to lustrous gold;
tall thunder clouds, pillaring the summer air,
rolling in restless movement, menacing,
with fire and thundering hidden at their heart.
Or there's the monstrous, brawling, cloud
that bursts upon our peaceful scene
with roars and rages, rants and raves,
hurling about it hail and brimstone,
flinging, at random, right and left,
Jove's flashing, flaming, darts,
then passing on to master other parts,
leaving a cowering world behind,
and chastened humans, in their steadfast pride,
thinking a moment of their puniness.

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Slow-moving, laid-back, friendly, clouds
that saunter past, smiling a "How de do?"
or plastic, sculpted, clouds of marble white --
kings and queens dissolving into air;
lions metamorphosed into mice, or the opposite.
Watched long enough, the clouds will recreate
most every form you've seen elsewhere in nature,
and offer some you've not seen there at all.

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rain clouds that pull a gauzy curtain 'cross the sky,
and hide the hills in quiet dignity,
or mares' tails streaming down the blue --
those of some mythical steeds galloping, galloping,
silently toward a mysterious rendezvous
in some far-distant fields -- galloping, galloping.
Or clouds of sunrise, sunset, flaring against the sky,
flaming in glory to a day new made,
or burning the pyre of a day that's dead.

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