

Clouds

above they billow
gray for a dreary day
weeping for their loneliness
their cold tears hit some appalling pavement below
as an icy wind whirls toward the south
blowing them to warmer climes
perhaps to cheer them up
drying their weary eyes
through sun-worn and windswept deserts
until they hit the salty coastal air
and El Niño takes hold of them along the tropics
where the monkeys are restless
and throw their refuse into the hot sea
that bubbles back in protest
continuously
on over mountain ranges
they rage with their storms
shocking peaceful countryside
in electric anger
under a sky that twinkles in the sun's absence
with stars yet untouched by our scourge
pillows for the full moon
pulling at the waters
slowly evaporating
ready to rain again
they coalesce into new shapes
for children to point at
when they pass over their concrete jungles
and murderous motorways
jaggedly cutting up our tired earth
that sighs beneath our weight
they laze about without the wind now
loitering in the blue
admiring their reflections in the ocean
smoking grand tendrils stretching miles
and catching sailors' curses
for obscuring their view
when they're blown along once more
rolling toward the shore
with fury like a monsoon
unleashing their sorrow upon the beach
drenching the sands and upsetting the fish
until the fit subsides
and they shrink to manageable sizes
saving their anger for the next natural disaster
or similar affront to man
they go on to slumber over crop-fields
giving life to the plants that feed the pigs
with the rain that birthed them