

Clouds

time is suspended, here
Circular,
forming, reforming in waves
of water droplets and the constant
hush
of wind

cloud rises upon cloud, here
Linear,
bending like space at the edges of sight
a shifting cosmos of air and thought and the eternal
echoes
of past lives

memories are muffled, here
Blurred,
their precise, chilly dampness faded
to a distant chimera of white gray pink gold
floating
on an eternal
present

when we are trapped, here
Gasping
in the hot, busy surface of this world
in the fires and floods of our effort and despair and hope
can we gaze
on this airborne ocean of infinite particles
and feel our own lightness?

can we gaze
on this shifting ephemeral veil
and remember
eternity?