

## The Shape Shifting Clouds

An infinite blue sky that holds  
A globe; something like marigold.  
And pillows for angels to lay  
Weary wings at the end of the day.

Innocent eyes mold shapes with clouds  
And all child-like wonders are bound.  
Small heads lay in the crooks of arms  
As grandiose visions begin to take form.

Two pigs lay, reclined in a pool  
Of steaming chocolate fondue.  
And prima ballerinas saute and plié  
To the sheer hymn of the May wind.

An angel blows on her trumpet  
To rouse the slumberous plants.  
And a dinosaur awakens,  
Yawning away a million years of rest.

God's gift to the guileless must fade  
As hips widen and hair cascades.  
But I lay my head upon grass,  
And I watch on, as clouds float pass

As I stare longingly, waiting  
For something new to sail through  
I too see a grand vision: You.

Your face, carved into the wan clouds.  
The sunlight is sewn delicately through your hair,  
And illuminates your sprightly, gold eyes  
Which look like the earth was grazed  
By the ardent summer solstice rays.

And I begin to miss them so.