What the Clouds were Like

Not instruments from the armory of gods—there were, as yet, no men in the skies, for we’d seen no falling off from blue. A few proposed relationship to stars or blooms all folded in in what we’d come to call the night. Some stood on rocks and reached but their accounts—silk paddles roughing water—were not to be believed. The tallest trees were climbed. Plume, ruffle, freckle, pleat: we grew affectionate, milked private names in mouths and, because our eyes were carnal, were nearly desperate for touch.