

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.