

The diversity of clouds

4 Aug 24

I pause Claude Debussy's Trois Nocturnes,
boisterous Kookaburras are celebrating something.

What are ears for, apart from alerting us to Sabre-tooth Tigers
or machines burning inside, or the melodies of birds.

My pen scrapes across tree-skin, a faint earth hums
from the stereo. There's nothing through the window

temporary relief from the desires of consumerist eyes.
Forests are a beautiful concept, like poems, light pools

on my desk-mess, topped with Friday's 'Pelicans'
the scrawl not yet transcribed into print for legibility.

I stretch, the trees have become real, brush blue.
I climb the stairs to survey the each of this place.

Cirrus, a fleece of ice crystals is being combed above,
to the north float pointillistic Cirrocumulus,

to the west, delicate ribbons of Altocumulus glow.
Invisible energies are jostling in the atmosphere.

I sense diversity fosters wonder. Let's worship clouds,
water, wind, rain, evaporation, and not mention floods

the Rapture, the word of the lord, or politicians,
or what we did in the holidays.



