

## *Pensees d'un Nuage*

(musings of a cloud)

1.

"from cape to cape, with a bridge-like shape, over a torrent sea,  
sunbeam-proof, I hang like a roof—"  
and as to foolish whim and flighty caprice, I might rest  
my wings of craggy hill or mountain-top;  
I laugh as I send God's winged messengers scampering,  
seeking refuge in some unclouded realm where  
I do not reign.

2.

I love the gentle world of children, and musings  
I am always a part of,  
as I recall in them tales of sheep, and bears, and of  
rabbits' ears, whipped cream and cotton candy;  
how I smile at the glint in their eyes and the sweet delight—  
I please them, do I not?  
so, willingly I oblige as they clamor for some prehistoric  
beast of horrendous shape;  
then amidst protests of merciless grown-ups who never  
understand, I find myself staring at empty window sills  
and closed shutters; I then soar high up,  
suspended in the vast dome of now velvety blue,  
lording it all, and hating all those who are children  
no more.

3.

tomorrow gives us new hope for there is a looking forward,  
it is not yesterday but tomorrow which I seek;  
reminiscing ages us, and I dare not look back.

—sirah d. gorre