

## **We are the clouds** **by Nuala Clarke**

We are the clouds  
Hazy in the sinking sun  
Flooding the sky with static rain  
Governed by the wind  
Sailing  
Through pink horizons  
And the embers of the day  
Into a rising dawn.

We are the clouds  
Floating above you  
Irrespective of your notice  
As your fingers tap keyboards  
Or grounded pleasures and  
Consuming pains  
Tug your gaze  
From our formations.

We are the clouds  
Watchmen of the skies  
Gathering  
Dispersing  
Ripples on the flat  
Splitting rays into spotlights  
Beams bursting from the heavens  
Onto Divinity's design.