

## Clouds

Despite what people say  
There's no resemblance between clouds and sheep  
For there is no counting clouds.  
They are not finite things with borders of one and two  
but rather  
cataracts of the sky,  
blinders of the sun and moon  
that slide with nonchalance like  
egg white across the air.

No relationship to the mist from the kettle either,  
for these clouds are more solid things surely.  
They are paving stones  
and if they spoke they would  
rattle as tea trolleys do,  
or maybe cough and squeak  
like finger painting children.  
Clouds are also playthings,  
bubble gum to be chewed and wrapped around the finger,  
something to cradle and focus a thought,  
Netting to stop the mind pirouetting as  
vacantly as a skater on ice,  
They are mittens for sensitive dreamers.

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