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The Cloud Exercise

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The Cloud Exercise

An earth that was beautiful has entered its death throes, beneath the gaze of fluttering sisters, in the presence of insane sons.

- René Char

Darkening slate and gray skies + leaves = blue. What is the wind? Flowers with rain. Rain with flowers. We were reading about the pictographs. We were entering the clouds. Our dear fluttering sisters. Do you remember the black-necked stilts, their pink legs knee-deep in spill? The nights that were so active, so down to earth? The clouds in their attic bedroom, filled with lightning. Like insects that lift and scatter as the deer's legs move through tall grass, the animals rise invisibly up the timbered slopes away from us. Secret passage in the summer heat: what shall we call it? Loop of the vanishing, flag, the fringe, and low to the ground, the shiny tufted white ones. Whenever my friend plucks a noxious weed from the over-dry plains, he asks it to come back as something better. Even the mullein, which heals, but which is invasive.