

Cloud Watching

Have you ever looked
up and saw your life
floating in the clouds?

What do you see
when you look at them?

Are you young? Old?

Naive? Bold?

Is it a white cloud,
or a gray cloud?

What about its shape?

Does its shape resemble
your own?

What do you see
when you stare up at them?

Memoires? Flashbacks?

Or perhaps a flash forward.

Perhaps the yearning of what
you long for most.

Or a moment when you felt
most at peace.

You may never know,

but do you recall

the time you spent
in the limbs of a tree?