

CLOUDS

by

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A rigid intermission from the grass up to the sky
Of structures and of failures miles wide and miles high
The rain is contradiction of my past and of my fate,
So discreetly indeterminant of what I might create
This solitude of space, the empty threshold inbetween
Is the black of insecurity and the white of the obscene
And the trees are dead like math, grasping life and grasping Earth
With everything they've got, dying for rebirth
The air is intoxication, thin and cold and sinking fast
Into the depths of my creation as my lungs convulse, contrast
The bold, the great, the sad,
The growing fear, the dying man
The weeping Earth, the sky, the sun,
And all this chaos on the run
Self contained in suicide and codependent to survive,
The clouds are masks of what is life
And in beauty they confide