

momentary delay

by Andrew Kaspereen

The clouds cried more than silver tears,
this time.

The sound crashed and clattered around us, you screamed for
silence.

Your scream was brief and sounded of tin.

Nature obliged. It wanted peace as well.

In the silence that followed, we walked around the neighborhood.
Bundled in the warmth of our homes.

Observed the tears of the clouds, piled high and reaching for the
sky.

Longing for their homes.

Frankly, we were unsympathetic.

We were tired of the clouds crying.

Hadn't we seen heartache?

Enough of it to fill a leather bound book with a lock for protection?

We knew it. Recognized its salty, bitter texture.

We were tired of wearing our good suits.

tired of the church bells and the ringing of their doldrums as they
wailed into the evening.

Exhausted at the thought of another moment where clouds could
produce tears.

Mostly, we wanted to feel whole again.

