

Vanishing Vapors with Mister Van Gogh

by Darryl Price

These clouds are what I have
with me. Their language is mine
but it is drying today as
we speak. I catch the darkening
sparks, but that's not to be
your concern. I am sure you

shall go on. What I want
is to deliver your song. I
doubt it is for anybody else.
Clouds are good at pretending. Don't
they know why I'm making all
these cryptic statements? I suppose they

add up to something being said.
Clouds make me want to hide
but not because I'm sad. These
ones have chosen me without knowing
me, yet my choice is out in
the open. This mass has no

place in my loneliness, but here
they swarm like huge golden flies.
The clouds give no sign of
love--is that too much of
an ache I wonder? I hope
they know that they're appreciated. Clouds

are all I have to keep

my need at bay, and I'm
feeling like this poem anyway.
Sitting and staring at their ambiguity
I find I'm still where I
was, waiting for the actual, honest

shake from someone. The spots have all
changed. There are no longer steps
to climb, only disembodied lost houses.
Clouds have joined with something far
off now, flying away. For clouds
have done their best, it is.

