

Cloud Shaped Like a Heart

by Jerry Ratch

The man who will lead you can be nothing
if not already found underneath the
light-heartedness of heaven, (dawn)
if not under the light-heartedness
of snow.

He would have to have happiness
already sewn into his soul.

He bears no burdens from the past.

He would have to have only
half the weight of a feather
attached to his heart,
and ask only:

Why *wouldn't* a starfish
mirror the stars?

Why *wouldn't* a cloud shaped like a heart
have smoke pouring out of it?

Why *wouldn't* a small, sleepy town
have daytime crickets?

The man who will lead you can be nothing
if not already found underneath the
light-heartedness of heaven.

