

# Clouds to the Makers

*by* Darryl Price

You'll be gone. I'll be gone. I'd hate to think  
how it was all for nothing, that all we  
did was stumble into a pretty big  
hole of our own making. The best place for

a broken heart after all is in your  
own sweet chest. No one else has much room for  
another, and they are just as likely  
anyway to forget they ever shared

it in their possession, or likely to  
forget where they first put it down. I swear  
I wasn't looking for a new painful  
dream and neither were you, but oh the sad

hidden costs. You can never retrace your  
best steps to the exact person you were  
fast becoming, not without finding a  
lonely road stuck in the way. You'll be lost.

I'll be lost. I would hate to only be  
able to remember the cracks in the  
ocean. But here we are with our choices  
staring us in the face like hurting and

hungry children. There is no going back  
to anything. You'll be very much out  
of proportion. I'll be chopping the stacked  
silence between us into kindling, it's

just not worth the log. You'll be big. I'll be  
small. The fire will do its job, all our blue  
desires will be turned into a curtain  
of nonreturnable ashes, as those

ashes will float like clouds to the makers  
of another cold, uncorked soaking  
rain. I guess there is an end to dreaming.  
Put the poem in your scrapbook to mark

its passing. You'll be married. I'll have been.  
The wind and the sun will start to clean up  
all the leftover debris. No one will  
be the wiser. No one will hear our goodbyes.

Bonus poem:

Your Beauty and a Sigh

Let there be only this  
Moment shared with you always.  
No clouds interfere with the  
Color of your skin bouncing into  
My eyes. It's as if

I have entered a cave  
Of all my fondest dreams and  
Found only you against the wall. If you  
Have a name it is  
Surely pronounced as everything on

This earth, all at once,

Almost as if it could  
Hardly contain its own magnitude.  
How am I to accept  
My own place in your

Sweetest kingdom when like a  
Forest animal I can only stare  
After your beauty and sigh  
With all my heart for  
The swift sureness of a

Place called the Heavens? A home  
Where you are central to  
Rain and sun, and anything  
That comes from that alchemy  
Is better for having received your touch.

