

# 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.

