Everything that's ever been said about clouds

by Dulce Maria Menendez

Is not enough.
There are
not enough
words
enough
sighs
to describe
a cloud.

Not enough
similes,
not enough
metaphors.
The thesaurus
coughed up
a feather.

And what if
a cloud
were to be
slowly moving
over me on a rainy day
like a puff of smoke
as I think about the
first time I held
a robin's egg
blue chalk
in my hand as
a black cloud

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of a nun said
to draw the sky?

And as I smeared
the chalk across
the paper it made
little clouds of
blue which
fell around
me like rain.

And what if
I had never
seen that blue
again until
the first
time you
looked
at me?