

The White Cloud

by Erika Byrne-Ludwig

Like a small meteorite, a white cloud falls. The journey seems to have been long since it cannot spring up again, its wings being exhausted. Like a scared and shivering bird, it curls into my hand. Its apparent fragility prevents me from tightening my grip. A unique snowball, warm and soft, which doesn't melt... Amazed by this strange aerial visit, I stand still. Up above me, there appears to be a void, an absence, a silence, as after a departure. I ask the cloud why this fall, why this escape from its family in the sky. In its padded and nebulous voice, it says that warm and perfumed waves had sent it a message, compelling it to announce to earth the imminent arrival of spring.

