

# 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.

