

# Cloudstopper (poem)

*by* Mathew Paust

It started one evening, she was home all alone,  
Adrift in the hot tub with a drink and her phone.  
She wanted to party so she called a few friends  
But nobody answered; she was now at loose ends.  
So she fired a doobie and took her a hit,  
Which lightened her mood and she giggled a bit.

She was Clementine Cropper and didn't you know  
She's the one you remember when there's talk of the blow.

This evening alone in her tub she looked up  
And saw the clouds moving without interrupt.  
Quite high from her doobie she stared at the sky  
Her mind now adrift as she watched the clouds fly.  
They slid and they scudded across the deep blue  
And some became angels with wings the wind blew.

She was Clementine Cropper and didn't you know  
She's the one you remember when you think of the blow.

The seraphim smiled and she felt a thrill;  
It made her feel special but it gave her a chill.  
She smiled back at the cherubs and begged them to stay,  
For she feared what would happen if they went away.  
She silently prayed and she pleaded until  
The clouds all stopped moving and the angels stood still.

She was Clementine Cropper and didn't you know  
She's the woman you think of when remembering the blow.

She told all her friends what had happened that day;  
They grinned and they nodded but had nothing to say.

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Available online at *«<http://fictionaut.com/stories/mathew-paust/cloudstopper-poem>»*

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Yet Clementine knew what she'd done was for real;  
She practiced and practiced and she prayed a great deal.  
She'd make the clouds stop with her friends standing by;  
They'd pretend not to notice, wouldn't look at the sky.

She was Clementine Cropper and didn't you know  
She's the one who got lost on the day of the blow.

The day when the blow came it started out warm,  
But it hinted of weather that might bring a storm.  
Well, sure enough along came a front rolling in  
With black clouds and lightning and a thunderous din.  
Now Clementine watched this from her favorite tub,  
As she soaked in hot water and her skin gave a scrub.

She was Clementine Cropper and didn't you know  
She's the woman we speak of from the day of the blow.

Well, Clementine studied the clouds overhead  
As they swirled, flashed and grumbled she was looking instead  
For her angels 'til she found one, then she willed it to stop,  
It was dark and looked angry and it started to drop.  
It came closer, growing larger and its mouth opened wide  
And Clementine's tub went a'sailing inside.

She was Clementine Cropper and didn't you know  
She's the woman who vanished on the day of the blow.

