

Monet Clouds

by Tim Young

The Monet clouds
stare back at me
sitting in the Arizona silence

Little red rocks
make up the lawn
birds hide in trees

My breath is even and slow
the slow stretches
across the horizon

The painter makes choice
of his blue carefully
as the rest especially with broad strokes

Thoughts as imperceptible
as shadows soft cake
in the sky

My ears now tightly knit
gatherer each sound
strained for the melody

Melody tracing the silence
like tears welled up
ready to drop

Yet with everything
there is emptiness
deeper than oceans and space

Deeper than the quiet
of Monet clouds
painted like blush
on the cheeks of heaven
rosy and full of life

