

# 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

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?

