

Plane View

Up here [in thinning air], clouds float below me like soft-dough dumplings atop the brewing stew of [everything] that lies between [that] putting green and [this] mysterious blue.

Down there, you stare [high] as stratus vapors cape the sky in a slow-mo carousel of Rorschach shapes, morphing by the minute into lead-the-witness [spin-it] explanations of just [what it is] you're thinking.

[Strange.]

This ghostly mist can't keep [a single flimsy feather] from falling to the earth. [And yet, its girth can kiss your sun goodbye upon its whim.]

This puny pea soup wisp can sip torrents from the tempest 'til its full-bellied reservoir exhales drizzle or a downpour on everything below.

And [when it's ready], this heady haze calls those basins back again, scooping them up one drop at a time like lifting pennies from the sidewalk.

And so it is, we swim [the Flood]; recycled from the mud [where we began].

Buddy to [the process] makes me take the [zig-zagging worse] along with all the [ambulatory better].

The details of my next ten days could easily go either way.

[For it is perched upon the fence, shrewdly camouflaged in percentages.]

Gloves and boots?

Shades and sun block?

Umbrellas?

Window scrapers?

I'm here.

Tucked inside the inescapable weathering of [the ripening] of me.