

A Low Cloud

He found himself calling
a low cloud
by the name
of a woman, long dead.
And he grew cold
and knew white
her softened spin
inside his tangled head;
he shivered and grew thin.
Then he began to dread
all clouds that are low
and full of soft snow;
so he never went out
in the fall.
But she followed him
into his winter room
and piled in his mind
soft flakes
so intricately spun
that they alit
and blinded him.
Now he never walks
in the sun
for fear of the clouds
that are low,
whether or not
they are full
of soft snow.

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