

*A View
from the Edge*

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FROM THE EDGE 1992

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Clouds

Waspy whiffs of billowing breezes
Dreams of things with linen wings
Whitecaps rolling, flowing freely
Plump plum pillows fit for kings

Wispy winding towers of heaven
Cushion cotton softening pain
Cotton candy, sweetening, sticky
Cool crisp air before the rain

Ice cream frosting, white as winter
Snowflakes tingling on your tongue
Spun soft dresses, whispering pureness
Laundry drying, freshly wrung

All are clouds and clouds are many
Clouds can feel and heal above
Padding life and all its sorrow
Waking us to life with love

—*Nicole Diamond*