Clouds

Cirrus

Sheep are grazing in sky's pastures; They flee from a troupe of ravenous wolves, And are rescued When the shepherd of the heavens Surrounds them with the cloak of invisibility.

Cumulus

Cinematogravures screened upon earth's ceiling, Frothy jinn who display bravado when it's calm, But flee like slinking cowards before the storm.

Nimbus Hearts melted at the sight of parched earth, In the Fall— Tears of sorrow. Hearts delighted at the Primer's smile, In the Spring— Tears of joy.

Stratus Soldiers are marching, Passing in review. Off to war, In the battle of the elements They fall without a murmur, Spirits of self-sacrifice.

Thunder Clouds Mountains of vanity, Bosoms puffed with self-conceit, Howling with rage when they are discovered And the bubble is burst.