

The Clouds

07-03-2014 by Harry Zirkelbach

The clouds drift east from my anchorage,
ignoring land, its trees and inhabitants
having only recently overcome the Rocky Mountains
without these giants stealing thier moisture,
sped down 9,000 feet to meet the great plains.

They shall grow, become part of storms, die.

None will care, waxing or waning,
Aware their life is intended to be anonymous,
nameless without soul, nor the good done to man.