

Cloud cover

by [Peter Cooley](#) in the [July 12, 2011](#) issue

Chosen to be passed over by this wind
although I'm still inside, the hurricane
breaking down as it comes ashore, I pray
next time I'll find my way to pray again!
I may not. Given fair weather I drift
as clouds, my favorite image, scud the sky,
taking on light's fanciful images
and poems I write from extremity
drift off like yesterday slipping away.

But where? Prayer flies off into the storm's eye
there to direct the wind or dissipate
as the divine writes us or does not write.