

# 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.