CLOUDLESS

RAMICK

Today the sky
This, then, is cloudless and the snow
as memory, melts in our hearts, the snow of angel bodies,
when shadowed down the pike long-fallen upon the houses of our imaginations, what fell
to the burden river, a day of cloudbuild upon all our projections and the dixie-death roads
and upper breezes, the summerhouse of our memories, obscuring stone walls and posts and graves,
and the daily wash, is the sure bright grasp and the clarity we rely upon when sifting through our time,
of living. This is the work of angel ash, of our recollections, and what we feel under empty heavens
There, where we frozen considering, the glacial doubts and stays private, so let us speak in flurries, out of our wide white
once knelt, before we burnt the accrual of flaked water. Sun on white and sun into blue, adirondacked storm of self-reliance.
across the delta, sinew and cough, failure and nickelback, hollow to peak, our ankles and our shoulders and our lungs and the grassy knoll
monticelloing all the way to niagara, apalache to knickerbock, we plunged into our union, where we picknicked our innocence under the
Tomorrow, summer children into water, the greenest leaf, the good flow, the staunch rise, our trestled sky, the tastes of outdoor skin, the smell of sunny
as unhappened, is napes warm in sunlight, cloud to cloud in the blue above, the white hair, the touch of damp dirt, this notion of existence toward
unpredictable, beyond our denial, victims from the sky and the awfullest truth. There, where we once stood, before memory, everything compiling in a secret drawer,
vision, the subsequent breath, collapsing into derivation, spewing smoke from throatfire, from breastfire, siloed grain and fisted copse to bluer ridge, the nob moist, the air aswirl.
the logic of infinite regress, sea, shine and wave, purple molehill travesty, tumbleweeding in sight of trinity, we bayonet cavalry in their volatile bellies, our light refracting on cloud
when we will willow our bottoms as diffused confidence ever mushrooming into blinding curiosity. What we understood when we thought we knew what we needed has collected
grief into riverbanks. The water circulating within us is fluent, is impervious into this midsummer chatauqua wistfulness, these communal gullywashings of swelter and simple gifts.
to misunderstanding death. Water in a clear sky is untrustworthy, as is the water in the Now, in these accelerated days, snow falls from a clear sky upon paper water, upon our
eyes of those with clear consciences. A cloud goes white to pink to gray as wandering, our spirits and over-souls, these whiskings of patriotism amid this world of inexactitudes,
quickly as the pallor of a skewered soldier. This was our promise of lilt and the forgotten river crossing,
lift across a sun-swept afternoon. We plunged into the water with dog hearts the swim toward our favorite
and healthy limbs and gasped from the sudden shove of cold against Today, this day of immensity, throughout its bends and shadows, the sky is void of white blossoms. Affluent
our chests, numb from knees to navels, this tidy day. We lose our clouds, neither of water nor words, this sky beyond critique, above sky. Intelligent water.
lives to water and we owe our lives to water and we dry our gingham grasslands and dungaree hills. To be begotten is to be Compassionate land.
ourselves on river rocks with our huckleberry ribs stretched toward irreversible and to be irreversible is a grave responsibility of divine proportions, under our cloudermilk
heaven. We somersaulted down the slope to the clover hollow, one firmament, the sky unyielding to restitched language, nouns now wed to adjectives they didn't grow up with,
tumbling upon the other's after, holiday and release, the grace of verbs cavorting with objects their subjects never intended them to meet, under a sky of tomorrow's muslin,
perfect duration. The aroma of one body upon another outflanks our stovepipe tall and whitewashed, glint and burnish, not the imagined sky of clouds coming apart as the
thousands of glorified tremendums, underbeds all appomattox granite of shaken cliffs, not the adult sky of soiled orange, rushing more and more with malice toward none,
atmosphere, any domestic tremblor or all native holocausts of history. toward innocents of neighborhood or abroad, our negotiated identity of success between shining seas, this
One cloud, alone in the sky, pure wonder, defies significance. Clouds palpitating heartland of arrowhead sorrow and scrubbed disobedience, now time for relinquishment and root-civil
gathering to the will of the gods merit scrutiny. Clouds scattered across a blue modesty. Here, in our bodies, with our unnaked minds, under these old falls, these empathetic cataracts,
blanket put us to bed. A single sustained squint at evil and we collapse into our mall shoes. our hearts thundering as if they were stormy skies, our burlap affection piled in our barns,
Yesterday, in our river unity, log-lashed under free stars, our penny thoughts hard-scrabbled will-o-the-wisp dry in our lofts, our thoughts soaked with long-gone cloudbursts, we forgive
and split-railed, our nostalgia ornamented with calliopes and clabberswirl, before we burst our fathers their recklessness and their flapjack arrogance, upholding their preamble
through the levees of our beloveds and flooded our unsown fields with anarchist tears, of concern, their wise flex of nimble language, their flocked and weathered constitutional verve.
we dreamt. In our dreams we outlast our vanished hope, that mysterious stranger, that actual now, this imagined now, this cumulous language, this accumulated watery will.