

Cirrocumulus

Ranae Beyerlein Michigan

Gravel crunching under my feet,
Puffy white clouds form neat rows and columns above my head.
I am thinking of someone, who once said
They reminded him of graphs in the sky.

The quiet of breezes rustling through phragmites
Brought from another shore
And I am listening for his totem,
The blue jay's loud blurting
As it stalks others' nests.

I am missing that man I once knew,
Who lives on the other side of town
With his wife and kids I don't know:
I saw their pictures on someone's Facebook page,
My blue jay smiling at the center of his big family.

Does my life look lonely on Facebook?
Does he think of me
And know that I still think of him:
Proclaiming that those clouds are cotton puffs,
While my husband lies in our bedroom
Slowly dying.