

CLOUDS

You thought such white in skies of blue
Was only airy stuff—
Soft cotton lightness birds fly through.
Just insubstantial fluff?
But from that seeming weightless mass
God showers rain and snow,
Turns hills to sand, makes peaks to pass,
Borne off in river-flow. . . .

— *David L. Hatton, 3/19/2016*