

Balance

by Marguerite Bouvard

The clouds have their own messages:
the four directions of wind,
their calligraphy becoming a series

of stretched lines, spelling
changes, and there can be both,
the cursive beauty in front

of the harbinger of what is to come,
like the balance in our lives,
the pain that we fear can awaken

us to understanding, connect us to different
languages and countries, and the news
that once clamoured with its torrents

is nor longer distant, and darkness
summons light as we gaze at starlight
in the most unexpected place.