

cloud watching  
CATERINA DONG

When I am still a child and my father a dad  
we lie and watch the clouds together,  
giving each shape a name and  
each other a full half-heart

A frog! A bone! Our labrador leaping  
from lily pad to frilly lap we laugh  
at each other's preposterous guesses  
the sun has traced for us in the marbled sky

To be forever stuck in this tranquil haze  
wrapped in the mist of word skeletons as  
though humans don't need anything  
more — I thought time was on our side

Everytime i look at the clouds now i wonder  
whether he sees the same rabbit running from  
the coiling snake i am whether he sees how  
i am the prey that for once chased away the  
predator whether the sky opens its arms  
and beckons for him to rest in the past as it does  
for me.