

Cloud of Feelings

By Nikki Wallschlaeger

I want to hold a cloud but it's made of air
a smog of tweets makes a world go round,

the confusion of clouds predicting a storm
think nothing of it, bombs are natural now,

explosives wrapped in their hollowed brows
exploiting crisis and pushing the inevitable,

bluebirds know it's a new day, they whistle
without confusion, listen, how do we speak

to light at the end of the holographic tunnel,
my first smoking question of a new season

to begrudge feelings we once had, released,
the future reading books and understanding

tweeting, unbreathable air, and the confusion
of so much suffering and sovereign comfort,

exploring the rites of violence, an old feeling
publicized and burning, cyclones, heilstorms

slapping the drafts, think nothing of it, birds—
get out of their way, the powerful are talking,

don't breathe the confusion, sideswiped in
holographic traffic, a question for bluebirds:

if you, dear birdsong, took away our clouds
of feelings would anyone notice send tweet

Source: *Poetry* (October 2020)