

# 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)