By Andrew Hudgins

When we first heard from blocks away
   the fog truck’s blustery roar,
we dropped our toys, leapt from our meals,
and scrambled out the door

into an evening briefly fuzzy.
    We yearned to be transformed—
translated past confining flesh
    to disembodied spirit. We swarmed

in thick smoke, taking human form
    before we blurred again,
turned vague and then invisible,
in temporary heaven.

Freed of bodies by the fog,
    we laughed, we sang, we shouted.
We were our voices, nothing else.
Voice was all we wanted.

The white clouds tumbled down our streets
    pursued by spellbound children
who chased the most distorting clouds,
ecstatic in the poison.

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