

Gordie Sampson

"Cloudgazing"

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Caught your picture
in a cloud formation.
Sleeping Michelangelo,
angel in a bed of snow
that's what you are.

Lift me up now don't explain.
Want you to come down like rain.
Oh the sight is amazing
when you're cloudgazing.

Move like a ghost train,
coming out of the station.
Smoke rings that you make for me
burn into a symphony of breathing stars.
Mountains hover in the air.
Godly faces unaware.
I feel so small in a good way,
when I'm cloudgazing.

Clouds have come
to welcome us
and tease us 'cause
we're animals
too much in love.

Caught your picture
in a cloud formation.

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