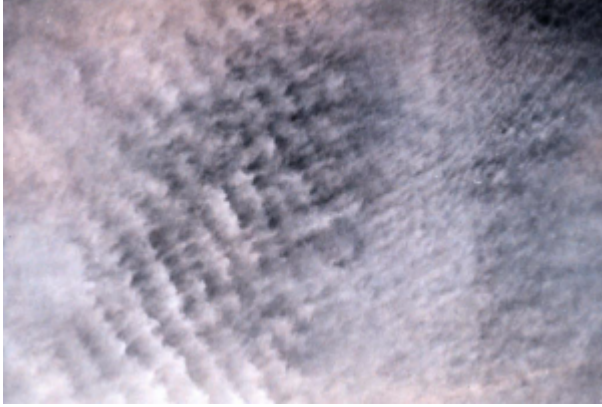


On Weather: Untitled Cloud Poem #1

written by Guest Contributor | July 29, 2018



all of a sudden every-
thing altocumulus, partly
fibrous, diffuse. invisible baubles
on your vestment
skin. i couldn't explain
the ridges, couldn't
answer to *mère*. still, on the edge
of entertaining some version of love, semi-
transparent, night-
shorn. grey light came nonetheless
down in sheets, twisted
along the wake
of bodies
evacuated, a mackerel sky. one red
ring, one blue. when the corona appeared, you
were already gone.



Whitney DeVos is a PhD candidate in Literature at UC Santa Cruz, with a creative\critical concentration. Her poems have been published in *Whiskey Island*, *lo-ball*, *Spork*, and elsewhere.