

# The Nature of the Skies

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A dim shy orb peeks and as suddenly as it might gain  
such confidence as to rise above the earth,  
It is shrouded by the one which selfishly takes control.  
The form--unmeasurable--like a free form it takes  
shape.

And just as it pleases, it brings life and takes it away.  
A great mass, yet of little weight,  
More vast than the seas--and no less powerful.  
Such an innocence,  
White, immaculate--  
Floating softly overhead.

Yet when it feels anger, so does it vent madness on the  
Land Below.

A pigment of gray appears--grows, grows--as gray as the  
dust,

And with equal ease it flies and settles.

Then screams are heard from the monster,

A spoiled young child--building itself into a tantrum.

A cry to split the sky and slam it back again.

"Oh, please, I don't want to die!"

But listen, it will not.

Drunk in its fury it stirs the air,

Stirs until the earth can hold no longer--

Giving loose the binds on the soil,

The land users, the living, the dead:

All succumb to the talons that rip, kill and maim;

Can't something make it stop?

--Peace--

As a brand new day settles,

The thing has gone, has burned itself out,

Only to return again.

The damage was done, the lives left must try and  
    rebuild--  
Only to feel destruction once more before death.

The fluffy white weightless thing,  
Deciever of the Skies, entertains a small child.  
"Oh, look," he said.  
"It looks like an elephant!"  
And a herd of them rolled him away.