## **Cloud Break**

Start with the sky. Its possibility.
For the first time in a life,
touch the right side of a face.
And who can ever cross or close
a divide such as this?
This river's half-mile, its slur of light?
We elide. Time slips away without us.
Above Birkenhead the cloud fells break,
open us to endless blue
and we are blind.

Michael Brown