

## **Cloud Content**

One Monday lunchtime, on the third attempt,  
the woman at the desk furthest from the window  
saved herself, slipped between invoices  
marked paid in full and was part of the cloud.

You might have heard soft noise on rainy days  
when sky hovers low and things we've saved  
(just in case) shift and clatter as they catch  
on buttons and fingers, then work themselves free.

Invisible kite-strings will sometimes pull  
a page or two down. The woman watches,  
thinks of a life without attachments  
and sails on through the clouds.

*Caroline Hammond*