

Cloud Souls

Clouds hold the souls
of all the white birds;
seagulls, swans, the great
wandering albatross; sad
sleepwalkers of the sky,

like shrouds that glide
through corridors night
and day. Keeping mountains
company, and the sea.

Sometimes they let in
the souls of ships;
that's when they turn grey -
if you listen you can hear
the empty hulls moaning
for their ocean, huge masts
blowing mapless and lonely

on and on and on. We are
guests at their slow funerals,
watching the procession,
one by one by one.

Louise Greig