

## **Clouding Over**

As she ages the clouds come over:  
a name, a date, the day of the week.

Sometimes the shapes they make are beautiful;  
to call her daughter the name of a cat

she had as a girl, to remember the falls  
at Llangollen and the river in full spate.

But the darker it gets the more certain  
that the clouds will open. The thunder reminds her

of the bakery she worked in. Lightning strikes  
miles away. The chill rain begins to fall.

*Jonathan Davidson*