

## **Musings on Board Spacecraft Oasis 1**

At first we missed the paintings, Constable's, O'Keeffe's, all of them archived to help us forget; the lone cloud landscapes of small children silently removed from fridges and classrooms.

We craved rain delays, hours spent under umbrellas at the cricket, waterlogged football pitches, heavy going at the races, the Alps shrugging off the weight of too much snow.

And we lost language somewhere along the way; people wandered lonely as each other over thirsty vales and hills. The sky lacked meaning without a cloud nine or a silver lining ahead.

We longed to see animals in the sky, to spot a flamingo, elephant ears, to lie on our backs in a field where the grass is moist with dew, gaze upwards, certain that the earth moves us all in

space and time. There were whispers of isobars and nimbus clouds as promised by weathermen who had long since stopped forecasting sunny intervals in the east, a risk of ice in the north.

But mostly we missed those days spent indoors, a trip to the zoo abandoned, a game of scrabble with 7 points for storm. Oh, the plans we made, the things we would do when the rain stopped.

*Jeanette Burton*