



Cloud Poem

I am the sweet soft pillow lying beneath your head,
blue, yellow, pink, all colours that have been lead.

The fluffy is the focus up in the sky,
the colours stick out but not when they cry.

It is coming, the loud crash and boom,
once I've passed there will be no more gloom.

The sun has reached them, they're forming a rainbow,
they are holding it up but not to low