

## Cloud

Grandma stacks her dishes  
in a cloud. The cloud,

risen off wrinkling white water,  
presses onto her big cotton waist  
pale flowers  
that grow to the collar.

It expands in twists to stir gray  
waves in her hair; tumbles  
down in petals to the hem.  
Nothing falls further but dew:

she lets it settle  
on her bandaged ankles  
so the burdened feet bulge  
and she remembers

how many years she has wrapped  
in clouds. She turns to face  
the tall kitchen stool  
from where

I can't see far enough  
to catch her faded words.

