Forces

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Golden Hour

D.J. Hurley

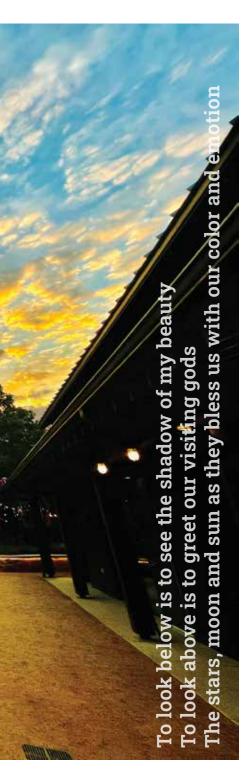
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Cloud

Mikaela T. Sims

I have always been here Itinerant by nature They say let us go wherever the wind takes us, Though that is my law My consciousness disappears A cool rush I open my eyes Feeling different yet the same Parts of me float until they grow too heavy As I hear the voice of my carrier My kin flock together or go our separate ways We look soft but when cramped our law is pernicious To look below is to see the shadow of my beauty To look above is to greet our visiting gods The stars, moon and sun as they bless us with our color and emotion I cannot leave this container But maybe Someday, I will leave to become more than earth's nebula For now, I shall let you bask I my glory as I paint the sky.

Golden Hour

D. J. Hurley