

Looking Below

By Del Saito

I float to pass the time and pause to leave droplets of cool water on hungry grass and yawning leaves.

I filter the streams and seas and then sprinkle the hungry plants and trees with my tears of joy.

When I am cold, I spit out freezing hail just to see if any one notices me.

When I am eager to bake, I sift the snow on the playgrounds so I can hear the laughter from children below.

When the sun lashes out harshly, I provide a backdrop to cool the sands from blistering heat.

When the stars awaken, I draw my fluffy curtains to the side so they become center stage.

When the breath of the Northwind gives me a ride, I provide a soft field of rolling cotton for jets overhead.

I enjoy hanging around mountain tops to play with the eagles while listening to the wind's orchestra.

I unfold light shade to the lapping waters and over dreaming turtles lying on the sand.

I even dance with the kites and outstretched hands of light, be it day or night.

The taiko drummers often use my rooms to echo the songs played thousands of years ago.

And when the moonlight shines dead, I rest on my fluffy pillow and greet the hugs of the morning sun.

As each chapter of the day comes to a close, I draw my curtains against the blue sky so that it can prepare for another day.

I journey to my meditation place, sometimes for weeks, but I promise to return with restored energy and purpose.

I test your character by overstaying my welcome or by not visiting you for a very long time.

I cannot predict where I will be as I am lured by unseen forces and guided by the angels' breath.

And when their wings are folded, I too am at rest, humming a silent tune for fish living in the very sea I need to exist.

I often struggle to keep my shape but reminded that no shape becomes shape and that is what I am.

I must live in harmony with things all around me, above me and beneath me, just as the sweet nectar of blooming petals to buzzing bees.

I know love as love should be and only God can hear the beat of my heart as he does of his majestic Redwoods below.

I am saddened to see that the archs of lightning unable to balance life below as more forests give way to huge cities and modern ways.

I am a humble servant and move in heaven's sea. Sails that are moved gently or with hurricane force that rips me apart.

But unseen hands will again place me where I once was that I might keep you close to me.

Nature's sculptor creating forms on a moving canvas while casting shadows to pronounce variations of hues on rugged mountains, rain forests, oceans and grand canyons.

My constant journey takes me over land and sea and find no preferences as mother earth awaits the flutter of my flag.

The man in the moon often peeks over my shoulder to get a glimpse of fireworks showering its fiery colors and dancing until the last song is played.

The sun smiles when I am bundled as laundry, stacked so high as smoke reaches to join me in play.

And when the sun retires and throws its colors upon me, I join my friends in sharing surreal works of art for you to blink snapshots to etch in your memory.

When the angels roll their imaginary spheres on the alleys I create, the sounds prepares the ears for the climatic boom as it strikes the columns with thunderous force.

The moon graces the frames I build, often with halos that welcomes its stay,

My sneeze anoints the skies as the sun splashes its colors on every soft tissue and blesses me with healing sensations that capture an eye somewhere to see.

Although my behavior is so unpredictable as those I live with, we are able to exist in perfect harmony.

I play with the spewing volcanoes as they launch fiery darts at the illusions I prepare for them.

My cooling bandaid for naked reddened skins become a curse for earthlings who wish to be targets for the unblinking sun.

Looking below, I am just a cloud.