

Clouds of Emotion
By Athena Gottlieb

An angry cloud will hail and sleet,
Hurl craggy ice in a spiky sheet.
Rocks split to shards as they hit the ground,
Cold slivers pierce others without a sound.
A blend of the fear and the sadness, no joy,
The clouds open up and unleash another ploy.
Sleet sloshes and slides under unguarded feet,
The dirty disaster covers the street.
People tripping, breaking limbs,
Cars a'veering, drivers grim.
Reckless clouds lash out with lightning,
Tearing trees and humans, frightening!
Thunder shaking Earth's foundations,
Sky dark grey, violent vibrations,
As the last light is swallowed up.

A nervous cloud will roughly snow,
Spouting worries, let them grow,
Each unique and bothersome.
Drivers worry cars will slip.
Children come to bask and flip,
But in a week they have the flu.
Mothers fret about the power,
Fathers don't have time to shower.
Roofs collapse from weight of worries,
Trouble from the slightest flurries.

Sadness is a forlorn drizzle,
Clouds are somber grey,
But alas, we all shed tears, every couple'o'days.
Misting means a day gone wrong,
Showering, a heartbreak song,
Pouring, an important loss.
But soon the clouds get paler gray, tinged with a rosy gloss.
Yes, it's true, through life we'll find
Tragedies around,
But tears will leave our misery
forgotten on the ground.

Through joyful clouds, the sun will blaze,
Small and clear without a trouble,
Leaking carelessly sun's rays,
Happy, puffy, like a fluff ball.
But be warned, and beware!
Fragile things, those clouds up there.
A wind too strong will burst their bubbles,
Whisk away their joy.

"Clouds of Emotion" by Athena Gottlieb – Pritzker Elementary, Chicago