

## Clouds over Cornfields (Mid-July)

J. Marlo Madsen

He says he always sees hands in the clouds  
I don't know if he watches them cradle or pray.

Are your gods quietly weeping?  
Do they worry palms up,  
pleading with the anti-matter?  
Are they trapped as we are,  
between the want and the have?  
Do they tear feverishly at the endless blue  
(if only to glimpse what's beneath)?

Poor gods.

They've no gentle deity to call out to,  
no warm arms to enfold them,  
no bone bellowed breath to rattle them to sleep  
alone for a cold eternity—  
while the infinite still avoids reply.

When flesh grows tired there is rest,  
but when gods are weary,  
when gods are weary all they can do is pray  
and you, you catch them love  
when they are crying out  
with pursed finger tips  
longing for the peace granted only by faith.