



Delight! Delight!

In puffs of white against deep blue
They span across an endless sky;
Beneath a sun of melting gold
They waft; they float and pass on by.
Some linger though and grow quite large,
Turn dark and build to reach great size;
Then streaks of lightning streak from them,
Reach jaggedly to their demise.

To watch such scenes, one knows indeed
That God Above is in control;
Beauty observed a true delight,
The very heart of nature's soul.
In puffs of white against deep blue
Each cloud reflects but grand delight;
Beneath a sun of melting gold
They waft; they float within my sight.

I'm at great loss when they're not there
Though the sky's a radiant blue.
But they'll appear come morrow's break
My puffs of white clouds ever true.

Henry W. Gurley