

## **Crowned With Clouds**

by Michael Masterton

I'm talking to you  
I'm talking to you.  
But you can't hear me now.  
You're on my mind  
but not in my head  
and that's where I hold  
every conversation with you.  
I hear your eyes  
and I see your words.  
But I just can't seem to switch the two.  
Because you  
you are perfect  
and it was you  
who put this all in my mind.

Can nothing be perfect,  
like my city on the lake?  
Earning every star in rivers of blue.  
These rivers turned red  
as the bullets flew.  
Yet here I am.  
Skyscraping my knees  
as I fall  
staring up at you.

You seem to rise above me  
as your stories climb higher.  
And the sly grey sky obscures my view  
of your very top floor.  
But April, she has come.  
And with her she has brought  
a sky blue sky  
crowning you with clouds  
as you stand perfectly above the rest.  
Perfect.

Like one of millions who come to see  
a beautiful second city of endless possibility  
I am left in awe with a dropped-down jaw  
and the hundreds of broad-shouldered towers  
never one like the other.

And yet only one stands out  
above all the rest.  
Won't you catch your reflection in the window  
and realize  
you are perfect?  
I'm talking about you,  
thinking out loud,  
louder than ever.  
Standing at your feet,  
loving seeing you  
for the very first time.