

Name a Cloud After Me . . .

. . . you know, one of those clouds
which grows from nothing
on a late summer afternoon, soon
pummels the ground below
with rain, hoping, even if in vain,
to spawn its tornado, leave thereby
some lasting mark upon the earth
before vanishing into a nighttime sky.

For among those who measure themselves
on the time-scale of clouds—most
producing no more than a cooling
breeze, do not squeeze out even
a single drop of rain—
such a storm must be the great one,
long to be admired, and remembered.

Which is why, as I attempt
to pummel the earth, spawn
a tornado which may leave
some lasting mark, this appeal
goes out to any one of you
who measure yourselves
on the time scale of humanity:

If, by chance, you have felt
the attempt of my lightning,
pay me this small tribute
on some summer afternoon
while watching a thunderhead
create itself, out of nothing.
Name it after me—even if,
for all of the others,
I may produce nothing more
than a gentle breeze—felt
on its appointed day,
before vanishing, forever,
into a nighttime sky.

Steve Bloom
June 2010