



## Clouds

The clouds are rolling in from the coast,  
White and high, moving like a ghost,  
Water particles in motion without sound,  
It looks like a fun ride from here on the ground.

Covid has brought us less outside noise,  
We're playing around less with our noisy toys,  
Or at least we were for a period of time,  
This absence of noise has been really fine.

The birds in San Francisco discovered that the quiet  
Allowed their breeding behavior to get right,  
Rather than screaming at the top of their lungs,  
They can work on nuance, on romance, on fun.

The clouds remind me that noise is unnecessary,  
It's a by-product of humans, a wasteful accessory,  
A cloud is a pinnacle to be reached by us all,  
Attaining our goal with no oral call.

So float on, you noiseless, wonderful cloud,  
And let me whisper my respect out loud,  
Float on, float on, to your destination,  
And I hope it's not a rainy conflagration.

And when the cloud speaks, it is with thunder,  
A sound that makes us all stop and wonder,  
Where is this conversation occurring?  
Where is the lightning? Where is it pouring?

If you say little, but mean what you say,

There's more conveyed in your yeah and nay,  
We often speak just to hear ourselves talk,  
And that's as annoying as the scratching of chalk.

So look to the sky and learn from the cloud,  
Speak less, own your words, and for this, be proud,  
It's another lesson from the Church of the Earth  
That will keep you warm around the hearth.

So welcome to Earth Church,  
Pull yourself up a pew,  
Express gratefulness by silence,  
It becomes you.