

# Studio One

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## Clouds

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## Clouds

It's fitting I think  
to slip off my shoes,  
curl my legs into my chest.  
not tightly,  
just enough to slide onto  
the second shelf of clouds—  
sounds ethereal,  
but it isn't. It's  
a three-shelf cupboard,  
shelves wide enough  
for a human body curled  
as I mentioned  
to slide into,  
to roll onto one side,  
slip the inside latch  
and find a solace  
only found within small  
dark spaces  
where the mind has no  
room to expand, merely  
to compress and think  
those astonishing thoughts,  
relive those touching  
memories we thought  
were lost, regained  
in this small dark  
space.

-Marc Swan  
Portland, Maine