

**MARY B. MOORE**  
After Clouds

I am glad there were clouds, their  
flat stomachs wan green, a little like ponds,  
and that their moveable waves and curls and turrets  
bulged and deflated slowly and some arose  
elsewhere. It helped me that they metamorphosed  
gradually but each form held briefly, nothing  
final, and that they traveled sometimes in flotillas, unhinged  
but agreeable, so that the promise they burgeoned  
might be rain but also that pregnant  
series of pauses made visible between them.  
These intervals were not breaths or birds:  
while allowing ascent, they taught absences,  
my own, sense by sense, vision  
first, then hearing, and before that, my mother's,  
but never my daughter's.  
She was eternal, the way clouds and rivers were.

Mary B. Moore's recent books are *Amanda and the Man Soul* (Emrys Press, 2017), *Flicker* (Broadkill River Press, 2016), and *Eating the Light* (Sable Books, 2016), selected respectively by judges Dorianne Laux (Emrys Press Chapbook Prize), Carol Frost et al. (Dogfish Head Poetry Prize), and Allison Joseph (Sable Books Chapbook Contest). Her poems have won or placed in four other contests lately and appear in *Poetry*, *32 Poems*, *Prairie Schooner*, the *Georgia Review*, *Birmingham Poetry Review*, and *Fire and Rain: Eco-poetry of California* (Scarlet Tanager Books, 2018). Her work is forthcoming in the *Gettysburg Review* and *Orison Books'* Eve anthology.

**BO BARTLETT**

*The Swing*, 2017  
Oil on linen, 60 x 60 in



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