Clouds, Lake Titicaca

Toad clouds hover over low water; staggering thunderheads scrape their bellies on glowing mountains, old fat dogs twitching rain.

*By th'mass and 'tis, like a camel indeed.*

Duck clouds in living room wall formation line up for the puff! puff! of poachers over the horizon. Birds float like spyholes in the clouds, flat-bottomed cumuli putter across the lake.

*Methinks it is like a weasel.*

The surface of the lake loves clouds the way hinges love a door, like the way sky folds into trees at night. Clouds at night are shaggy heads of Titans, eyebrows, furious manes

*It is backed like a weasel.*

by dawn plastered to pink striations of ice-cream cake. Climbing the sky the sun is a confident politician and clouds flee. This is no time for shadows.

*Or like a whale*

But every afternoon they forget, moussing themselves in the lake’s mirror, then slouching towards Oblivia, Bolivia, humpbacked and diving rebelliously upward into deep blue

*Very like a whale.*

David Musgrave