

# Geoffrey Young

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## NOW EMPTY PALE BLUE

Is there anything more abstract  
than the figurative movement of clouds  
at dusk, if not two cats  
seated on the grass missing nothing?

Crows caw in the hemlocks,  
a neighbor bounces a ball, the Rose  
of Sharon flowers preen below vast murals  
of cloud vapor transforming the sky

into huge paw prints, burial mounds  
& gossamer towers. Time's job is to pass unseen  
until at last the sky empties.  
Its airy clusters dissolve in the east

leaving only the wild fluctuations of chimney  
swifts darting in a now empty pale blue sky.