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## Watching the Cloud

Margie Snowden North

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# Watching The Cloud

By Margie Snowden North

In the night the wind gets up  
It whistles through the Paradise trees and  
around the corners of the house  
Lightning like a million candles light the sky  
Thunder pops,  
cracking the heavens in two

I scoot farther into the covers  
hands clenching the sweaty sheet,  
unable to sleep.  
Papa gets up, his feet swipe  
down through his pant legs,  
his belt rattles,  
he pulls his shoes  
out from under the bed

When he slips out the door  
to watch the cloud  
I relax, released from fear  
and drift into sleep.



*Illustration by Sandy Wymer*

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