

## Clouds, Lake Titicaca

Toad clouds hover over low water;  
staggering thunderheads scrape their bellies  
on glowering 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*