

## Illogical Imaginings

A man of science knows clouds aren't alive.  
They contain no brain for thinking, or heart for beating,  
Devoid of thoughts or lungs for breathing.  
A containment of water vapor unsure of it's form,  
Half solid, half liquid, entirely airborne.  
Their life of changed direction with dubious air shifts,  
Trapped in a fate of incorrigible drifts.  
No hope for prediction, no control of it's wrath,  
Claimed by a constant wavering path,  
To exist ten seconds-  
Two minutes-  
Twenty four hours,  
Lifespan in the hands of refractory powers.  
Constantly struggling with emotions so feral,  
Doomed to an apex of dastardly peril.  
Torrents of rain caused by harrowing sorrow,  
Thunderstorms of anger wage on to tomorrow,  
Frigid snow comes from feelings of terror,  
Lightning is guilt from a culpable error,  
Passion in the form of vigorous hail,  
Clear skies when happiness is set to prevail.  
Clouds aren't alive, physics claim with defiance,  
I smile,  
Knowing there are things much greater than science.