Claire Krob

I’ve always loved the word “Clouds”
The way you can get lost looking at clouds.
The way when you're in an airplane and you sail through them like a pirate out on an adventure.
The way when we were little, we would think clouds taste like cotton candy,
And we could ride clouds like a magic carpet.
The way clouds are so whimsical and light as air.
The way clouds make you feel delightful.
The way clouds are clouds,
And clouds will always be clouds.