

A day in the life of ...

Good morning; I am Conner the cloud  
and I'm going to show you about my day.

I hide as we huddle on the horizon,  
tight as tuna in a can.

As we slither sky ward I see a city bustling with life like  
ecstatic ants in cars; trying and tussleing  
to work.

I get a solem type of anger burning inside me,  
I fight to stop it getting free.

The sprinting winds punch me in the face as I drift west  
like araft in a river race.

The time was eight am and my emotions are running  
mayhem.

My lonely lifes aware of me now, as I look at every  
chicken, lamb and cow.

I excreate rain from my pores;  
I look down as they drop on many floors.

I huffed hrashly as I headed home like a dog who lost his  
best bone.

I ruptured withrage at twelve o clock.  
thunder and lightnig booming out of my ash colored shell.  
My lightning snaps, cracks and zooms round as my heavy  
heart starts to pound.

Not one noise was heard from the town i`m looming over,  
not a beep, not a honk nohing at all.

I look down after my fit was over.  
My state is sober softly seperateing from the group,  
Now nudging north like a wounded soldier.

My chalk shell cracking through the dark layer above it.

My day is over i rest in the night  
away from sight.

Euan Scott