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# Shell of clouds

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### **Abstract**

#### 1. one excuse

One excuse was to say

I forgot the time

(or you simply ran out

of time)

Time, for something so

relative;

(lying on the beach):

works remarkably well

(we always used it

instead of humour)

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*Margie Cronin*

## 1. one excuse

One excuse was to say  
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(or you simply ran out  
of time)

Time, for something so  
relative;  
(lying on the beach):  
works remarkably well  
(we always used it  
instead of humour)

There was always plenty  
of it  
to fight in  
And none left  
to quickly make love in  
the morning (before work)

(We'll make up for it  
later)  
But there was a storm  
(and you had to spend  
the night)  
in another town  
looking over the sun

But rain rains down  
inside my ear  
With that noise  
inside of shells  
(It never changes)  
and I can't hear  
(that you are waiting)

But I don't need  
any evidence to know  
that time  
is culpable

## **2. two ways of arriving at surrealism**

How many dreams  
present the life of the protagonist?  
the girl with only one heart?  
someone on the run?

He was standing on the corner  
miming a scene of torture  
when he heard the first sound  
(more like somethin' bashed loose)  
and his leg fell into the gutter  
He had his foot in the stream  
The sun, just pulling up its toes  
under that cloud  
At that moment he knew  
just what that leg was worth  
(he had no idea, exactly,  
what a leg was worth)

The girl was walking,  
so slow down the beach  
Crying. Her tears  
delivered up to her  
by clouds  
with tiny hands of salt  
She's got straight hair  
and a new nose

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(they bashed it with a little hammer  
till it came loose)  
It was worth a lot to her -  
she even gave up  
being the Queen of Egypt

And it was only by accident:  
the car with a scalpel;  
the surgeon losing control;  
inside a shell, the sky -

### **3. three times around the moon**

And it's just a game  
Put it up to your ear

Out driving  
the shadows rush to meet us  
Our mistakes

He asked  
Can we still be in love  
when dirt is falling  
from the sun  
With the moon  
rolling its knuckles  
over my back

And she was slow  
like a snail  
to answer  
Go another three  
times round  
the sky  
It's safe -  
we live inside