

Poems about sky, clouds and everything

On standing on the 42nd floor of the Capital Tower, Singapore on the 16th Jan 2003

1.

Cars are like toys
Moving on straight Manhattan grey roads
Between tall buildings
Owned by stocks, run by bankers.

2.

Mist lifts up over the bay
Brilliant sunrise floods the crowded road
Busy people on the move
In the shadows of tall buildings

On watching clouds descending in January 2003

3.

It's strange for clouds to stay still
Like sculpture in the blue sky
Made of marble yet faint like feather
In between flow rivers of light

On staring into the sun on 25th January 2003

4.

Let my wings
Fly into the sun seared sky
Free from the chains and the leaden weight.
Let me go into the dreams
Though I may be forever alone in my quest

On watching a fiery Sunset in January 2003

5.

Clouds boil in reddish bubbles
Swash over the darkened sky
Engulf the ball of fire
In the smoke of still-life explosion