

2-6-2013

Clapping at the Clouds

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Recommended Citation

Munro, Donna (1980) "Clapping at the Clouds," *Amaranthus*: Vol. 1980: Iss. 1, Article 18.
Available at: <http://scholarworks.gvsu.edu/amaranthus/vol1980/iss1/18>

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Clapping at the Clouds

Someone knows how to flash.
I winked, come on,

flash down to the river.
(Nothin' but foolish babies
to follow like that--

but humans are plagiarists,
like history, repeat themselves.
My stolen dancing shoes are getting hot.)

We'll drink it dry yet,
but do you think we'll get drunk on it?
No matter, we'll flash

and float after
each other, nodding
with the waves,

we'll bump our hands
against our thighs,
clapping at the clouds.

Donna Munro