

Why One Cloud Is Kin to Not Liking

The reason my husband's family doesn't like me is that I am loud & talkative & elitist. I am a know-it-all book nerd from a country that exports orphans & all the outrageous shit that gallops out of her horsetooth-mouth. I am a vampire sucking the blood of born-here americans. These are the facts.

The park is emptied by pandemic & everything is warm, cozy, abandoned until one single cloud creeps over the sun and reveals the power of chilling. Go away, my son commands the cloud. I, who'd never dare address a cloud like this, can still admire the mammal who is loud & talkative & elitist in his presumptive relations with condensation events.

The truth about clouds is that they haven't happened. They are collections of things that may come to pass, or change the sun's frame on a landscape.

It rained the whole day of our November wedding like a Guns N' Roses song; the sun came out in time for the sunset. We married for its orangeade eyes. *They never liked me.* Even then in my white hand-sewn dress, I was presumptuous. My bare feet were a form of private aggression against middle-class values. In their eyes, I could only be baggage, a single mother he saved. The cloud will move eventually, I tell my son. The cloud can't be the reason everything is ruined, I tell his family. The park is empty, luminous, vast.