

This was not the cute little bunny cloud form found in fluffy white clouds on a summer day. Nor was it the sailing ship from a childhood coloring book or from a quilters pattern applique cutout.

No, this cloud formation was a dark mystifying lady's profile with an ax blade and handle sticking out of her head. Or, it was a young girl facing the earth sticking her tongue out at something bothering her. The Thing above or in her head could have been a dog, a cougar. The item changes according to the person perceiving the formation.

On a Saturday evening just before darkness blotted out the light and fluffy clouds the sky turned a cobalt blue. The sky looked like the ocean churning up and over a innocent boat out for a springtime float. Electricity was in the air as we clicked the iPhone camera four times.

The photos came through with deep blue colors. Only one picture produced the cloud formation, that of a young lady looking as though she were giving the "Raspberry" to someone or to something on terrafirma.

"What is that?", I asked no one in particular. "She looks sinister." We printed the photo. Still there, still sticking out her tongue, still weird.

Two weeks later I find that I can not longer look at clouds and search for fluffy white lambs playfully scampering about the wisps of air. There is no delight of looking for ideas for quilting designs. If there are daisies in the clouds, they have to grow into heart forms without me watching. If there are whales with mouths wide open, they have to swim into caves without me guiding them. No, Cloud Watching is now an iffy occupation. What if I "eye-spy" another person? Would she now be spitting down on earth...at me? What if the young lady cloud formation was sticking out her tongue...at me? What did I ever do to her? And, who is this She Cloud?

I truly believe that clouds are our friends even if those clouds resemble young ladies. Bunnies are better cloud forms, though.

Lana Russ

