

## Clouds

Quasi

Molecules dissipate,  
Disperse and recoagulate.  
Breathing in and out,  
There is nothing more.  
I am mist, you are steam  
We are clouds.  
We are drifting away.  
In one of many heavens  
Blue light prevails  
We dream perfect music,  
We hang from our tails.  
In one of many hells  
We sharpen up our horns  
Plotting our revenge while  
Waiting to be born.  
Particles of light and particles of matter  
Come together for an instant, then scatter  
by ands!