

I lay on the couch, staring up at the April sky. The clouds coursed across the blue expanse, stealing the day away and exposing the eternal march of time. But with it they also peeled back layers of days, prompting nostalgic thoughts and casting me back to my childhood.

Clouds are the omnipresent backdrop on the stage show of our lives. Even when they retreat, they lay waiting in the wings. They witness our tragedies and triumphs and imprint themselves on our memories of reflection and somnambulant wanderings.