

Low Roaming Cloud

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Your welcome to touch and
stroke my leaves.

Close your eyes,

inhale

exhale

gently please.

Your given the diagram
of an ear,

in profile.

Your outer ear canal

infected

From spending so long
in the water,

as one species,
acting as another.

Another child with an ear
infection

For swimming so long
in the water,

on my back

looking up to the sky.

So long as I stay still
in the water,

my face is in profile.

My ears
as one species, my face another.

Exposed to

air

sky

water

tilting me sideways,
cradled by my mother again.

On her lap she'd prop my head up and tilt me to the side.

Long stemfingers,
muffle my inner ear,

in thick white felt.

From my canal out knotty buds
of cotton dampened,

with yellow liquid sun
you poured into my ear

to aid my infection,

stroking my ear like a lamb.

When I think of a Lambs ear,

I think of a rabbit borrowing itself in subterranean

with ears exposed to air
above top soil

A Lambs ear grows
a cotton purple tail,
so when she grows ears,

she also grows a tail.

A tale,

tell
tale
tell
tale
tell

cotton bud
rolling over my cotton shirt.

Yellow liquid sun.

Cradled by my mother again,

On her lap she'd prop her head up and tilt her to the side.

Stroking strands
of spindled cotton ears.

Between being
a dog, to a ball of cotton.

She's a cloud
A low roaming cloud
in our flat,
on the floor.

A floor bearing
low roaming
cloud mopping marble.

Her eyes constantly filled with yellow liquid sun.

Cleaning her ears,
now velvet.

She can't see ma,
see animals in the sky.

Tilt your head up and tell me what you see.

Lambs ears
rabbits ears
cats ears
mouse ears
dogs ears
elephants ears
a fawns ears

Lambs tongues
dogs tounges
cats tongues

Lambs wool
Wooly woundwort ear,
I cant hear you.

Lift your head up mama,
She has to clean them.

With a cotton tissue
the cotton returns,
cotton tissue
mopping her marble,
cotton clean cloud returns.

When I think of a Lambs ear
I think of touching tongues.

A lurching tongue

my cats tongue
my dogs tongue
tongues swimming
across my face
tongue tilted across her face
out of her mouth.

Looking up to the sky,
she needs

air

sky

water

My cats tongue
bristles across my face,
brushes bristles across my face,

my cheek
my eyelid
and then his tail
in my eye.

My ears
as one species, my face another

Cradled by mother again,
Her paralysed stiff body
between her legs,
my legs giving me water.

Mummy lent over me like a fawn,
teaching her to walk again
to walk with me again.

At night whilst holding her legs,
his tail.

Bambis tail,

mops the remaining tears
from my mouth.

His ears are now in my mouth,
my ears in his mouth
and what comes after is the tail.

A Tale.

My cat's tale keeps his body balanced.

Like our ears keep me upright so we don't recline toward the floor, head first into a big thick bush
on all fours.

I've always wanted to be
on all fours,

Going head first into a big thick bush, rest my back on a bush
a float on a big thick sheep
embracing a big thick bush
sheep

low roaming cloud.

Well find the lamb
burrowed in the bush,
when its lost
I cant see the bush ahead
head first into a big thick wall brick
bark
bush
Wall

By the end our dog couldn't see
or walk, ahead in dark rooms,
still on marble floor.

Cradled by mother again,
in a dark room ready to sleep.

I hear the folk song
youd sing to me, sing to me.

Where a white rabbit
played all day
in the nearest forest
and got lost in the woods
with a fawn ora lamb.

Where it got too dark to return home, so they both started to cry.

The dear ones started to cry.
Oh dear Oh dear In darkness.

I sleep never reaching the end of that song.

Baby mine, baby mine.

In her trunk,
hanging on a branch that I confused for my dogs spine,
nested in its leaves with
a lamb
my cat
a rabbit
and a fawn.

Would the fawn
a rabbit
my cat
and lamb be lost?

You were telling me you saw
a rabbit
or a lamb
a cat or a fawn.

Faun rooted in soil,
multiple bodies in soil.

In my body
is the tale of my cats mouth,

his tail
on my dogs body
and a lamb
resting on marble floor
by a foot rest with a rabbit
and a fawn.

Between the cats mouth
and the tail
sits a lambs ear with my mother
in summer
becoming hairier, felt hairier.

hairier

The green moves toward the back for four the white white hairs coming to the foreground as you grow
older.

White hair in my foreground
when we grow older.

In the ground
summer marble floor,
my dogs ground disappears.

She loses sight into the wall,
we lose sight of her,
my dogs ground disappears.

Into the marble floor,
that marble body
on my kitchen floor there still,
she becomes mistaken
for a foot rest,

rest.

Still that marble body buried in ever-green,
there still in my garden covered with marble slate
she's finally seen.

My father steps on it to level it pruning tears,
sealing a wound.

On week woken woken up by sirens in commemoration of a war, my dogs tongue lays flat at
rest,

rest more.

In perennial velvet texture,
with knotty buds
of cotton purple tales,
Pinna is not properly ever-green
not very conspicuous.

I'm hidden amongst loomed felt and propagate such auricular covering so much that I must be
separated once bloomed.

Plants flower in mid-summer divided as soon as September growth begins

A lamb foliage falls eventually to be replaced by a fresh crop in spring.

Long stem fingers muffle my inner ear in thick white felt, in thick white felt.

From my canal out knotty buds of cotton dampened with
yellow liquid sun.
with yellow liquid sun
I rest my ears in sun,
in yellow liquid sun.