

## Night Clouds

Thomas Daniel Valls

Night clouds of thunder their  
Lightening forever lit and stalled and netted,  
Window frames of ember-ed gold -  
Champagne cherries, lit cigarettes  
Tangled down by the smoking swaying  
Canopies of the hills,  
Looking down  
Towering over  
While us down here in the grid,  
The shining rows of halogen and brake lights, neon too  
Somewhere in there that's where the Pikey used to be -  
Down further  
Nordstrom memorializes yesteryear Beverly Park with its Kiddie Land and laughs and screams,  
Soon imported like just the other day  
Towards down the bend just past the beanery,  
Where pastels shine like moons  
And swings are reserved for Mickey's.  
Stolichnaya's closed for the night but the flour's set to pour in and float with plumes within a couple  
hours,  
Before the birds squeal over territory,  
Though after mic drops echoing of cheering crowds finally fade  
And Jacarandas still sway with greeting for Spring,  
Lilac and mauve into indigo at night,  
No matter the light up until dawn.