Clouds in My House

Zoning in a hall of glass plasma flowing from a cask piercing overtones mainline into my back pack

it's full of clouds in my house

a grey hive, humming white souls

frenzy reviving the room
energized by many flumes
drip-drop, on my head
wakes me from a thousand moons

circle dance inside the cave all movement brings a message larvae, in their holes waiting for a summer daze