

1996

Patterns of the Clouds

Angela Bliss
Denison University

Follow this and additional works at: <https://digitalcommons.denison.edu/exile>



Part of the [Creative Writing Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Bliss, Angela (1996) "Patterns of the Clouds," *Exile*: Vol. 43 : No. 1 , Article 25.
Available at: <https://digitalcommons.denison.edu/exile/vol43/iss1/25>

This Article is brought to you for free and open access by the English at Denison Digital Commons. It has been accepted for inclusion in Exile by an authorized editor of Denison Digital Commons.

Patterns of the Clouds

I.

As we sat there, Daddy, I told you the sky was dark and I thought it would rain.
You said it wouldn't though, and that it only rains in the afternoon here.
But I thought I knew the patterns of the clouds 'cause
Mama used to teach me how to predict the storms.
All those nights you told her that she didn't need to teach me,
But they picked me to be the weather girl at school in the third grade anyway.
She tried to tell me about boys, too, but I didn't care back then
The rain only meant I had to go to the garage and put my bike away.
I listened to you and believed what you told me.
I didn't care about the rain or the weatherman.
And I would've been happy to put my bike away right beside my umbrella.
I should've known that puddles meant more than just a rainfall.

II.

I always wondered how she learned patterns of the storm clouds
But when they come around so often you get to knowing these things.
Maybe it should've only rained in the afternoons, but it rained late at night
After the stories and I was in bed, everything was quiet
Except you. Even Mama didn't make a sound, because she didn't want to wake me.
But she taught me too well, and I always knew when the storms were coming.
I tried not to hear them, but the pounding never let up, and I could feel her silence
She listened to you and believed what you told her.
She didn't care about the rain or the weatherman; she just wanted it all to go away.

All she ever wanted was for me to be safe, just safe inside the garage with my bike.

—*Angela Rae Bliss*