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Shrouded Clouds / Arctics

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David Miller

Shrouded Clouds

Drops of rain fall upon this enchanted Earth
The majestic element that brings forth flowers
And eternal life
Powerful is its nature
Calm and peaceful are the rivers that
Flow with mud and silt
The sudden sound of a rusty gutter
Is enough to satiate one's mood
Upon hazy clouds people come and
People go, and the rains transcend
Upon all of us.

David Miller

Translated into Cockney Rhyming English by Joseph Housley

Arctics

Dropsy, pleasure and pain fall
Upon Big Bertha,
The majestic money for rent
That brings forth April showers
And the porridge knife.

Powerful is the Holy Savior,
Calm, peaceful—the shake and shiver
That flows with mud and silt.
The sudden sound of bread and butter,
Enough to glut one's table of food.

Upon arctic shrouds
The peephole
Comes and goes
And the pleasure and pain transcends
All of us.