

The Clouds are Cotton Balls

by Jane Doe

Soft and fluffy, way up high,
Like cotton balls spread across the sky.
They drift and dance in the light of the sun,
A playful sight, second to none.

In the vast sea of blue above,
They glide gently, like a dove.
Shadows cast on fields so green,
A more peaceful scene, seldom seen.

At times they cluster, at times they spread,
Weaving stories above our head.
In shapes and sizes, they morph and shift,
Creating tales, our spirits to lift.

A dragon here, a castle there,
Imaginations sparked in the open air.
The clouds are cotton balls, light and free,
In this sky-high tapestry, what a sight to see!

As evening falls, they blush with grace,
In hues of pink, they find their place.
And when the stars begin to peek,
Those cotton clouds play hide and seek.

So look up high, and you will find,
Clouds like cotton balls, uniquely designed.
In the grand sky, where dreams are sown,
These fluffy clouds have gracefully flown.

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