

Ballet of the Angels

“The air up there in the clouds is very pure and fine, bracing and delicious. And why shouldn't it be? --it is the same the angels breathe.” ---- Mark Twain

I have always loved watching clouds as they form faces or figures, constantly changing, twirling, and then gliding away. It is a daily performance. A feast for the imagination.

While making this photograph, the heavens were draped with these beautiful feathery configurations. It became a magnificent pageant of the sky; I saw it as a ballet of the Angels!

E. McD. February 12th, 2024