

For Imaginary Cameras

taking a break
from the libraries
endless book,
I walk over
to the ghost faced
steamed up windows
to look outside.

it is still raining
pen knives,
and the sky is being crushed
by mountain sized clouds.
phantom ship clouds
that roll
through the undertow
of a winter storm.

on a wide rail
along the entrance,
is a young woman
who pretends to tight rope.
one foot
toe out delicate
in front of the other,
while twirling
above her
a cannery bright umbrella.

abandoned
to a haughty demure,
she animates
for imaginary cameras
as if she were
a Marline Dietrich,
or Sara Burnheart.

as her only audience
I delight
in the contrast she's creating,
and in secret
I title her show;
'a cat dreams storms
of cannery bright umbrellas.'