

From the balcony I can see...

From the balcony I can see –
the flower-seller draped in black,
clutching lily-of-the-valley
and the promise of spring...

From the balcony I can see –
the swan's reflection flickering
in the sunlight like silvery scales glittering
on the pond's glassy face
and the cygnets
stringing behind like soft pearls...

From the balcony I can see –
the grey statue frozen in time,
patient as the seasons run by like
rabbits...

From the balcony I can see –
a cat flat on the windowsill,
cool in the shadows,
sleepy eyes closed fist tight,
purring at her voice...

From the balcony I can see –
two men ballet dancing
an image of each other,
sprawled in afternoon heat,
lazily greeting the day...

From the balcony I can see –
the afternoon bubbling joy...

Pie Corbett

