

A Curve of Velvet

Shadows in colour dance
silhouettes silently mouth
the shape of things to come.

This pink-dipped child
leapfrogs inside the heat
of her mother's strolling shape.

Darkness shielded
in a curve of velvet.

Shadows ink to frame a life
no substance no odour
visibility absent.

She drags these playmates
out with her
splash across pavement
the street a companioned nursery.

Sometimes she trips
over what cannot be seen
then leaps high still grinning.

Effervescent always present
shadows.

This child favours the rainbow.