Red Sky and a Ladle

we went through every season together
the sound of metal blades on cold ice
a shout from a back door slamming into
its frame

in the backroom where we hid
the ceiling was painted with singing angels

the high rise building obstructed
our view out the window of trees
hanging below a three quarter moon

the orchestra pit echoes of bassoons, bass
drums and violins
imaginary ballerinas swooning in and out
of love

sheets flung over balcony railings,
bicycles and shoes called out to us
in sweet empty voices

ROBERT KENTER