

## 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

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