

7-24 September 2011

Light castle

Izzy Roberts-Orr

She refuses to stop imagining,
Convinced that if she does that will be the death of her.

'I wanted to walk through a light castle,'
She says, inspecting her handiwork
And cutting a row of paper people.
When I ask what they are, she smiles, silent.
A row of guards, perhaps, to keep the light safe.

The web is spun in the deepest corner of the room,
Fireflies are caught in motion, reaching out to touch
Paper angels whizzing along lines of thread;
Notes to remind her to shop now fluttering,
Flimsy saints to orderliness.

They hover, silencing the mundane,
Playing with the light and creeping into the corners of eyes,
Catching the cornea unaware, heralding her web;
A shawl drawn around the night
To catch wayward dreams.

Torchlight beams, shadows stretch making faces like witches;
The paper people stretch to reach each other.