

Shades

there was the whisper
of curtains moving in the breeze

I chose a white broderie anglaise blouse
turquoise linen skirt
and a fine silk multicoloured scarf
thrown around my shoulders

I floated out of the room
whose position was no longer important
down the stairs and out into the sunlight

I sat down on the bench under the shade
looking down the path towards the road

where is everyone?
I asked the young man who joined me
he pointed, as he said
all the traffic passes over that bridge

only if you're invited
do you come down the road to the house

we waited without talking