

Castles in the sky

Shapes floating, transposing,
Shape-shifting, metamorphosing.
Dream-like surrealist images,
Thrown up by the imagination
From puffs of white smoke,
Travelling, forming a hole.
Shapes, soon to vanish,
Can be anything, outlandish,
Or what it will, sometimes fiendish?
Soft to the touch –
But not too much.
Otherwise, crumble, disappear,
To never to reappear.
Set fire to your fingertips,
Castles, tortoises, even pirate ships.