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Rooftops
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ROOFTOPS

Rooftops have chimneys, angles, eyes, shutters, shingles, whispers, lackings. Sky covers them. Sometimes a shirt flaps out of a mouth. Once I saw an umbrella open on a rooftop and nobody was under it. Pigeons fly into and out of this prose piece whenever the reader senses their need. A church bell, too, can be heard. The higher up you are, the better off you are; this is one of the principles of life, which is very unruly. Not every roof can be walked on, some slants are impossible to traverse; this one, for example. A house, a hat, a bird, a book with its pages uncut. Three dogs and two cats. A tram turning a corner. Vistas, but no visitors. An escapade without water or conjunctions. Is that a painter or a prestidigitator? It's a drainpipe with an umbrella. It's a thumb in the eye. If they weren't mountains, they'd be razor blades. Run your hands over them whenever you can.