**Somewhere to Keep the Rain**

*after Wen-Ying Tsai, Umbrella (1971)*

Today, you wake and realise

you have become a naked

umbrella; a bat with only bones

of splintering spaghetti. A silvery

second, loosed from a lost

dandelion; tethered in this moment,

quivering. You know these days:

when you stand in the dark

silo of your senses, pointing in

more directions than the compass

dares reach. When you branch

out like bleached coral,

longing for the spores

of applause to flow out

from this dark, but flinching

at every clap.

**Caleb Parkin**