

The Apartments in the Sky

They are up there,
just a little bit.
Even if they lived on a ranch
they are there.
Over every balcony hovers a hummingbird.
Every tomato plant has a blooming bud.
Every night they watch TV with rabbit ears.
Reruns only.
It reminds them of their lives with us,
of nights bathed in blue.
On Friday nights the Chinese food arrives
in a flutter of chicken-wing hands
at the latches of triple locked doors --
but in the hall stands a nice smiling Asia gent
and though they don't comprehend it,
they are beyond harm.
The older they get the higher they are
until we never see them anymore,
up in the blue neon clouds
waiting
with endless patience
for us to get home.

Clay Waters has had had poems published in The Santa Clara Review, River Oak Review, Poet Lore, Literal Latte, and Confrontation. He lives near the theme parks of Orlando.



The Pangolin Review, Issue 10, May 8, 2019