

## Conjuring

the way it seems:  
the dust of dissipated dreams  
settles on our window panes  
and morning creeps  
into our solitary rooms  
like ectoplasm  
of brewing coffee beans  
seeping from a breakfast with the gods  
we wake  
to name the day,  
smearing out peekholes on the glass  
and catch a glimpse of cats  
racing after wrappers in the street  
spread out below, between us  
as coincidental as the grin  
we wipe into the dust —  
an accident of magic  
we've agreed  
it is no day  
for black umbrellas.

