Parallel Universe

**Refraction**

Manhandling a mirror across a concrete walkway
we’ve caught the sky; a contrail

unspooling in the bluest air,
the skin of the Thames mixing it

with glints from propellers and waves
and upraised hands on cruise-ships.

We had the world to juggle with.
The mirror caught all this

as we shuffled slowly back,
the rain sheathing the glass like glass,

as we saw, with double-sight,
each rain-drop gliding backwards through time

and yielding to the swelling clouds
making this my one attempt at skywriting.

**Roy Woolley**