

The Venetian

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There's an alien in my room—
he sees the world
in long, thin stripes.

Our bright sun blinds him—
on summer days
he stands, silently sullen,
staring at the floor.

Then, in a single blink, he changes
the wall
into a dance of shadow puppets
and the ceiling
into a shimmering sea.

Late at night
he has long conversations with the wind
in a strange language
of rattles, clicks and whirs.

And when he looks longingly at the sky
I know, that for him,
the earth has disappeared.

