The Cloud Collector

He keeps cirrus in the cellar; stuffs
stratocumulus like insulation in the loft.
The spare room billows with altostratus.
Outside, the sky is a cloudless blue.
He roams the hills with a Dyson and scoops
clouds from summits in butterfly nets,
bagging them on the quiet; he stitches
them into the lining of his jackets
and presses them into the boot of his car.
Each summer, he rents a beach hut,
plain white, with yellow bunting hanging
above the door like a row of crows’ beaks.
He watches waves curl like rolling papers
and waits for dreams to blow in from the sea.

Christopher James