

## **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*