

## REALITY SHOW

Rooftops, I've come up to play!  
There's jazz fizzing on your edges  
and ledges and the music swoops  
round the façades' painted flourishes.  
The freedom of the sky flares  
above you—horn section in full flight—  
while your surfaces switch from flat black  
asphalt to fake grass, quick as a leap  
over an alleyway. From up here, my gaze zips  
down a building's concrete sides, skipping past  
windows to miniature streets crammed  
with lolly coloured cars and moving people  
then grazes the knot of giggling girls  
and the naughty afternoon woman sipping  
red wine in the street  
like it was her own reality show. People  
on the ground fret on their tiny phones  
but from the tall building planted  
in a past century, I see each person's  
journey as a fabulous story told  
entirely in the present tense—like gazing  
upwards at the breaking  
news of clouds.

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MARY MACPHERSON is a poet and photographer living in Wellington, New Zealand. In 2006 she completed an MA in Creative Writing at Victoria University. Her previous publications are the joint collection *Millionaire's Shortbread* (2003) and *The Inland Eye* (1998).