

The Dream Shop

by James Knight

From nine at night
until five in the morning
the mannequins staff
the Dream Shop.
Customers sleepwalk in
and murmur their enquiries.
Some of the patrons are very demanding.
They queue outside before opening time,
pressing sleeping faces
against the windows.
Last night an old man died in the Dream Shop;
the Yves Klein blues blew his mind.
The mannequins dialled 999
but couldn't speak.

