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Category: Poetry

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## **Through the Window**

There is a window on the side of a great blue house  
It is such a striking blue  
Blue like the sky after rain, when the clouds have all gone home  
Or the brightest sapphire, bound to make a miner rich  
Or perhaps, it is the blue of the packaging on a box of Oreos  
That bright, most marketable blue imaginable  
And it sits on the corner of the street  
Everyone can see that house, that blue with snow-white trimmings

They don't see you

There is a family inside the great blue house  
You are in the family  
Your mother is in the family  
Her grip on the home is iron-tight  
Your father is in the family  
He is stern without reprove  
Your brother is in the family  
Although often he is gone  
Your dogs are in the family  
Bringing chaos and smiles  
Everyone can see your family

They don't see you

I am by the window of the great blue house  
The pane is murky  
The inside swims in ink-like shadow  
There are cobwebs that line the sides in sticky curtains  
Dust flecks the panes like freckled lace  
There is no clear path through this window  
But there is a shape there, a figure  
I can't see you

I come by to the window of the great blue house  
Day by day  
I peer through the window  
Day by day  
Crystalline light peers back against inky shade, little by little  
One day, I swear, I will see you  
One day, I swear, you saw me too

I am looking at you through the window of the great blue house

And although the pane is murky  
And although the pane is laced with dust  
And although the pane is pitch dark  
And although it is imperfect  
And although it is not glamorous  
It will never be so picturesque  
I see you