

My Window

Sometimes this window has bars that keep me in prison
Handprints that become icicles and snowflakes

Open to feel the cold rainfall
I stick my head out to feel the mist on my face

I see the boy I loved in the sixth grade
We laughed until we cried, his eyes a clear blue
Sparkling like an age-old white Bordeaux

I see my reflection, peaceful and innocent
you with your shotgun and bible...did you know the gun was loaded?
See your body, see you blow yourself away to hell

Over there is my father moving towards the window
His hand raised, waving—I wave back—he is a ghost a shadow

Further out among the pines, I see myself growing up fatherless
Holding his hand, callused from years of working in the factory heat
running barefoot through the wet morning grass
The window is foggy; I'm still looking for something

A path outside this window exists
not just memories, but an existence. I open the window
yearning to return to life, breathe it in like a baby's first breath

by Barbara Hughs

