

The Other Side of A Window

by Jonathan Cohen

I see the possessions
of the window,
All the things it gives
to me for reference,
and for passion.
I feel its pain and fortune,
when I gaze
upon its belongings.
To be as ripped up
as a canyon,
or as beautiful
as a new-born dove.

Sing me a song,
let me hear your voice.
Of the wind racing
through the trees,
or the sounds of life.
Let me see your sights,
of darkness
trickled with light,
or brightness dripped
with the shadows.

Do not leave
me, or go away,
for I need
you to help me,
in forgetting life
for a while.
Your highlights give
me ideas,
and calm my mind.
You give me memories
of the past,
And hopes of the future.
I embrace your presence,
by looking out
to you,
and seeing the things
you hold,
on the other side of the window.