

My Window

Alas, smooth to the touch
yet textured marks
meet the eye
glass reflecting
back at me
many squares
textured patterns
everywhere

Confines of great
cement walls
some grass
some clover
beckoning come
rest a while
on me
feel the union of your mother's heartbeat
to your own

The heat of the sun
holds
tight
to your face
cuddling you
a small child

Tears
roll down
from your eyes as you
notice the twisting
bark
of the cherry tree
naked
exposed
unafraid
to show
strength
weakness

Dried leaves
of black berries
hang on not realizing
time is up
they died

Although the court yard
sways
to the winter chill
it will not
give up
on the life it becomes

As the sun rises
the green grass
waves to all that pass
come to me
rest your mind
for a while
tears roll down
rest a while

By: Theresa Altorelli © 2012