Window

I pressed my face against the glass

saw back into a distant time

free of thought of place or caste

once unencumbered by a past

a child on a planet vast

and full of trees and hills to climb

again I saw the finest things

unjaded by a history

a bird asleep under its wing

a river growing from a spring

an ant who thought he was a king

all burned into my memory

these sentimental thoughts were mine

as leaning ‘gainst the cooling pane

I traced a raindrop’s liquid line

a tear, a thing alive, a sign

and feasted then on grand design

with nothing but a world to gain

too soon this perfect clarity

was then obscured by human breath

a cloud through which i cannot see

a barrier ‘tween past and me

my mind still knows what cannot be

returns to thoughts of life and death

I pressed my face against the glass

saw back into a distant time

free of thought of race or class

not fearful of the icy blast

a child on a planet vast

and full of trees and hills to climb