Behind the Window

Car door cuts the silence with a muffled growl;
Woody notes emerging through the clear barrier
like a hand reaching through a vertical, liquid wall.

Legs fall limp, dangling in a pirouette pose.
The stained plywood bench grows into lower thighs
dripping tingling sensations downwards that collect in
toes...asleep.

Orange Frisbee, like a contrasting sunspot upon a reflecting
white background;
soaring towards protective eyes, as an arm follows through.
It hits the barrier and leaves a gray smudge.

A hand behind the shadow futily wipes across the cool
smudge;
fingers extended, spread, like the bursting flares of fireworks,
light exploding outwards, only to be engulfed by the dark.

Still air fossilized without life behind this cold, smudged
barrier.
Spirited air wisps venturing through micro-cracks
resuscitate life into the observing corpse.
Fingerprints encircle the smudge, each halo’d in gray obliqueness--
holes in the barrier melting into nothingness without aid...
while a leaf outside performs tricks upon an uneven stage.

Mouth opens with the sound of boots pulled out of deep mud.
Tongue tasting aged plaque, rolled out only to shrink in fear.
An ice cycle drips into a pool below a car bumper and runs into an open sewer.

Hot and cold as sweat gather in the crevices above the upper lip.
Chills fall down from frozen ears,
like the pain now felt down each spine from a hunched back.

Tears are the only evidence of life as a dimmed reflection emerges,
overtaking the inner barrier walls,
like a phantom transparent in a darken hall...
Or a man hiding behind a window.

* Kevin Meek