

This Night Weighs Heavily

My sheets feel like last night's dish towel,
 And my clothes cling and clutch
 A body so tired.
 Ants parade from the window
 To the wrapper of my last Hostess pie.
 The crickets continue their monotone hum
 Intermittantly interrupted by a passing car.
 --Digital clock marks another hour--
 Extra pillow in my bed again.
 I want to see my friends tonight.
 Why must this isolation be such a burden, and
 Why must this burden be mine?

--Michael Millington

Windows

I thought I'd go for a walk
 That almost autumn's eve, when the air was soft
 And my mind was filled with her.
 I looked in her window as I passed her home,
 And wondered what it would be like to see through that window
 From the other side.
 And I smiled.
 As I strolled on, I noticed two figures in the distance,
 A man and....
 I quickened my footsteps to answer my question.
 I couldn't have been closer without touching her,
 But I may as well have been a thousand miles away.
 They held hands and giggled, and once when they turned
 Toward some far away laughter, I could swear
 They saw right through me,
 And suddenly, the night air was very cold.
 She went into his house with him,
 And I stared at his dark windows,
 And thought.

--Mathew Taylor