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