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