

## 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 futilely 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.

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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*