

NAOMI SHIHAB NYE

Every Window

Only the person living and working inside
will know which yellow cup sits
on a blue plate, waiting,
or the size of an hour without interruption,
or the haunting stroke of light beaming
sideways onto the next roof.
If we peer out lonely for everyone
who preceded us into cloud,
it's such a crowd by now,
and the swirl that surrounds
our continued presence on planet earth
feels confounding. Another day fumbled.
Another dialogue ground into dust.
I woke determined to be simple and focused again.
It was as if a houseguest had just arrived.
I cleaned off the counter for her, not me.