

A Window View

Lily Defnet

Circle around the yard one more time,
Velvet-brown, clumsy as a deer
Standing for the first time on its own.
It can be autumn again, and you can be
Beneath the bed of maple trees
All those leaves, a ring around you.

We changed with the seasons
To a winter of leisure and quiet
Rust-gray coats and window views.
How else do we get older?

Slowly, or all at once?

Look back at the old pictures, albums of time,
When you were sick but no one would say it,
Something stuck in the back of our throats.
Give us a little more time for goodbyes.

In the meantime, sit at the door
And wait for someone to come home.