

## The Window

Panes of glass and soft white metal  
An opening to a world that says, "Look and see"  
Views to the other side, the nether side  
Often translucent, other times opaque

Seeing them, they never see him  
Making observations and judgments  
Placing opinions on mountains of unfounded facts  
Writing pictures of lives that are never touched

Seeing only himself  
Projecting what he sees on what he hopes to see  
Seeing only himself  
His dreams are lived through their coming and going

Seasons change, the window - changeless  
Mother sun pushes her way through creased shades  
Father moon whispers good night  
Cycle after cycle, the window never evolves

Cascading sounds of life seep under the sill  
'Come out and play"  
"I am life"  
"I am living"

It is much too harsh  
Requires courage measured in miles  
It challenges his soul  
Bristles and staggers his very being

"Go!" he says  
"I can't" the mind replies  
"You must", says the heart  
"There is *being* - out there"

He draws the blinds.

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