

Out the Window

There, out the window;
sprawling but dense nonetheless
mutely accepting small snowflakes falling
and my unblinking gaze,
the city cemetery.

The tallest plot markers;
with their crosses and angels
are sliced, by the yellow cable
crossing the window,
the rubber coated rip-cord you
pull to jump off the bus.

Idling, staring, out the window;
I want to talk, laugh and live
with the numerous residents
resting under the stone slabs.

the chugging motor engages;
the scene slides by.
Placing my hand on the window,
fingertips to glass:
I will see you again my friends,
our chance to commune
comes all too soon.

Steven J. Sackinger
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