

At the Window Sill

Teardrops fall
From a weeping sky,
A gentle call
And a quiet cry.

From my perch voices linger and the *slate* city glows,
Porpoise lights on sodden streets,
As people rush with their bags and bows,
Filling our *gray* with the sound of eager feet.

I see *ashy* colors glimmer from the neon lights
As cold, *steel* behemoths push past the stifling clouds
And shadowy *smoke* claws toward new heights—
Here in our *concrete* jungle, so *pewter*-endowed.

Then a flash—
A crack—in my plain old-fashioned screen,
Of colors that clash,
And beautiful shades of green.

Hidden among a labyrinth of judging buildings and vexing avenues,
A piece of paradise lies safely,
Like a screen of black and sunlit a dot of blue;
A tiny oasis cradling a memory for you.

Where now sickly rain is provided a home,
And nosy animals are left alone.
Where the wind blows calmer and soft,
And the earth protects what is almost all lost.

Where the trees' leathery stumps span tall and strong,
Like those Great Sequoias that are nearly gone.
Where giants and monsters, beyond thought had once trudged along,
As they watched a clear, archaic dawn.

Then my shallow breath fogs up the window.
And I gaze, forlorn, across my *colorless* home
There—in the distance, I see it below—
A tiny, fragile park, sitting quietly alone.