

Mark Wagenaar

WINDOW

The physicist knows the shortest line
runs through a bottle.
There is no vacuum like it,
he thinks, as he opens his
front door to hear
his back door slam.
He looks out through
the window to the evening,
& thanks the butchers,
for without them
shaking out their aprons
this last light wouldn't be
this color. Bless them, bless
these people walking home
to close the window
that keeps swinging open
to an old piano,
the one with the bird nest
hidden inside, that window
we sometimes call the past.