

Window Facing A Window

Blake Mills

Does the mute palace of an empty house
Welcome you back warmly?
The bedroom lights left on all night
Anticipating the low-grade sun as it arises warmly
Is there any other way to learn what ought?

A garden, for instance, when nothing grows
But dirt flowers and ivy
And things you might find lying on the side of the road
That seemed to look back up Eddy's smiling
Full of hope to be eventually less easily reminded of

Are you upset?
Are you done yet falling out of love?

A bedroom with a bed that isn't there anymore
The atoms, the breath, the sun across the floor
A catch of crumbs that you can't do without anymore
The orange peel, the apple core

A window facing a window, the spangle on the door after the party
A picture frame, regifted, came wrapped in the same white box shaped like a heart, but the faded photos tardy
Full of hope to be eventually less easily reminded of

Are you all set?
Are you done yet falling out of love?