

Window

Richard Buckner

It's almost true: You don't expect to follow, watching
what you do. I talked my way, half the night in
overdrive, with nowhere else to stay: afternoons spent
inside crashing on the shadows in the room, wrapped in
your reigns. Gone along, you won't forget who's standing
out of frame.

Kick and run:

It doesn't fall far from the road and someone's going to
come.

Shake it out:

Remember what you'd wanted from the embers floating down.

Aren't you cold?

Standing by my window (curtained up and closed)
yesterday. I let the door fly open, broken just the same.
It's all so new, though I've known you from somewhere I
was only falling through. Save your time, coming out with
what you've found on the other side.