Voyeur

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like so much fun that we just had to try it. If our siblings’ goal
was to distract us from our game, they succeeded every time.
The game usually ended after they arrived. They would get us so
distracted, we forgot about cleaning the tree house and playing
our game. We would give in and just jump on the trampoline.
The house could always wait for another day.

The best part about this game was it had no rules. All
we had to do was act like grown ups. It was easy. There were
no winners and no losers, just work to be done. Looking back,
the funny part is how both Meredith and I hated cleaning our
rooms in real life, but when it came time to play ‘house,’ that
was basically all we did. Through our games we would talk
about what needed to be done and then do it. In real life we did
anything to get out of cleaning. It might have taken all day to
clean my room when I was little but when we played ‘house’ it
only took a couple hours.

Those long summer days of playing house in that tree
house bring back fond memories. I can still remember its grayish
green boards all ramshackle, somehow surviving all those years.
Meredith and her family moved away later in my childhood. We
could no longer run down the street and play ‘house’ together.
Our neighborhood water fights ceased and our sleepovers slowly
dwindled to nothing. We had to be driven to get to each other’s
house and real life slowly took over our pretend households. We
didn’t realize then that those innocent days spent pretending to
be adults would swiftly become distant memories. Now, I can’t
seem to get away from adult responsibilities. I no longer can just
pretend, they are reality; no more can I pretend to play house, I
live in one. The days of smashed dandelions for dinner are over;
I actually have to make something edible to eat. The sweeping
and the cleaning are perhaps the only thing that has truly stayed
the same. Those tasks never end, even though I want them to.
The reality of it is that pretending is just practice for real life. As
a kid, that was all I ever did. I did so much pretending that when
real life came, it still felt like I was pretending. Now, I cannot
escape real life. The world of pretend has left me. Unlike Peter
Pan, I have to grow up; Neverland only exists in my dreams
when I long for childhood and childhood friends. This is where
my pretend world lives on.

VOYEUR

Donnie Drobny

Looking through your window
Watching your sweet, subtle moves
A tear almost falls from my eyes.

You look at me, but I can't move
And I can see inside your eyes.
I see through your body's window,

Your heart and soul, shining from cerulean eyes.
And you don’t see me, outside your window,
Still, you don’t move and I don’t move.

My dreams drift to inside the window
To a time, a place, where nothing moves
But the lights that dance in our eyes

To a time found in dreaming eyes
Where I don’t have to sit by your window
Waiting for that one single move

When you call me inside the window
Like Peter Pan through a child’s eyes
And together we both move,

And dance, and dance, and move
And watch the lights in each other’s eyes
And someone else watches us from the window

With eyes that wait at window panes, afraid to move.