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Your Window

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Your Window

The battered steering wheel slithers through
My hands like a submissive petrified snake.
As a child I would pinch and seize the gentle
Snakes with the beautiful yellow stripe dividing them.
How many flawless lines of silent symmetry
Have I created with such careless invading hands?

The idle police car’s angry red and blue lights
Invade your window, the passenger window.
You wince and cower and reluctantly turn
Towards me, I know that blue shouldn’t be an
Angry color: red, of course, is an excellent cast for
Animosity but blue is the color of your sleeping eyes.

The window, your window, is now peaceful
And freckled with distorted pearls of lost rain.
I know you have pearls I gave you pearls once
On your birthday, a string of immaculate milky
Beads pretentious in circumference and luster.
But are there any humble freckles on your nose?

The windshield wipers sound a hypnotic cadence
Steady as the rise and fall of a sleeping child’s chest.
“Twelve,” I say aloud staring at the unswerving yellow line
That divides us, “You have twelve tiny freckles randomly
Scattered across the bridge of your nose, and the one
Closest to your right eye looks like a skinny starfish.”

The engine murmurs and vibrates with mechanical pride
As you silently abandon your window and, moving towards
Me, rest your cold cheek against the newfound warmth of
My chest. I gently separate the thumb and forefinger of an
Invisible child and silently watch our dividing yellow line
slither and
fade away.

--Brian Blums