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Window

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Footer Logo

Window

Angelika Cava

When I looked through you
and saw the cloudburst come:
The thunder's rumbles tickled my skin.
Lightning rebirthed my imagination.
I bathed in the downpour.

From afar I loved the sun I'd never known,
casting a glow upon all it sees
until the rays of light struck me.
My pallor mutated with flaming blotches
I said goodbye, shut the curtains.

Now I sit in nothing but gray.
Empty walls hide me from what you gave.
Every day I peek through your blanket.
Endless clouds mask the sky
nothing in nature shifts.

I miss the liquid pears from above
falling into my open mouth.
I long for the shaking that keeps me awake.
Please strike me! Strike me
with anything that isn't nothing.

i am the black cardigan
the one she keeps on a hanger in the closet
she never wears me anymore
but sometimes she takes me down and holds me
i still have a few of her tears on me
they dried a long time ago
but they are still here
she refuses to wash me

i am a special piece of clothing
more special than all the rest
i know this because she told me
i am special because *he* gave her to me
i used to be his favorite cardigan
he wore me the day they met

when i first came here,
i arrived in a box
i smelled of his cologne
she was laughter and tears
she held me to her nose and breathed in my scent
she slept with her arms around me that night
imagining that i was him, no doubt

then she kept me zipped away
in an airtight pocket of a purple suitcase
for months
occasionally taking me out to breathe me in
but always returning me to that pocket

until one day she took me out
and so much time had passed
that i no longer smelled like him
i could hear the tiny *crack* of her heart breaking
as she held me to her chest

the next day she decided to wear me
finally
i fit her a little loosely
but she didn't mind
and neither did i

she started wearing me more frequently
she took me to all kinds of new places
we kept each other warm
we were happy together

but one fateful day it happened
i started to unravel
i didn't mean to
but i'm not as young as i once was
time and frequent wear have made me age
a single thread came loose
at the end of one of my sleeves

she noticed it right away, of course
at first she did what they all do
in times like these
she pulled on the thread
and i began to unravel further
stitches came undone, ripping one at a time
she stopped immediately after

her face went white

she took me home and put me in this closet
she hasn't worn me
or washed me
ever since
she thinks i'm too fragile now
and she cannot bear to let me unravel further

silly girl
she thinks that keeping me intact
will allow her to keep him
doesn't she know?
he's already gone

- ***unraveled***

Mary Ellen Nicole Gross