TWO WINDOWS

Two windows—one, cool & gray.
Shadows of branches reach across the white
Hospital walls & pull me out.
On a powdered field,
Cirrus swirl against Neptune blue—
God’s icy voice chatters jagged trees.
Old split-rail fence—wild sea.
Stone wings of waves take me.

Out the other window, hazy sun
Hangs over a forgotten garden.
Lost souls in the dry dirt, eyes tightly sealed,
Rock back & forth, back & forth…
Behind his coffee mug, the devil smiles—
Happy to sit with me, but not disappointed
When I climb back thru the window
To lie in bed and stare at the metal face
Mounted on my wall.