

Out Through the Window

In your poem today, describe what is visible out some window. Make the poem specific in detail. Describe what is seen don't comment too much about it. Keep the "I" out of the poem. Let the scene seem to speak for itself, though of course the whole is through the poet's eyes.

From The Window

There go spring freshets wearing down rocks
under a hill on the highway to Louisville,
and a flock of white chickens
putting a trashy yard to shame
with their sleek pullet feathers.
All of last year's oak leaves are on the ground.
Yearlings browse on the slopes.
The bus bounces up and down on frost heaves.
Ropes of little birds taggle across
a flat gray cumulus, and a man on a tractor
has just turned over an entire field of red clay.

Ruth Stone
in *Simplicity*

From Window Poems

3.

The window has forty
panes, forty clarities
variously wrinkled, streaked
with dried rain, smudged,
dusted. The frame
is a black grid

beyond which the world
flings up the wild
graph of its growth,
tree branch, river,
slope of land,
the river passing
downward, the clouds blowing,
usually from the west,
the opposite way.

The window is a form
of consciousness, pattern
of formed sense
through which to look
into the wild
that is a pattern too,
but dark and flowing,
bearing along the little
shapes of the mind
as the river bears
a sash of some blinded house.

This windy day
on one of the panes
a blown seed, caught
in cobweb, beats and beats.

Wendell Berry
in *Window Poems* (1985)

Window

Night from a railroad car window
Is a great, dark, soft thing
Broken across with slashes of light.

Carl Sandburg
anthologized in *Poem in Your Pockets for Young Poets*

Heart Windows

Imagine a sturdy heart
with generous windows
and eyes turned away
from tangles of self
to adore the pulsing expanse
of everything other.

Imagine the clarity of glass,
impervious to driving snow
but welcoming of cheerful spring light
flung wide in summer
curtains billowing in breeze—
windows serving all seasons.

Imagine such a robust heart
with ready windows
and loving eyes focused
ever outward.

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see april through my window

april
why so wet
yes flowers
in may
i know
but what about
today
what?
you don't care?

where is
the sun,
weeping somewhere?
what about my
 spring beauties
there's an orchid here
but she
doesn't have your wildness
what about
my wondering about angels
their infinitely silky wet wings
what do they mean?
eternal goddesses,
are they?
or dryads?
do tell,
my darling april,
cast a spell
let me see
your wings' width
after all this.

Sandy Noyes