

A Bay Window Drops from the Second Storey

As if all the wires were cut at once.
The dull surprise of disconnection;
nothing
means anything at all.

This is how she feels,
spoon halfway to her mouth,
staring at the hole in her wall where
a window used to be.

The shock is not in the crash,
nor in the sudden loss of her reading nook.
It is in the face of the man across the road.
He looks the same,

a pair of waving hands
bobbing on the horizon.

Nathan Breakenridge