

Karl Plank

JANUS 6: A WINDOW IS A DOOR

Doorman, a window is a door you can see through,
a break in the wall that lets in light,
lets in the stand of lanky aspen whose petioles quake
to wave gold in this season of the hawkwatch,
lets in the upslurring song of the grosbeak
as it wheets in flight and the reddening eyebrow
of the dusky grouse as it courts its mate,
lets in the fancy of mind as it turns to its own abandon,
anthem, and soaring desire—lets in what is beyond
this place where we stand held by the grille and jamb
that focus our labor, to rub the pane with cloth
until light slips into darkness, the grove recedes,
and our minds, like the birds themselves, grow still,
until, that is, we see in the glass our own face dimly,
peering back at us in the other direction, envisioning
from the shadows all that happened before.

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