

THERE IS NO FATIGUING WINDOWS

There is no fatiguing windows. One can never look to hard. Softness rare. Painful resistance. There are planes nearby. Pilots. Ticketry and take-off. Between rudders of fighter jets the ground is shaky. Hats in your eyes, crackle and thunder below, hold hands and ask a favor. You're not one to argue. Past wings, great view. Unfold banner. Offer.

In high domes of granite, whispers soar and plummet. Catch a skylight ball. Necks craned, families of five enter, robes billow. If six people hold hands, they look like a swimming pool. River deep, mountain high. Proud Mary. Stained glass windows deceptively cohesive. All in bits. Blues attract, organs on sidewalk. Dragons respect one-ways. Two-day lay-over.

Assumption border demarcation. Walls, memorials. Girls can squeeze through narrow fissures, cliff overhead. Jutting crags of statehood, seven. Four doors slam, parking is encouraged. Streets of path and foliage. Binoculars reveal distant kinship. I know you. Greater congregations need open spaces. Concerts of interaction. Banners blow downwind.

An elderly woman has bronze wings. Waiting on platform for yellowness of building to increase. Can only fly when flanked by brightly colored architecture. Bumpy face, vacant eyes, knowingly. Feathery trajectory, cartographic adoption. Air fence. Mice are pinheads from miles away. Descent in bushes complication. Ferry horns mark the end of evening.

Most gates need walls to function. Elsewhere detours otherwise appropriate. Angles of passage and entry introduce kindred movement. Mind your step. Admission interlude. Mud covers lower steps, high-tide in fall. Will dry in summer. If boots are big enough, and cork, they float. Ribbons in the back form curves and signatures. Like the back of your hand.