

Window to Window
Katherine Ebbs

Can she talk to you transparently,
Window to window?
Stare through her glass,
And shatter it.

Straightens her glossy hair until it
No longer looks bent.
Tiny hairline scratches.
Doesn't love her dog
As much as she's supposed to
Because her love language is
Words of affirmation.
A bark doesn't do very
Much for her self-esteem.

Leaves apple cores
That were pelted at her
In the place she last panicked.
Suffocates in a blanket
Of perfect pink ladies –
Which are just the right shape
To consume her.

Dwells in a tiny pink house
With black windows.
Seen on the residential hill.
Doesn't fit the landscape view,
But you won't spot it anyway.
And if you do,
It's for all the wrong reasons.

Even on a sunny day there's fog.
Hot-headed steam clouds their judgement,
And her windowpane.
It's made from the yellow grit box,
And will never be thick enough.

Selfishly scared of the blinding sun.
Prefers the overstimulation
Of the red moon.
So, graffiti's over her glass screen
An image of opaque fuchsias popping
To block out the rays of the day.

They say, they don't quite know
What's wrong with her.
Give her a pump, or bump,
And silence her.

I hope she feels at home soon.
And that the sun cools down.
And that the inky flowers wash away.
But global warming is threatening.
And I fear it's already too late.

Poetry

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