

Here are some of the submissions from our fifteenth Invite to Write  
inspired by the following Window image:



*Sunbeams, by Vilhelm Hammershoi, oil painting, 1900, Denmark*

Just a Window (after Rumi)

I

I haven't gone all around the world.  
But its glories  
no longer draw me.  
The voices of people  
and their many brains  
working so hard --  
how can this mean  
so little to me anymore?  
In a room filled  
with beautiful things,  
only the dog lying on her back  
interests me.

## II

Is this where she was leading me to?  
There were so many choices,  
so many houses.  
But this room  
with its plain walls,  
no furniture.  
Just a little sand on the floor  
and a simple broom  
in the corner.  
Just a window....

- Judy Capurso

### A Moments View

I glanced out my window,  
and what did I see?  
A cute little squirrel,  
a looking at me.

He held up a nut,  
and held it so tight.  
I sent him a blessing.  
He went out of sight

He scurried. He jumped.  
He went oh so high.  
And then he was gone,  
so I whispered goodbye

- Star Blossom

“light admitting”

carrots & apples  
dropped in the snow  
the paint neighs trotting up  
Pavlovian now  
a happiness  
of tongues  
Helga says  
good morning  
& even now i smile  
her hair on the pillow

windows speckled with dew  
nothing is closed if you lean in  
lips to palm to the soft line of her jaw  
the horse closed its eyes—mine widely open

- Richard Lance Scow Williams

*Dreaming of a Window*

From a dark cloud,  
I suddenly am

In a doorless room  
Where the walls  
And the floor  
Do not meet.

From the gap  
Seeps the void.  
It slithers cold  
Around my ankles  
In coils of midnight mist.

I stare frozen  
At a window,  
Dimly open  
Like a dead man's eye.

How I wish  
The foggy glass  
Were stained  
With some numinous image  
Whose light  
Could fill the gap

Where the walls  
And the floor  
Do not meet.

But there is only a hazy pane.

So I wait still  
For Death  
In awakening.

- Doug Saxen

The Unlimited Space of Silence:  
On Vilhelm Hammershøi's "Sunshine. Dust Motes Dancing in  
the Sunbeams" (1900)

for Gisela

~

There is nothing like silence to suggest a sense of unlimited space.

- *Henri Bosco*

1

That human thing has happened again:  
in a pantechnicon flurry of dust and fumes  
their chattels were crated and carted away.  
No coming back to bid farewell  
too far down the road for that.

The house now devoid of human taint  
no evidence they ever lived here  
except a pile of garbage bags.

2

Sunshine eases  
into the immaculate  
freedom of emptiness.

3

In the voluminous space left to them  
powder-soft motes pivot and swirl  
in laths of light *largo sostenuto*  
their antique rhythms  
old as the sunlight moving  
from outside to in  
unencumbered by doors or glass

puttied into window frames.

4

The next-door neighbour's roof  
needs some renovation.

- Tony Ullyatt

### **One Window**

Transparency. A window can  
keep you safe from experience.

No wind, no breeze  
against the skin, no meaningful  
sense opening the heart. Safer  
to live distanced from life,  
from experiencing old hurts  
half buried in the lichen box  
this side the glass.

You need to know sharp frosts,  
perspiration's sting in the eyes,  
the need to cry.

Trust dissolves the window  
allows clamour to interact  
- supports the bravery.

- Adele Davide

### Window of Life

A seed, a spark, a million grains—  
You are Infinity in a Vessel,

well-cocooned.

You now glide among the galaxies  
from one world into the other.

Push, charge

an exodus through the stars, a cyclone of ages

Whirling out from the ether, and in--to the earth.

Materialize, mortalize,

Maternalize.

Banging, breaking, breathing

at the portal where the beginning meets the end,

at the window where the serpent bites its own tail.

From water to air, a Word is made flesh,

Now heard, as life's trombone

Plays along your heartbeat, to the tune of your own breath--the vent

At the ventana.

- Roula-Maria Dib