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*

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**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