My Window

The naked snow slouched
serenely through the crystal-cold canvas
of my well-weathered window.

The Artist’s sky today was
painted battleship gray
though brightly lit without shadowing.

Frozen in temperature.
Frozen in time
Frozen in place

Handprints on the glass
forensic evidence of years spent
viewing the outside from within
trying to revisit my old world through
scratched panes of bullet-proof glass.