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14 Lines

## 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.