

10 FEB 2020

The Window

A pane of glass called a window
I gaze through and what do I see
Maybe people passing, some wave back at me
The road can be busy with traffic, with vehicles large and small
I see the postman coming, I wonder will he call
Small children in uniforms walking to school
The older pupils following trying hard to look cool
A man walks pass with dog on tight lead, it really is pulling quite hard
As long as it keeps walking, we don't want his calling card
I see the speed camera flash, but for one driver it is too late
He doesn't have time to slow down, so will soon get to honour his fate
It is nice to look out to the garden and see flower beds and trees
On a warm day, it is special to hear song birds and hum from the bees
On a wet day, rain drops appear and flow with speed down the pane
I know when they have dried the window needs cleaning again
Now the window cleaner has been and with sponge and leather in hand
Has cleaned and polished the window, which once more looks rather grand
I now see a reflection an old lady, who can she be
When I move she moves, I realise the old lady – is me!

SHEILA MILSTEAD

" BURNHAM AFTERNOON
T. W. G."