

# My Colonial Window

Nuala Alvord

I saw you in the corner of my colonial window,  
stretching ceiling to floor, imperfect panels.  
A willow tree in the center of your living room,  
it's there because you love it madly and need it close.  
I handed you a conch shell, and you boiled it in a  
pot of rice and beach glass and hazy recollections.  
I found you sleeping in a diver's helmet, bare and small  
and singing to a starling that wasn't there to hear you.  
I saw us on a deerskin lounge watching Thunderball  
as a marmalade sun slipped down and down.  
You turned to me and said that you admired  
the harpoon guns, clashing cold and striking through  
a wilderness of flesh and bone and tumbling hair.  
The TV turned itself off and sent us to bed,  
and I saw you in my candlewick burning low again.