

Windowers

by Cami Park

There are rooms with windows and rooms without, and naturally, the windowless ones are the worst. Windowers, as the occupants of these rooms are called, compensate with paper and markers, taping their representations to a blank wall. The most desperate draw curtains, and sometimes a small potted flower on a sill. In this way, they are able to endure, approaching their tasks in a makeshift, crablike fashion.

Until it's time to throw something, most often, a clock. The expectation of shattering glass, the horror of harming a pedestrian, is replaced by cracked plastic, a single battery rolling across hard carpet. Or, in the worst cases, a crumpled wad of paper with a numbered face and flapping bits of tape ricocheting off an obdurate pane. We find these windowers on the floor, indian-style, weather in their eyes.

