

# Window

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Seen from the window,  
a young deer  
holds at the edge  
of the field we clear.

I tally the flicked ear,  
and tucked scut,  
how the hide shudders  
like a sail catching air.

We seem held together  
by the glass, immersed  
in our separate fears

while my dying father,  
whom I will not wake to see,  
sleeps beside me in his chair.

