

Window

by David Ackley

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.

