The curtain

by Erika Byrne-Ludwig

In the evening the curtain recounts its day. Faces, images, incidents it has observed from the window. Its voice is nuanced, modulated, quivering, for it is made of lace. It appears to crochet its words with needle sounds. My eyes, during confinement, are not wide open, not enough to look outside my thoughts. This evening, being already late, the curtain frightens me. It tells me in an altered voice that it has seen a ball, crowned with thorns, touching the window at midday and looking inside through its white lace stitches. I can no longer listen and I move away.

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