

# news through a window

*by* strannikov

TV and power cord valorized in dust,  
wires and digital guts unimpaired, I'd guess,  
the remote control itself glories in dust,  
floating on its table in its pool of motes  
(my parents seldom charge me with cleaning house).  
through a window spring shrugs in afternoon heat,  
fresh leaves chew on the scant breeze crawling through boughs,  
dining on invisible carbon from cars  
racing two blocks away muffled, almost mute,  
no red or blue lights screaming now (or I'd know):  
what vanities this window displays, preferred.

