

Windows

I used to sit across from my window
High on a hill
Looking over the tops of sycamore trees
At brilliant orange red sunsets
More vibrant than the orange of the bridge
That spanned my view.

Grey-black streaks across the sky
Foreshadowed rainy weather
And I did not see it coming.

Financial ruin dropped me like a stone from that lofty view.
I landed in dark waters of despair, regret and self-pity.
“Why Me?” became my hymn.
Ripples of suicidal thoughts
Became my mind’s responding chorus.

Then God gave me a window with a different view
Underneath sycamore trees
Where the brown leaves decay
Early magnolia blossoms fall in late spring rains
And if I step outside my window
I can hear song sparrows and a rattling woodpecker.