

## VOYEUR

Window panes  
partition the sky  
in prescribed views,  
patterns, hues, moods.  
Separate. Seasonal.

Now the oak undresses  
in gray chill, baring  
its bones, asserting  
mastery of winter.

Grizzle-bearded  
winds taunt hickories,  
maples and crabapples  
with jeering sounds,  
slinging the detritus  
of Autumn, waving it  
like triumphant tokens  
of a war almost won.

The oak loses a limb.  
The pose is broken.  
All the nude figures  
quiver unguardedly,  
awaiting dormancy,  
that epic prologue  
rehearsing death.

I lose all desire  
to watch, to listen.  
None can escape

--Glenna Holloway