Age's Window

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There are three giants
through my window.
They are hiding in the dark;
The moon exposes them,
when it can.

They call for me
with whistling voices
that sometimes roar.
They reach for me
with heavy arms
that thrash.
They have thrown things
that tap against my window.

And sometimes,
they are calm and quiet guardians.

So I am startled when she comes in
to say good-night.
I share them with her.
“But they are trees,”
she says.
“They pine for you,”
she says, smiling.

But she is wrong.
She does not see them,
as she once could
when she was much younger—
when it was I
who came in to wish her good-night.

She says good-night to me now,
switches off the light as she turns to go,
ignoring those who hover at the window.
Despite her dismissal,
no doubt she will mention my sight of them
when we next talk
about going to the Home.

As she leaves,
I look back through my window.
They are there,
waiting.
They wave to me
before I fall asleep.

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