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There used to be a window

Right there, to the lower left of the screen door,

There used to be a window.

I lounged on the plush floral cushion you put there for the cat. Kitten, you said.

Well, we all grow up. Remember, I sewed those lilac curtains when I was ten.

When you asked why I didn't hem the bottom, I told you the threads were prettier.

You laughed and remarked that we can't all be lazy bums. You were right. You usually are.

There used to be a window.

I put the dying Christmas cactus up on that sill. You watered it twice. Maybe you're lazy too.

Chipped white paint. Four panes across, five down. Knight to e5. Check. Snow day.

You read every line of that book to me when I had pneumonia. You skipped a page, you skipped the chapter when they steal the flying car and crash into the Whomping Willow. That's ok. I had read it seven times by then anyway.

There used to be a window.

Squished up by the heater in my pajamas, Boo curled on my lap

I watched and waited for your station wagon. You always came from the left-side of the hill.

I blew on the glass. Hearts and stars. Hearts and cars.

There used to be a window.

I don't sit on that ledge.

I lied.

The window is still there.

Beside the door. Are you though?

I don't fit on that ledge.

I grew up.