Naked in the Next Room

"The wind's always fierce when the window faces" you called from your heart in the shower, so deep in your life that I was effectively kept. Far away in the next room, whistling with the winds of torn leaf, the garbage winds, watching the empty streets for a development, the murderer under our stories, or a fifty-five inch snowfall, anything to bristle my curled hopes, to snare your life like a rabbit, (the renewal in a real surprise) to help you remember who waits in the next room, half his body having nothing to do — the million tiny desertions in your shifting thoughts.

RON CHARACH