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Looking Out a Window

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next to housing complexes
pocked with missing bricks
and broken windows, home to
the man they call the flying
dog man because he promises
*one day I'll sprout wings
and I'll be the one barking
from the sky and shitting
on all of You.*

but the suits don't believe it
so they occasionally throw
dimes or nickels or pennies

at him to shut him up as
they enter glass palaces
to render calculations on a

glowing screen that decides the
fate of some blue collar factory
worker six hundred miles away.

He steps out of the office
looking down at his sparkling
black leather shoes

and feels a wet lump hit
his sleeve.
He looks up for answers

and is greeted back with a
cackle and bark
I told you so

ripples through the air.

LOOKING OUT A WINDOW

Bradley Miller

I hum along to the city streets,
They are deep and impersonal and sudden.
The patterns are predictable.
The cars are varied, but bound up all in a cluster.
They snarl impatiently in heat and stifling air
a hot shower in a room with the door staying shut,
or a tiny room with many people and no open window.
The heat sticks to your skin and you sweat,
like a bad night of drinking in South Beach.

As I stare out, on this lonely Sunday,
I picture that I might know the man in the Volvo.
The grey Volvo, returning from church alone
with his hands gently cradling the wheel,
sensing soft leather and desperate to be forgiven.
He waits for his love to appear, and turns the music louder.
It is an 80's tune he usually knows well.
He caresses the notches in the dial,
distinct, as the music tunes out his existence.

I also thought I might have been the woman,
walking beside what appears to be a husband.
Being 45 and still walking the same streets
Being born and perhaps dying here, as well.
She squeezes her husband's hand, he doesn't squeeze back.
Angst shoots into her mind and simmers in silence.
Her man is checking his stocks on a phone.
The glass he presses his fingers against feels stone-like and stiff.
He pokes near the middle – a transaction is complete.

Some say I have the appetite of a houseplant,
needing only to be watered upon pure necessity.
But to speak truth, my soul is the jazz,
elegant tune, riotous and calm.
I slide my fingers down the window,
the wood is old and it pricks my skin,
A shock, a little splinter interrupting my view.
I begin to lose interest in Angst Woman, Stock Man, and Mr. Volvo.
Their lives are not mine and I have things to do.