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.

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.