

MY WINDOW

By Emma Keppel

Standing by my bed and in my world,

Curtained with flower lace,

It looks out on a memory meadow,

My window.

My window in the morning,

The sunrise glows like my dream,

Poking light through eyelets

Waking my six-year-old captivation.

Bouncing on beds

Was starting the day dangerously,

Mom reaches, Don't fall through the glass, Bunny.

My window in the evening,

Summer light glows and winter light fades,

You did not make your bed this morning,

Polar Bear sits upright.

I make pictures in the sky,

Drawn with branches and leaves,

On the azure canvas made with love.

My window in the night,

Keep lookout for Santa's sleigh and reindeer,

Leave the latch loose for the tooth-fairy,
Ready for her dainty fingers to open.
Moon travels across the pane,
It's here, then there,
Waning, waxing,
I love you too,
Hush, hush,
Quiet,
Sister is still snoring.

Letting in light
To illuminate the senses of my childhood,
My window.