

## 6. Window poems: Diptych

### 1. Revenge of the louver blade

*For Aroha Harris*

I too want to write poetry on the windows  
Letting it slide like syrupy lines down the walls

The louver blade breaks free from my grasp  
Free of its rusted salted frame  
Free of words  
To shatter on the concrete below

I too want to write poetry on the windows  
But my walls are white  
My louvers hate me  
And my poetry is too much like graffiti

### 2 Bullet in the window

*For writers and soldiers*

In the absence of glass  
My grandmother had wooden push-out windows

In the absence of guns  
I had a childhood of trees

Somehow the beginning of the glass house  
Heralded in the era of the gun  
And the fat soldier on the street corner

Who you gonna hurt today fat soldier man?  
Who you gonna strip of their dignity for a pay check?

In the absence of glass  
My grandmother had wooden push out windows

In the absence of guns  
I had a childhood of trees

In the absence of glass  
There were green poems to be written  
In trees

On leaves  
That we wound around  
Our heads  
Pretending to be fairies

Somehow the beginning of the glass house  
Heralded in the era of the gun  
And the chain smoking writer at the bar or coffee shop

What you gonna write today chain-smoking writer man?  
What you gonna write and never publish?

In the absence of guns  
There were poems to be published

With glass  
came the gun

With the gun  
came the blood

the blood  
absorbed the words

and then there was  
writers' block

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