Window

I've become the old woman at the window
   The one, rummaging her past
   The one, silent sentinel
   The one, chaste chair tied fast.

I've become the old woman at the window
Geraniums, pink-potted, crowded sill
   Curtains, cobweb-lace
   Outside, birds pecking at will.

I've become the old woman at the window
Conversing, Comforter, Friend
   Nodding, napping, knowing
   Whispering, "amen, amen."

I've become the old woman at the window
Staring, smitten heart
   Poised for Heaven's waltz
   Wondering when it will start.

I've become the old woman at the window
Smiling, seeing dear Face
   'Round and 'round, two figures
   Gliding, swanlike pace.

I've become the old woman at the window...