
April 2017

Window Scene

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Recommended Citation

Adams, Margaret (2017) "Window Scene," *The Anthology*: Vol. 2017 , Article 38.
Available at: <https://digitalcommons.winthrop.edu/anthology/vol2017/iss1/38>

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WINDOW
SCENE
MARGARET
ADAMS

Turning to leave, the man reversed her movement, flattening Brie's forehead against the fingerprints she left on the window yesterday. All she can see are the Krupzyks across the street, who are decorating their house with lights on Christmas Eve night. Wretched cords refuse to untangle for Mr. Krupzyk, as he tries to pry them apart without shattering the bulbs.

The man's hand caresses Brie's stomach. She swallows spit her muted cries collected.

Brie desires the Pepsi in Mr. Krupzyk's hand. He hands it to Mrs. Krupzyk. She embraces the savory carbonation. Brie prefers Coke. Coke doesn't leave her mouth sticky. Coke is vibrant and fun, but Brie wants a Pepsi right now.

The man's hand approaches her pre-mature breast.

Mr. Krupzyk shoves the extra lights into a pathetic box. The same box from last year - holes on both sides and missing flaps on top, but Mr. Krupzyk insists on saving it. Brie contemplates bringing him a new box tomorrow.

The man strokes her left nipple. Her eyebrows sink into her crunched up cheeks. Everything is moving slow.

Brie admires the way Mr. Krupzyk steps off his wooden ladder onto the grass. She imagines the worn sole of his old velcro shoes seep through the soil. Brie helped him put those shoes on after his surgery last year. They are brown with tan straps - the middle strap of the left shoe has lost its strength to hold. The Krupzyks admire their finished house. Brie pretends she's with them, under the Christmas glow.