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# The Window

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# The Window

⌘ Jennifer Weaver

On the coldest day  
still I stand bearing the chill-  
bare before it.

From the heart of all that is Good-  
You breathe your breath across the glass of my life-  
to warm me to the very edge of my pane.

I am transparent before you-  
but Your sweet air is not like the noseprints of past loves,  
rather they disappear beneath the gentle grace of your breath.

And when you wipe Your hand across my face to clear the surface-  
I am truly clean.

Your momentary haze stretched across me,  
has opened me,  
to the depths.