

Barbara Koons

The Window

Each night, my father asks to be taken
to the window, where his reflection
gazes in at us from sky,

cold stars, Northern lights,
frost on stubble fields,
the apple tree —

At the end of his life,
he still loves apples,
which he no longer can pare,
core, or eat without help —

Years ago, he painted apples
spilling from a blue Delft bowl.
Red skin, white flesh, and deeper,
cider shining through amber glass —

I wish he could pour himself,
raw and clean,
into an old tin cup:

Glass, apples, shining reflection,
the flat metallic taste of time,
rust, stem, seed —

Simply pass like lamplight
through to the other side,

as easily, painlessly,
as wind and rain

evaporate, disappear,
become transparent air.