

Susan McMaster Poems

The Need of Objects

The need of objects to be used,
their longing to embrace
our momentary soft shadows
in plastic and metal arms,
as the window on the stairway
beckons through dust,
glass clears before my eyes
to hold up the view
like a photograph, or prism,
draw me deeper into the embrasure,
perhaps the first to stand here
in all the dozen years
since the building was raised
on a spot of floor unmarked
by scuffing feet, lean hands
on an unworn sill,
one solitary, third-floor window
with tree, and stone wall,
cracked sidewalk, parking lot
behind a screen of rain –

*come closer –
look through –*