There is a window on the side of a great blue house
It is such a striking blue
Blue like the sky after rain, when the clouds have all gone home
Or the brightest sapphire, bound to make a miner rich
Or perhaps, it is the blue of the packaging on a box of Oreos
That bright, most marketable blue imaginable
And it sits on the corner of the street
Everyone can see that house, that blue with snow-white trimmings

They don’t see you

There is a family inside the great blue house
You are in the family
Your mother is in the family
Her grip on the home is iron-tight
Your father is in the family
He is stern without reprise
Your brother is in the family
Although often he is gone
Your dogs are in the family
Bringing chaos and smiles
Everyone can see your family

They don’t see you

I am by the window of the great blue house
The pane is murky
The inside swims in ink-like shadow
There are cobwebs that line the sides in sticky curtains
Dust flecks the panes like freckled lace
There is no clear path through this window
But there is a shape there, a figure
I can’t see you

I come by to the window of the great blue house
Day by day
I peer through the window
Day by day
Crystalline light peers back against inky shade, little by little
One day, I swear, I will see you
One day, I swear, you saw me too

I am looking at you through the window of the great blue house
And although the pane is murky
And although the pane is laced with dust
And although the pane is pitch dark
And although it is imperfect
And although it is not glamorous
It will never be so picturesque
I see you