



## Her Window

She stands quietly looking out her window.  
Dreaming perhaps about an unknown lover?  
Thinking of universal understanding?

Radiating from her is an almost visible aura,  
that pulses like a miniscule supernova  
whose energy at any time may explode.

Anytime might as well be immediately,  
or yet in some distant eternal future  
after a trillion waves have splashed.

The lover whom her mind has created  
is standing naked outside her window.  
He hears her voice and sees into her mind.

There is a gentle rain, yet he is not aware  
as the rivulets of water gently merge...  
racing slowly down his smooth skin.

Sensing unthought desires, or pleasures?  
He looks towards the light in the window.  
She looks through the rain splashed pane.

Unaware what is now happening to him,  
he knows that somehow it is her love  
that has fostered his being, his very soul.

The water flowing tenderly down his body  
pools into, a puddle, a lake, a sea, an ocean?  
He is one with the water and with her.

Could she dry my skin with her golden hair?  
He asks himself realizing that he is damp,  
while sensing the warmth that fills her heart.

She sees behind him increasing brightness.  
As the sun quickly absorbs the misty moisture,  
she turns and walks away from her window.

Her thoughts were of universal understanding,  
and a lover whom she will someday meet.  
She must go back to the window and be sure.