

On Watching the Election Results Come In

Double-hung, casement, transom— which sort
of window is this, overlooking this
courtyard where another woman runs,

chased by the smoke of her skirts? Wherever there is
smoke, there are skirts. Wherever there is
a *window*, there is a *religion*, a way of looking

out that window and here's how you make them
both: sand, potash, lime; flame to sand;
wood ash and sand; and flame again.

Let us pray. Fact: in colonial times what one
witnessed through a window wasn't
admissible in court. The glass, mouth-blown

into cylinders, flattened into sheets, distorted.
The glass retorted: wherever there are skirts,
there is smoke, there is some other woman,

smoldering. Who among us hasn't felt herself
a snuffed torch, hasn't scrubbed herself
in sand, hasn't bathed in herself in wood ash

and sand; and flame again? Fire—what to yell
instead of Rape. Let us pray through, let us
pray to, whichever sort of window this is,

whatever sort of double-hung treason. In case of
emergency, smash glass. Cross the courtyard
and court the blaze up close. Someone,
someday might call you Witness.