

GREGORY MYERS

## Windows

I will look up at the windows  
of places I did time in—  
these places that I am drawn back to.  
An elementary classroom where I came in first.  
An apartment where I almost starved to death.

    In a drive-by sighting,  
my old bedroom:  
where the sleep of youth had no notion  
of the demands of the day.  
First love. Preparations  
for an ocean crossing.

The windows have begun to take notice.  
    They wonder:  
why do you stop there under the empty maples?  
You have long since sailed off,  
leaving us like flags that are done signalling.

Still, why do you need  
    to go where you go?