

1971

What This Window Opens On

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Recommended Citation

Johnson, Denis. "What This Window Opens On." *The Iowa Review* 2.2 (1971): 13-13. Web.
Available at: <https://doi.org/10.17077/0021-065X.1183>

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WHAT THIS WINDOW OPENS ON

several of those faces on the avenue
are blossoming
into that light thrown always toward them
off the interminable, blue

backstretches they gaze upon.
and from what separate, enraged oceans
can they possibly expect

to save themselves,
and for what? at times i suspect
that among the trembling inner organs
of a captured bird, people
are climbing onto busses in the morning fog,

and other times i say, obviously
this window opens
upon the seas and the blindnesses, it is from

this very window
that the signal will at last be issued for
the taking of our own lives.
and then again i observe

a woman, how the movements of her parts
conspire to propel her
from greyness into greyness, vague
injustices attending her
steps until i wonder
what
can they possibly mean, down there,

by their arms and their legs?—
until i wonder
what the voices must mean when they are singing.