

Megan Jones

Meditation on Open Window

I.

notice how the window holds. up the room and all begins with chairs underneath and a question of placement spaces lean and collapse onto the swinging bonechambers and the insides crashing out crashing through the membrane.

II.

a window must be properly aimed to see through the beginnings of form falling below filling that shape that shape exactly and nothing between the distance not discerned.

III.

care with which a window is opened solemnly depends on limits restraining self and sawblading world boneshift opening the distance of departure coating thickly coating the sill the edge that blurs. yet the window still holds.

Omissions in Counterpoint

there is,

there is another

again

a tendency towards

retraction and some time

there is

restraint

restraining the

formation of certainty

of summaries

sometime

there is

breath

Megan Jones lives in Oregon. She will soon be moving from the 'burbs to the

country, and hopes to split time equally between reading, writing, shoveling horse manure, and playing with her pot-bellied pig and Rottweiler. Her poetry has appeared in *Diner*, *Epicenter*, *Bryant Literary Review*, and *Northwest Edge III: The End of Reality*.