

Greg MacPherson

"The Apartments"

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7 stories down from where she lives
Below the floor and past the voice
That says that things are his
Through carpets, talking, paint layered on the walls
And eyes that roll like dice
When she walks past them in the hall
Outside her window
The sun spins with the red of summertime
And time moves so slow when she's stuck inside

There was a night last week
She saw stars from her room
Over the building next door
With the hydro line tower on the roof
She thought about airplanes
And satellites orbiting low
While aspirins and drawn curtains
Avoid the urge to go away
From where the old couple out across the street
Dancing like actors in their open windows
For all the world to see
Shuffling like papers for all the world to read
"can't you see my dear?
There's someone in that window over there..."

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