

Wilderness House Literary Review 1/2

WOMAN ON THE BALCONY

I see her two
three times a week
sitting on the balcony
when the weather permits
here in old Italy town
in what is left of North Beach
her robe slightly open with sensual
thoughts left to the imagination
thumbing through the pages of a book
taking no notice of the people walking below

standing to stretch, she yawns
legs like sturdy pillars that stretch
to reach the sky into the boundaries
of my mind

my eyes begging to read the pages
she turns with sensual fingers
wanting just one quick look
one intimate journey into the pages
or the parting of her robe

a journey to forbidden places
a flight back in time
another place another world
high on a balcony where I too
ignore the people walking below

-- A. D. Winans