

Anonymous · *Lee VanDemarr*

Across the night space
float three yellow windows,
like ships, or planets.
They glow there
sounding
an uncurious dark.
What are they hiding?
What signals?
Could they be *just*
there, as the presumed
field between is *just not there*?
As the spider
is there, walking on cold glass.

Won't they say something?
What do those far lights say?
I think they're waiting.
Lovingly obscure,
deeper than the knowledge
multiplying in an office.
Or the abandon of domicile
and someone.
They brim with notes,
but the language is so strict.