

## Open Windows

At night I would lie in bed,  
the spotlight outside my open window  
cast shadows like black stick figures  
which danced elongated on the walls of my room.  
One night I woke to a knock at the front  
door, then the sound of my father greeting  
the town's Constable. Suddenly his voice  
became the low growl of a dog,  
and the door's slam sent vibrations which  
seemed to move my bed. He called upstairs,  
reporting the fine to my mother, his words running like  
lava, and she telling him to calm. His  
shadowed silhouette bobbed in black  
on my wall, the clacking of  
hard steps filled my ears,  
then was replaced by his voice  
from the neighbor's lawn calling  
the man outside in a fit of anger that  
would leave spittle on the chin, eyes  
bloodshot, his Irish face the red of Hearts. I  
remember my mother's sobs, then my  
father cursing the man who  
would not leave his house. I lay in bed,  
watching my father's shadow  
grow larger on my wall, then heard  
the front door open and slam again.  
I got up from bed, crept to the window  
and silently slid it shut,  
then pulled down the shade.

*J.R. Corrigan*