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## Tennyson, by Allergies Immured

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# Tennyson, by Allergies Immured

*Westview Poetry Contest Faculty Winner*

by John Bradshaw

Window bound

I sit and ponder

Letting my sheltered eyes go wander.

Peripheral panorama—grand, if merely framed.

Verdant panoply, if professionally maintained.

And there a flicker of life, a peculating squirrel—

Followed by a flash of feather, a mocking bird avenger.

A breeze, like the hand of a lover brushing aside languorous tresses,

Gently lifts the willow's branches, beyond the framing pane.

I perch longing

Like the Lady of Shallot

Letting my protected eyes linger.

A glimmer of the grand Lady Nature,

Fruitfully wafting on the wandering wind.

Her pollen-scented kisses land on others' cheeks,

As my frustrated fingers feel window glass in my library-lair.

Nature grants me discerning eyes to admire

And a voracious mind with which to aspire,

Yet *respiration* chains me in my lonely spire

For fears that in her arms—gasping—I would expire.