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Tennyson, by Allergies Immured

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Abstract
Window bound I sit and ponder Letting my sheltered eyes go wander.

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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.