

Spring 1973

From the Attic Window

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Recommended Citation

Birch, Michele (1973) "From the Attic Window," *CutBank*: Vol. 1 : Iss. 1 , Article 8.

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FROM THE ATTIC WINDOW

That woman crossing the field.
For days I have seen nothing else.
What the wind does with her hair.
I cannot tell why she has put on black.
Why the cast on her left foot.
I have become a stranger to myself,
all these days seeing nothing else.
How the sky winds itself around the moon.
The snow ticking its heart out.