Looking out my window

Looking Out My Window

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Honors Project
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I see...
Looking out my window
I see,
sidewalks, crosswalks,
taxicabs, new pre-fabs,
herds of people, old church steeple,
neon lights, blasting cites,
hurrying, scurrying,
rushing, gushing,
city.

Looking out my window
I see,
cornstalks, haystacks,
winter wheat, horses feet,
barnyard busy, cow named Lizzy,
fresh-laid eggs, storing kegs,
lazy, hazy,
easy, breezy,
fields.

Looking out my window
I see,
windmills, landfills,
billboard signs, dusty mines,
sandy beaches, fresh ripe peaches,
grassy hills, concrete drills,
dizzy, busy,
world.
I have a place
that's just
for me
to live in very secretly
away from all reality.

I'm not afraid
to laugh
or cry
or scream at the sky
as a bird sweeps by.

And if I want
to stop
and think,
or catch a drink
from the rivers brink,

No one's there
to say
I can't
to stand and rant
and say I shan't.

Here I know
that I
can be
anything, especially
just me.
A sack of light
turned upside down
keeping brightness
tightly bound.

A metal hand
around the end
making sure
the light stays in.

This man-made marvel
that's never dull
the all-electric
bright light bulb.
"Wash your hands, Jeffery!"
They always scream at me.
"And be sure to get them clean."
Why must they make a scene?

Before I ever touch a thing,
Someone's there to shrilly sing,
And away I go to wash again,
Though I know it's all in vain.

They think they've learned to cope
With my great dislike for soap.
But don't they know it yet?
I only get them wet.
Lovely squirm, irmy worm. Crawling, sprawling on the ground, making such an awful sound. Grasping, rasping you pull along, Never knowing you sing a song.

Poor old squirm, irmy worm. Raining, staining sidewalks wet, Making progress hard I bet. Frowning, drowning little thing, They must not like the way you sing.
Dancing through warm sunlight,
sliding through daisy fields,
and always,
always laughing at air.

Swimming through soft snow
slithering on slushy ice
and singing
singing soft and silent.
Spots of light stab the night
As fireflies fly.
Yellow spots like polka dots
Across a darkened sky.

Blinking bright, dark then light,
They glide from here to there,
Quietly, delightfully,
Invisable as air.
Crispy, crunchy autumn days, 
Crackle with sunlight fire, 
Lighting brightly colored leaves 
As golden flames reach higher.

Wispy, brisk October winds 
Usher the winter in 
Bringing softly singing 
To bury autumn’s
And when I see waves roll in one after another
smashing against rocks, sending white water high, the wildness stirs in me.

And when I see wind bend trees until they break
forcing leaves to the ground and sending stones running across fields
I envy the power.

And when I see birds cover the sky swooping, gliding, never still,
and horses galloping through woods jumping streams without breaking pace
I long for freedom.
Caterpillar crawling by
Soon becomes a butterfly.
Ugly duckling when its born,
Grows into a lovely swan.
So its logical, you see,
To be, someday, a lovely me.
I saw a Hermapotomus
I saw a hermapotomus,
Whose top was where his bottom was.
You always looked from foot to head,
If backwards, head to foot instead.

And two blue horns grew out behind,
On which a green canary dined.
And then along his scaly back
A bird played with a ball and jack.

And high upon his noble nose
There sat a kangaroo with bows.
And all around his toes and feet
A rhythm band of ants would beat.

His body was the hue of yeast,
Oh, what a mixed up homely beast!
There was a young man from Crockett, who had a small hole in his pocket.
So every thin dime was lost in no time.
This unfortunate man from Crockett.
There was an old woman so cruel,
She beat all the children in school.
Til one day she found,
Herself on the ground.
The children had borrowed her rule.
There was a young woman from Zeckles,
Who had a million or so freckles,
She tried lots and lots
To remove all her spots
But just added more and more speckles.
"Snap," said the Krispie.
"Snap, snap."
Out of my way, now
Move, move!
Got to get going
Snap, snap!
Get to the spoon quick
Spoon, spoon!

Want to be eaten
Me next!
Getting too soggy
Pulp, pulp!
See the de' spoon now
Yes, yes!
Finally it's my turn
Gulp! gulp!
A plum once grew on an apple tree. 
Oh what an apple
That plum could be!

Then came the man from the factory that makes the jello 
for you and me.

He needed something, that would be wow. 
I'd be the greatest new thing and how!

He took that plum from the apple tree, and made a flavor for you and me.