

**At The Window**

**~by Mark Nepo**

*I was at the window  
when a fly near the latch  
was on its back spinning—  
legs furious, going nowhere.*

*I thought to swat it  
but something in its struggle  
was too much my own.*

*It kept spinning and began to tire.  
Without moving closer, I exhaled  
steadily, my breath a sudden wind  
and the fly found its legs,  
rubbed its face  
and flew away.*

*I continued to stare at the latch  
hoping that someday, the breath  
of something incomprehensible  
would right me and  
enable me to fly.*