

Shattered Glass

Ash Farrer

Below shattered glass
litters my floor,
a mess to be swept.
To my left
a broken window,
a beckoning wind.
To my right
suitcases
neatly in a row,
packed and ready to go.
Above the shaking
ceiling fan
shudders some more.
Behind me my
wife in silent tears,
sadder than she
has been in years.
Before an open door.
Departure I abhor,
staying I hate more.