

Woman at the Window

By Grace Sudjono

The bright sky darkens,
Sunflowers look for the light
Night gathers, they slowly fade away,
Drooping their heads low.

A cat gingerly purrs.
It curls up in an armchair,
Like a ball of yarn.
Slowly, drifts into a trance.

A widow looks toward a rose window.
Sees carollers in the streets
Singing songs by heart.

Years have passed by,
With only a few families,
Coming for a visit.

The fireplace is singing,
The kettle starts to hum.
It joins in the chorus,
Singing to the tune.

A mantel crowded with pictures,
Floods her heart with memories.
A rapping at the door,
Helps hope bloom.

Slowly, the widow grips her stick
And steps into the hall.
Could it be the carollers,
Waiting to begin?

Songs filled the house!
Traveling from room to room.
One - a childhood favourite -
Delights the soul.

The door creaks shut.
The widow settles in her chair,
And happily hums the melody.

Peace comes at last,
She journeys to the stars.
Resting in heavenly glory.