

SHOP WINDOWS: BY CONSTANCE SMEDLEY

WINDOWS crouching on the level of the pavement,
Stuck up in the wall, glass fronts of cases,
Great windows,
Whole stories behind plateglass fronts—
Everywhere windows.

Fortunes in the windows,

The plunder of the world,
Its baits and enticements,
Calling to mortals' vanity and snuggling lusts.

And mortals passing
Marvel at the wealth exposed,
Covet and yearn,
Enter exultingly with outstretched hands,
Or stand with hands in empty pockets
Cursing the glass, between them and the treasures.

The treasures of mortals must be bought with a price;
Pride and ambition have the passport to them.

But there are no windows between man and God's treasures,
The clouds form priceless pictures,
Sundiamonds dazzle,
Trees cast velvet shadows,
Dewpearls glisten,
Wild flowers and wild fruit tapestry the pastures;
There is nothing between man and God's bounty.

He passes through the scrabble of bricks and mortar,
Thinking of God's bounty,
And the mortal treasures
Are as heaps of dust and ashes in the windows.