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## View from the Window

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I look out of the window.  
I see what I see.  
I see what I want to see.  
I see what others might not.

I look out of the window.  
I see the golden leaves of autumn  
floating on the waves of the west.  
One leaf comes close to me.

I read the message of death embossed on it.  
It flaps its wings right in my face,  
waking me to the Truth.  
But to my relief,

The leaf turns around,  
And there I read  
the word of hope,  
“eternity.”

I look out of the window.  
I see the spirit of the Dead.  
One large apparition with countless heads,  
and as many limbs as leaves in a forest.

One large “spiritus mundi”

that brings the  
moral of history  
and the tale of the future.

The voices can be heard –  
crying, lamenting, boisterous, and commanding,  
Loud and shrill,  
filling every crater and each cavern.

Yet again I look out of the window.  
I see a rising dust storm  
whirling, twisting,  
changing shapes.

A mote slips into my eye.  
I rub,  
and it produced images  
on the moist, tight canvas.

People die, people are born  
Faces appear and disappear  
and then the same faces appear again  
after an interval, after a long struggle.

One grain of dust has witnessed  
coming and going of generations.  
One grain of dust hailed as a  
Teacher, as a witness.

I look out of the window.  
But, first, I must open the window.