

# Glass Partners

*Tru Dowling*

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1.

A glass wall between us  
blocks touch, holds my reflection,  
your refraction.

2.

Rain pounds window views,  
blurs tears, accusations,  
fourth wall speculation.

3.

We walk out, catch sun  
rippling roadside puddles. Breeze  
dissolves warm reprieve.

4.

Back home, side by side,  
framed photographs on display,  
glassed coffins of past.

5.

Through the window, I  
watch you leave while motes float  
in abductor sunrays.