



REFLECTIONS

the window-dancer

i have seen him
 as i passed late at night on my way home
 his tiny face pressed against the shop window
 his breath a pulsing fog on the glass
 he is alone
 (he always is)
 the streets are quite deserted at that hour
 yet there he stands
 nothing existing for him
 except the twirling-whirling figures within
 his eyes shine with wonder
 (as only a child's at christmas can)
 he stands quite still
 yet i know
 (for was not i once a child myself?)
 that in his mind
 he dances and capers
 with his store-window friends
 he has been here every night
 since the window-displays were first put up
 standing silently for hours
 pressed against the glass
 his eyes pleading
 to be taken in



- G.K.R

to night i again passed the shop going home
 at first i thought i had taken the wrong street
 for the spot where the boy usually stood was vacant
 i checked the street and the shop
 both were the right ones
 i looked at my watch: 12:30 a.m.
 my usual time of passing
 i stood waiting
 watching up and down the street
 thinking perhaps he was only late
 and would soon appear
 as i stood waiting and watching
 i turned my glance
 to the window-display in the shop
 (i had often looked at it while watching the boy)
 there was something different about it
 at first: couldn't discover why
 everything appeared the same
 it wasn't until i counted the figures that i found it
 then i knew why it was different
 there was one extra figure behind the glass
 a little figure of a boy
 twirling and whirling on mechanical skates
 on a mirror lake
 and on his face was a smile
 that expressed a sublime joy

it may only be a coincidence
 but i just have a feeling ---

you know it may be
 a merry christmas after all

- g.k. roberts

