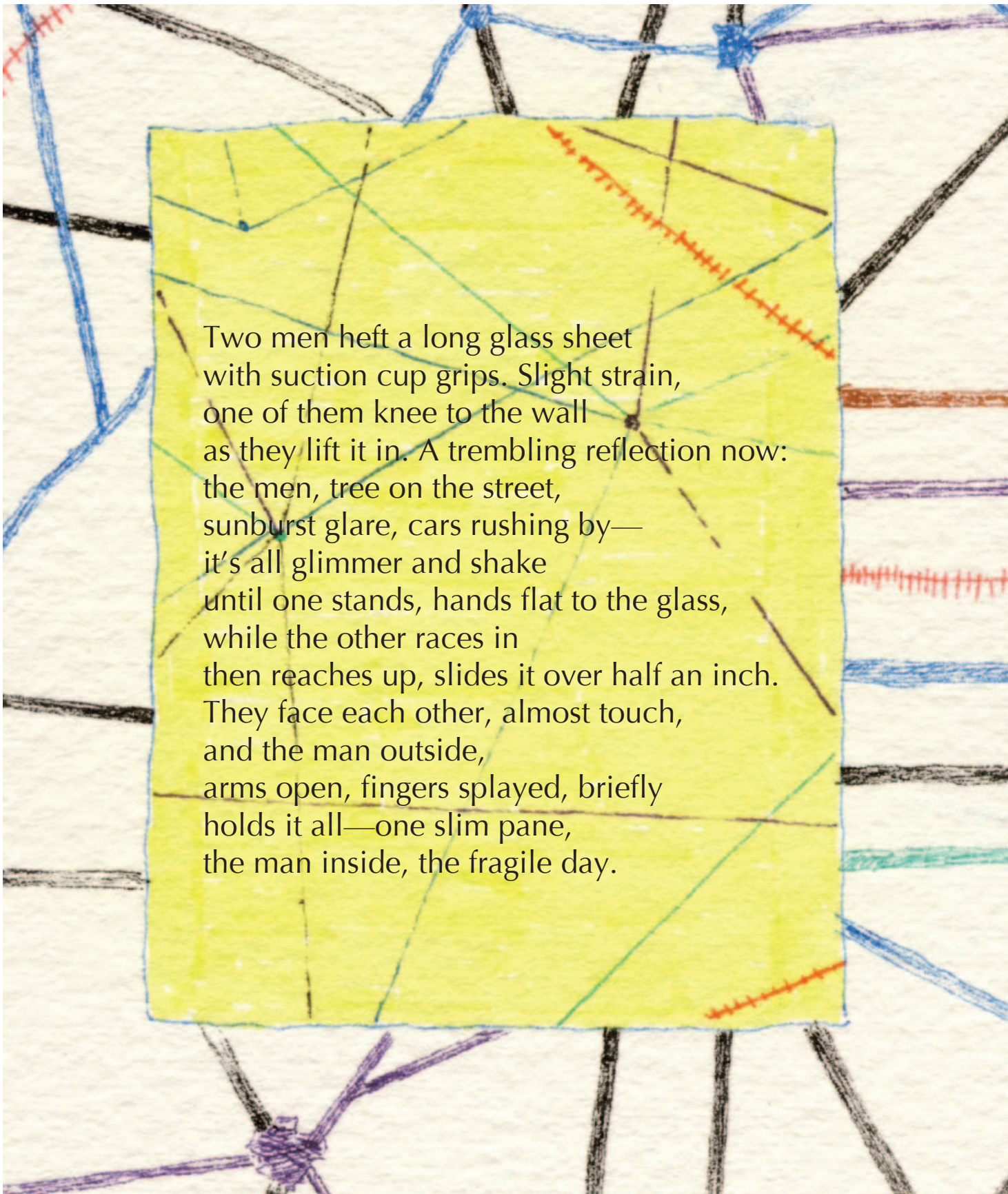


Replacing the Window, Downtown Medford



Two men heft a long glass sheet
with suction cup grips. Slight strain,
one of them knee to the wall
as they lift it in. A trembling reflection now:
the men, tree on the street,
sunburst glare, cars rushing by—
it's all glimmer and shake
until one stands, hands flat to the glass,
while the other races in
then reaches up, slides it over half an inch.
They face each other, almost touch,
and the man outside,
arms open, fingers splayed, briefly
holds it all—one slim pane,
the man inside, the fragile day.