

# Face at the Window

Jim Manley, 1996

There, just now  
Did you see the face at the window?  
I swear, I vow  
I saw a face at the window.

Just a second ago  
As the fire burned low  
And the night wind moaned  
And the rafters groaned  
Did you see the face at the window?

A fearsome face, a face with a trace  
Of madness bright in the firelight  
A shadowy face, with the devil's grace  
Like a wandering soul in the dark midnight.

There, again,  
Did you see that face at the window?  
Hair and chin  
Covered with a beard in the thin glow  
Of the lamp by the table  
Where the face peered through  
Like a strange dark creature  
That was watching you  
With a brow so stem and eyes so keen  
Like coals that burn with a look so mean  
A terrifying face at the window!

There, just then  
Did you hear the knock  
Of a fist like a rock  
Outside the door by the window?

It was more than a tap or a slap or a rap  
A mighty clap on the door by the window.

Now a thundering knock  
And the tum of the lock  
The door blows in  
And it bangs in the wind  
It's a beast in a coat  
Like a great wild goat  
My heart's in my throat—

It's John! Our son.  
Home from the mountains  
With his trail work done.

He smiles. He grins.  
He laughs as he hauls his backpack in.  
Now he sets it down  
There's hugs all around.

And he says, "Folks, you know  
I don't want to be mean  
But you should have seen  
The look on your face  
At the window."

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