

**ANNA DENEJKINA**

**He lives with a mountainous view from the window**

It was her and him, and you and my that gave me this,  
And infancy, pubescent dreams, and adulthood that made it this,  
This, is what it is, we're the star walkers going and to and fro,  
I've lost so many to the break, and then their cries, and *Oh*—their silly blues-filled souls,  
And then I ruined him with walls, and hate, and then he became me,  
I've wanted to apologise for his mountains three years now, for the ones he built from pain  
and for some kind of strength and to keep me at bay when I kept him at bay,  
He was a lover and a quasi saint, chasing an enigma high on that rusted, jagged slug of pain  
you probably had inside of you, too;

He became me as I walked away, morphed into me without touching bone,  
He couldn't climb walls and so he became me: a sorry soul,  
And so he became, but he became when I grew, when I breathed, when I became something  
better than this,  
It was I and me, and self that gave him this,  
And my childhood, puberty and adulthood made him into this,  
This, is what it is, he's the star walker going and to and fro,  
He lost himself to the break, rolling on and on in so much shame,  
He lost himself looking out from that blue window in the Southern Highlands.