



Window Dreaming

I sit at my lonely desk
Staring out the window

With a beautiful view-
Until your memories, start walking by

Slowly start tapping the glass
Purposely distracting
Till it becomes unbearable
and my thoughts, you devour

I stare into plain sight
Lost in the depths of despair
My hand, grips the pen tight
and without notice-

I start to write
About every single one,
of your beautiful memories

And when I've snapped out of it
I rip them in pieces
and they burn in my fireplace

It happens, all over again
At every hour, in the same place