A Room With A View

Joyce Breach

Sitting at the window staring down
Listen to the people shuffle around
Hear the children laughing
Feel the morning breeze
Sunlight warms his skin
The autumn air is taken in
A nearby bird sings its song for himA room with a view
You're looking at him
He's looking through you
A room with a view
Who's fooling who
There's got to be something that he knewSo there he sits and some may wonder
About the sly grin on his face
Yet little do they know
(They don't have a clue)
The boundaries of his wisdom
In the solitude of his kingdom

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