Windowpane

Bearfoot.

Blank face in the windowpane
Made clear in seconds of light
Disappears and returns again
Counting hours, searching the nightMight be waiting for someone
Might be there for us to see
Might be in need of talking
Might be staring directly at meInside plays a lullaby
Slurred voice over children cries
On the insideHaunting loneliness in the eye
Skin covering secret scars
His hand is waving a goodbye
There's no response or action returnedThere is deep prejudice in me
Outshines all reasons inside
Given dreams all ridden with pain
And projected unto the last

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