

Windowpane

Ruslan Sirota

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

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