

# 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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