Small Window

Luluc

Flying over Chicago
bare trees line the white snow
Day light fades and lines of cars flash
across the night in red and goldWhat a view from my small window
What a view from my small windowOn the way another new home
looking out on streets I'll come to know
And different faces, but they'll remind me of
those I love far from hereCrystal water in a blue dream
stretching further than I can see
I try and try to swim all the way
but must learn to use my body well

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