

# "From my Window"

Time stands still while clouds  
embrace.

Sometimes lonely they move on.  
The somber sky laches and delves  
deeper - hoping for a renewal.

The sky - looking down from  
above may dance tomorrow -  
if it has a sunny day.

People below unaware of the  
sky - unaware of my window,  
the chirping birds, the scent  
of gardenias in the air or the  
beautiful butterflies.

Strange how immersed they are  
with earphones, headphones and  
hand phones.

Blocking out the marvels  
of the Universe the sky,  
The chirping birds, The scent  
of gardenias in the air, The  
butterflies and me the

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Silhouette in the  
window.

By  
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