



# Window

Standing in my window, watching the street comes alive as the sun slowly raises.

I suppose to be getting ready to enter the mess down there but the sight makes me wonder if there is point of it all.

The rush on the street is worse than an ant colony as we don't care about anyone anymore and are focusing on our own goals.

As the sun get higher the life on the street changes from the full of life to almost none at all as everybody have left me.

My boss calls me to hear why I am not coming to work and I don't have an answer so I just silence it and throw it away.

A pair a people enters my sight and I feel they are not supposed to be together as their feelings binds them but they still act like strangers.

I wonder if there is a woman somewhere out there losing her love while I still just stands in the window. A feeling I might never feel

The sun keeps gaining more and more power and I can feel my belly demanding food but instead I am just keeping watching.

The street gets full of joy and life, I feel like Quasimodo standing up here feeling like one who doesn't fit the rest.

I don't have the dream of becoming them, I want to become my own. I catch a person watching me but the eyes disappears quickly.

The life goes on as people starts coming home from their lives which quickly becomes a fight for space on the street for cars.

The sun is slowly getting less powerful but still gives light to people coming home and eating together, I wonder what they talk about.

No life is on the street except for a few cars who has not found a home yet and the sun is leaving the sky. I can feel the darkness near.

I enjoy the peace for a while and wonder if I am alone in the world as only the wind is here now. I find my phone to tell my boss 'sorry' as the sun disappear.

The street suddenly get full alive again with music and lots of people, makes me wonder what is happening but does nothing but smile.

I leave the window feeling both powerful and powerless as tomorrow there is another day like this and I don't know if it gets any better.