

Through Glass Windows

She was Quiet

She never really talked much

Blindly sitting there as she was teased

She had no friends, She had no family

It was only her

She never got angry or upset

but, sat back and enjoyed the ride

She always ate her lunch alone

She never complained

It was only her

Her music was loud and rocky

Drowning out the fearful world

Maybe for the assurance someone was worse off

Or because she couldn't hear the names

Even if, it was only her

When ever I saw her I felt horrible inside.

Her eyes shallow and deep at the same time

It was like looking through glass windows

I never had the courage to talk to her

I feel so obnoxious

She was blind, a blood clot behind her eyes

But, she also had cancer and it spread.

She's no longer with us

She has passed on

And I wish I could see for one last time,

Through Glass Windows