

The Dirty Window

I thought I was crazy because I thought you spoke the truth
they told me that you are only a very dirty window
and that all those others are clean
through them I saw sun , blue sky, and green trees
why did you look out on grey trees
why was there no grass
what happened to the sky so blue that it's dark through your glass
if you are a dirty window, why don't they clean you
here in this white city we never go outside, we only look
they say we don't need to
that's why...
they keep us busy
clean and fed
and all of our windows have lovely views
Although sometimes it seems that they are Repeating Views
not something continuous
like surroundings should be
why do you show such a different picture
and why can't they clean you
you inspire silly thoughts in me
like the ones I had yesterday...
I was imagining that
you were the only real window and the rest were programmed TVs and
that
they couldn't clean you
because
the photo through your eyes is true
the air is unbreathable
and the environment hostile
poison to humans
I was contemplating
how it must have transformed, with smoke-stacks
and toxic waste...
but then I thought
of our gorgeous city and impeccable cleanliness and
I thought they must be right
you are only a dirty window

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