

THROUGH MY WINDOW

By Valerie Bloom

There's food on the table, a family sits down to eat,
There are crisp roast potatoes, vegetables and meat,
Afterwards there's ice-cream the mother's made for a treat,
That's what I see through my window.

The door opens and the family goes outside,
The children play on the swings and the slide,
The parents watch them, with love and with pride,
That's what I see through my window.

The father dandles the baby on his knee,
The two boys are playing monopoly,
The mother and daughter are watching TV
That's what I see through my window.

The family sits in a circle on the floor,
The father's reading a story they might have heard before,
For the little one is sleeping, you can hear his gentle snore,
That's what I see through my window.

The family's well fed, the baby's not screaming,
It's not cold and damp, the walls are not streaming,
My father is free, "and I'm not day-dreaming",
Whenever I look through my window.



POEMS