

## Through the Window

By Fangs'n Hiss

Raining. Through the window I see your face  
Pellucid waters trickles down the glass  
Abstract picture of you in foggy space  
Warm glow slightly from the lever of brass

I rest my elbow on the window frame  
Hand on glass careful not to cover you  
Even a bit concealed would be a shame  
This tiny moment left is way too few

On the glass are sprinkled crystalline drops  
Makes exquisite features asymmetric  
Your muffled voice on the wet window mops  
But divided we are through window thick

Dispirited is me removed from you  
Deep and delicate my feelings are true