

Sunrise Sunset

Maheema Haque (12)

She sits on a miniature rocking chair,
Unblinkingly staring and breathing in the fresh air,
Clutching a teddy bear to her chest,
The misty clouds are her breath,
And she watches as the sun comes up,
Glorifying the world around her,
The light fills her sharp blue eyes,
As she takes in the wonder of a sunrise

She sits, bored, staring out the window,
Trying to see the street below
Holding her chin in her hand,
She thinks the world boring, bland
She catches sight of the bold, large ball,
And smiles at the sight of the midday sun
Her blue eyes droop and close slowly,
As the midday sun wanes slowly

She sits, typing, in an office job,
Not thinking about the world, or her soul mate, Rob,
Her fingers dance across the keys
And she pays no attention, no heed
She looks out to the waning sun,
Waiting for it to go down
Her dull eyes water now,
And she wonders why, or how?

She sits, rocking, on that same rocking chair,
That same rocking chair from her childhood lair
She sighs with both disappointment and content,
About the life she has made for herself, does she repent?
She looks out to the setting sun,
Wishing it could keep her company, for just a little longer
Her lifeless eyes close for the last time,
As the sun sets, and disappears.

