Stephen Hymer

Ms. Chiodini

Humanities-3/4

23 Sept. 2013

**I Wish My Eyes Were Solid**

Sometimes I wish my windows solid and as black as dust.

Covered in darkness so that they shut out the world

and all that’s bad.

The hatred, the crime, all of it just makes me mad.

The abuse, sadness, it's all right there every day.

In the hallways and across the world,

Death, destruction, broken hearts,

People being wedged apart.

I wish my windows were solid and as black as dust,

So that people may see what makes all humans die and rust.

I wish my windows were solid and as black as dust,

So that everyone would see themselves and adjust.

I wish my windows were solid and as black as dust,

So that people can face their fears instead of run.

I wish my windows were solid and as black as dust,

But I know that this will never be.

So I open my windows and embrace the sour world we live in,

and try to make the best of it.