

Dirty Windshield

Ane Brun

You smiled at me
Through a dirty windshield
You just got back
From where the cyclone hit
You said you've been
In the center of it
Where it was all so still

Later that day
You told me your story
You were in a fight
And you still survived
You discovered a timeline without end
And all you had was an inch to spend

When nighttime fell
You talked about how
You see life as a chain
Of moments in vain
They are stepping stones to lead you forward
You don't look over shoulders

The morning after
You had a dream
Where you realized
You had to do some sight
Engraved right there
We are lover's sights
There we are like four eyes