

From out here  
It is so  
Terribly quiet  
No birds singing  
No ants running  
And my stomach burns  
It yearns and aches  
For a glass of water  
A piece of bread  
An eager hand outside my head  
From out here  
It is so miserably cold  
And if I reach for the sun  
My skin scarily exposed  
From out here  
It is so silently dark  
These eyes see forever  
But smell nothing of that vision  
And hear nothing of the stars' twinkle  
They glow a promising white  
They keep my soul afloat this night  
And still my hope begs the question  
when will I feel that foreign skin  
and all that is outside  
foreign to what's in  
foreign to a child that doesn't move  
And slowly died inside a precious womb  
This head so heavy  
In fear it drowns  
This heart so raging  
It weeps an ocean  
For now these images live  
Yet soon they will die  
When my yearning hand  
Fails my loving eye