

# Window Lovers

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## Prolog: Windo lovers (poem)

### Window Lovers

*A Town, old but prity  
A Street, long and rather dark  
shadowed by two buildings  
bending to the top*

*in one lives, a girl  
dressed in ruffels and lace  
with a pink canopied bed  
and lots of nick naks*

*In the other, a boy  
he wears simple, dark and worn  
his bed, a necesety  
& little memories scattered there*

*he watched her,  
dosen't know her name  
He knows her voice.her face,  
her smile her grace  
They'va been neighbours  
all their lives*

*she sees him  
wonders 'bout his name  
she wonders at his actins, his style  
his voice, his smile  
They've never talked  
not once at all*