

## Discomfortingly Normal

The door crashes into the days of buried disappointments  
if I'll ever get out of there  
out of here?  
or get in there?

A window behind the backs  
in illusion of safety  
A strong wind plies them into surprise and unsettlement

The steady and soft body of a child  
full of laughter and curiosity  
invites play  
There is no danger and no safety there

I measure the time and the differences  
or is it a gap?  
from underneath my dress towards an infinite point in the space  
among those  
sitting in the row  
who see a crazy fool  
with hair more normal than theirs  
and hands discomfortingly free  
Well, don't bother...  
you can close that door again  
and don't forget the window  
leave the day to me