

Broken Windows

Broken windows, like old glass,
unused and a burden,
they burn in the fires ash.

Oh, how I wish to be strong,
like the brick wall on the lawn
but like broken windows I am not.
You see, broken windows don't last long
because in the sun's rays the crow screeches its terrible song.

Broken windows, oh how I cry for you,
poor things, cannot be fixed with just glue.

But somehow through all the scars,
the window is seen as a form of art.
Behind bars, sweet as tart, broken windows don't depart.
Broken windows whose name is actually Clare,
pass through the toll and is titled as rare.