HIlliard 1

Grant Hilliard

Humanities-¾

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**The View**

I look out my window.

I see the the pretty partial pink

flower that stares into my soul everyday.

I see the trees that hang over the

street like an umbrella.

I see the the dirt that gets picked up in the

wind into a miniature tornado and flung

around the whole yard.

I see the future, the rain and the snow,

the craters that call it home,

the plants that sprout from its generous giving soil.

I see many things outside my window,

some things I wish I hadn’t seen.