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The Witness

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The Witness

Gil Sklash

View to a gruesome scene,
Eyes to so much destruction.
Is this a dream or a cruel reality?
He say, but didn't want to believe
He heard, but didn't want to listen.
Can he help? But how?
So much glass, small pieces everywhere,
The color red all around,
Creeping, crawling, slowly flowing toward him,
Don't, don't get any closer,
He's not here, he's not part of it:
He's only a witness.