



Morning sun

The girl is sitting on her bed
She's wearing an orange dress, short-sleeved.
The white sheets of the bed are unused
She didn't sleep last night, and now the morning has come
The scent of fresh morning air is infiltrating through the open-window She's thinking,
she's contemplating the outside
By the window, she can see the city from above
She thinks that the city is quite beautiful from above
and she wonders why during all those months living here
She never stopped to watch the city awake.
She wonders what preoccupied her life so much
that she couldn't see the loveliness of the landscape by her window. Her hair are tied in a
messy bun on the back of her head
It lets her feel the air running through the back of her neck.
The morning air is cold, but it doesn't bother her
She is thinking again, about how she finally left him.
She knew for months that he was cheating on her
But she was hoping that it would get better.
It didn't, so she left him, and now, she's finally feeling free.
There is no worries burrying her mind everyday
Nothing is preventing her from contemplating the life
And she spent the whole night doing so,
because she wanted it, and nothing was stopping her.

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