

Half An Hour

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It's after eight and Mrs. Pearson is lying in her bed she thought about her life she's tired of the work and she is sad...
No, no she hasn't any bruises on her body in this time she's under cover with the tears and waiting that all will be fine...

Where's the rose, and where's the opened red wine?
Let's play like normal married people just for a while
Where's the ticket to theatre?
and where's the kiss for good night?
where's the simple sign of favour and reason for life?

Can you have some reasonable chat for half an hour?
without bruises scream and slaps, and love each other!
I'm sure you'll find your sanity - not more just half an hour remember your life before you became sour!
- not more just half an hour!

Adjoining room is empty but it's place for husband of hers there's only smoke of cigars, dirty clothes and glass of water
The common photo in the wooden frame is already broken the only move from wall to wall is Mrs. Pearson
- she is walking...

I know that's not time for gifts, and dice were already thrown
wedding ring is hangs on lace - he left her alone
did he forget about her, and did he find another?
sometimes when he comes at home but not like a father!

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