

5-1-2004

The Watcher

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Recommended Citation

Meyer, Stephanie (2004) "The Watcher," *Hieroglyphics: the NSU University School Literary Magazine*: Vol. 11, Article 88.
Available at: http://nsuworks.nova.edu/uschool_litmag/vol11/iss1/88

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The Watcher

Stephanie Meyer

She sits and watches all the people pass
She knows their ways and everything they do
To most they seem just like ordinary men
But no one takes a breath and stops to watch
Their hearts are filled with hopes, and dreams, and
love
But masked by suits, cell phones, and leather gloves
Determined they all seem to get away
But she just sits, so happy and content
And no one seems to care about her there
Or maybe they just don't see her at all