The Woeful Disconnect

in the room a window and television
the window sees what the television does not
the television sees what the window hides
in the window i see peace
golden sun warm
tall tree motionless
green leaves sway
in the television i see chaos
enraged citizens riot
loaded guns fire
bright blood spill
peace combined with chaos
nature with destruction
calm with pain
life with death
apocalypse surrounds innocence surrounds me
reprieve from strife not visible
i see overshadowing cataclysm
the peace is gone, the worry replaces
i am now part of the entropy
as i sit in the room
i try to hide, to shut it out
it encloses faster
i try to fight, to push it back
it reappears endlessly
i put these thoughts to words on paper
it senses nothing