

desire throw
self to arms
of my earth

Oh Ground,
how feels i



cannot I just be fall for another,
not the ground I stand on?

how
worried
are you for
I, Fly, worries
more than a
dream once felt
rise from my
fingers

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I think
you notices me,
flie on a small
plastic truck in a cozy
basement suite where to hold
you eyes down

don't know what happened

but it seems like
you've perfectly
accepted a role
as temporary
respite

which is to say
i understand
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I want to dream
lower?

crawl
from
egg
reach
far
edge
and
zip
to
wards
the
g r o u n d

it hurt
to become
this small but what
makes you think I'd
like it better to
make myself
larger?

but want more for
many touch of
walking feet tap
lovingly but
legs meet
mattress
strands

on fruit, fermenting
through your illustrious
hands yet you keep
picking up
my shell



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What if

I don't want
to regret a
decision made
with passion
in mind

I don't want
to regret a
decision not
made

I don't want
to regret a
decision made
with passion
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I don't want
to regret a
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