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first love

When I was a child

I keep my heart in a glass bottle

every beat visible as I carried it in my arms

I put it beside me when I went on the swings

I had it in my lap as I looked at the stars

until one day a boy came and stole it away

I was afraid he would break it

my fears came true

the glass was shattered

now my heart bled in my hands

I kept hugging it

saying it would be alright

but my pore heart was never the same

So I swallowed it

so that nobody could see

the story that the scars told

about me

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