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The fall

Harvesters of lingering light
caught in self inflicted myths
of dark hope and hungry despair
confuse the endless hum
with the giant breathing.

Endless corridors of chit chat
hardens the heart,
the electric need to beat
bend all ways into oblivion.

Caught in a shattered fall
into the broken heart of turmoil ,
ambushed by insulting voices,
the painful echo of the day,
all is an undoing of the I.

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