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Another love poem.

Orange (Cesar #1)

The echo between us, like a secret language, like a banter of Morse-coded pulse beats and shivers, the way your fingerprints fit along-side my pores, the way your smile is always a little sad but never a lot and always true, it latches onto me, lingers like dust on my dust; skin on my skin; it makes me want to wear the sunlight while you're not here.

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