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vintage: for JMY

A freer soul I know not

There are no words to describe her
her beauty
her skin the
curve of her impeccable chin
abalone shells and rings of
Indian silver
her lips beg no rouge
and her green eyes shine
courage
and as evening presses into night
her eyes are like the sweetest
lullabies
her chestnut hair flows without
a care
her eyelashes want kissing
and guile thank god
she's missing
and as I behold her grace
a deep blush comes to my face
a freer soul I know not...

the apache kid

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