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Murmur of Life

A poem:

The Murmur of Life

Voices -

mumbling, yelling, craving.

Scratching the surface of my soul,

demanding to enter.

My voice -

reigns the whole domain of my being,

guards it,

watches the obtrusive outside forces

from a calm, controlling, distanced horizon.

It changes slightly -

when and if I find it evolving.

Voices - remain as overdimensioned shadows,

conquered by the light of my soul.

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