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As he stirred from his lair

As he stirred from his lair
his eyes gazed on the fair Amanda
he fixed a stare hoping, praying
that his dark eyes would link
with her fair ones and discover
pools and rivers, waterfalls and a
whisp of cloud set against the
sky blue. His eyes begged the question
and her eyes replied in the affirmative
in gentle kindness
companions on this trail
Like the clasp of a locket seeking to bind
they then turned to the lake
that skirted the shore
honeybees fast at work

the apache kid

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