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Lythe beauty

Beauty lythe
and free
calling lightening
calling thunder
breathing life
breathing wonder
steps out into the world
of magic and dreams
feet on the ground
she hears a sound
a song of memory
a song of clarity
a song that's heard
for Shoshana
who asks the question
that still rings in my ears
and beckons me near
the flame that's wild and tame
both in the same vessel
beautiful and rare

the apache kid

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