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The Flower Consumed By Flames

The flower, consumed by flames; glowing is what remains.

Fading away in the embers of forgotten dreams; the shift to autumn seems, reminiscent of my love.

Yet something still lingers in the ashes forever, severed where we never, but hither, shall we ever return, as it already burned. With the flower consumed it was already doomed.

The afterglow turned to dust, by a gust, was carried away.

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