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I once had a dream

I once had a dream about leaving everything behind. Traveling outside the country. Leaving my old self behind. Cut contacts like it was nothing. Believe it or not friends can hold you back. I want to live in a high-rise building with wide, open windows, maybe in NYC. I wouldn't turn to look back. There is no turning back anymore. I would have sat at the edge with a soft wrap and enjoyed the view. Watch people walk by. I would become one with peace when I think about it.

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