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not to love futile things

every single part

I loved you in entirety,
every single part.

Not like someone loves a sunset,
or the beauty of a rose.

But the way a drowning man
loves air,
and a shivering flower
loves the sun.

In the way that love was unconditional.
The way it belonged to none but one.

Yes, all I want when life unravels,
is not to love a rose.
But to once again convince my heart,
that I love someone in entirety,
every single part.

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