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The rose began to wither

A flower changes its appearance
day and night

it opens up and closes down
inhales and exhales

I closed my eyelids
and refused to see the truth
with a smile upon my face by day
and moist tears flowing down at night

I changed the colour of my leaves
to match your vase,
your curtains
from rosy red to dirty brown

The rose began to wither.

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