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**the unco prodigies of you and me**

I'm sorry, I don't mean to remember  
I've been trying to suppress and suffocate  
myself because  
you deserve the easy silence  
and the year that passed since you left me

But history remains substantial  
every little sentiment limpid  
through this intoxication  
which has no detox  
I still have to face what I swallowed  
your poison is pounding in my veins,  
eructating in my throat,  
clogging my nose,  
choking me to death  
when trying to keep it inside  
all "convenient and fine"

I'm sorry, but I have to spit it out  
I don't endure, been tearing along the parquets  
throbbing my head against the walls  
writing these apparently pretentious poems,  
to mend this cliché à la broken heart  
I got myself drunk and vomiting all over  
this frankly vulgar ignorance  
this easy silence for your sake

I'm sorry, but this unspoken ache  
is a consequence of  
the word "attached" maintaining like  
unbreakably glass inbetween the nowadays  
unco prodigies of you and me  
the unco prodigies of you and me  
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