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a poem written in the mid seventies

This flower

"This flower

they say is yours,

I don't want it.

It is you I want."

"Breath" she said,

pointing her brittle twigs

to my petrified nostrils.

"Breath for me,

I am the dream of spring".

"Look" I said,

she looked away.

"Look" she said,

her face deep in snow.

The snow kept falling

until morning.

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