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How do lovers meet?

So. I was thinking about existence. And the grand thought.

The grand thought that we all are one. Dancing. In space.

I was thinking about how lowers meet. In a space so existing but still not.

Accessible for mankind. But still for spirits only.

And then again, I wonder. How do lovers meet? Texten är utskriven från Poeter.se Författaren bec med Poeter.se id #39585 innehar upphovsrätten