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a cursed child's dream

you see
the child become poetry
of escaping birds
that turn to letters
in a holy book
looking back at you
like the only one pure enough
to cast any judgement at all
the unborn rests in eternal sunshine
blinded in the union of the only muse
like colorful but still pale illustrations
in a children's book
like the watchdog as a puppy
guarding the earliest memories of the universe

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