

in light

I've seen new morning
daylight pierce through
dark skies to bring
a slow corruption of night
with fear in my trembling eyes
and doubt in my misty hands

so have we all

I've inhaled that first breath
the one that makes you cough
and wheeze as though
you were the disease you carry
deep down underneath
and below

so have we all

maybe slightly different
but probably not as much
as if we all actually viewed
this subjective world
exactly the same

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