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November 11th

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## Anonymous

My limbs extend  
Beyond the soil  
And break  
Upon your distant look;  
Lightning that strikes  
In scattered thought.  
Wounds that bleed and  
Stain  
Leave me rotting  
In my place

She saw me across the meadow,  
Stopped me in my tracks  
Stared me down  
Asking  
Am I a threat?  
I broke the brush  
Beneath me  
And she scampered off  
In fear

Picture me  
Headed for the hills  
Directly at them  
Wings fully spread  
Eyes convicting  
Feathers  
That gleam

Inhale  
The sound  
Of my whisper  
Exhale  
The part  
That's a lie