G-d the Weaver

Shakhan

She's beautiful in face and form way above the norm and in this cold world her words tumble out warm. I don't want to die but in her eyes drown I need her like make up needs the clown.Her loveliness invades me flower atracks the bee She's a temple and I am her devotee don't want to be alone want to be with her O that I was the covers of her sidur.I feel hot and a lovely fever knowing she's how a believer that we are two strands and G-d is the weaver. Her beauty it is given given from above I am captivated by her love.

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