

# Meadow

## Deafest

The sun inside your eyes sends me impossibly  
Through seasons spilling fluid time like arteries of gold  
Beside this tree of oak and moss most innocently  
The sedentary song describes our willingness to lie Between your red and golden skin most innocently  
Together like two meadows one, too soon our course is run  
In softness as in stone we find regrettably  
The solitary song describes our willingness to die

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