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 lieBetween 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 regretably
The solitary song describes our willingness to die

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