

The Dead Sea

A Life Once Lost

And the olive trees, for the locust devoured them as well
You will not let me die
Why not
The trees and fields have been picked dry yet you keep me here for what
To sit at your side. Let me die young and empty of days
Bury my bones under the bare olive tree
Let my name rest on the tip of your tongue
As the night captured our still voices
The contrast of the sky locks our eyes one last time

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