Your Birthday Present

The Good Life

still i wonder how you are,and what became of all of this
did you cry when winter's hands
stole you from that fertile grave?
did your mother hold you dear
to ease the burden of your pain?
swallowed out into the light-happy birthday.still i wonder how you are;
and how you ever came to be.
i was nothing but a hole,
you nestled in and fell asleep.were you sad when you awoke?
torn away from fertile dreams
i didn't want to wake you up..i'm still sorry.
happy birthday.

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