

# Elegy

## Atticus Finch

I found the place  
It was only by mistake  
Where we escaped  
When we left the world that day

I still tend the flame  
Though what's befallen  
You of late  
Will take you away

For the pain  
You'll suggest I make a break  
But there's still space  
I'm my drawer of dearest things  
Should stay the same

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