Zebra

This Town Needs Guns

Caught forever on paper torn tethered,
time sends its regards from pictures that never saw
the light of day.
Just tucked in a box and hoarded away
so that eyes could never gaze upon faces of old.
Memories that I had longed to hold.
So hold me now,
that I am not strong enough to hold myself.
I am old enough now to know better than to bare my cross alone.

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