Reflection Pulse Remains

Altar of Plagues

What my body has known,
the shell of what was me,
Never here, by near and I.
Hiding what cannot be done,
light comes down.
What cannot be undone?
What came down,
left all I was and will be,
with a tight hold, I ask for everything,
to stay near me , to stay with me,
to keep apart, to take apart.
I am not here.
I was not here.

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