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WEDNESDAY, JUNE 15, 2011

Poetry has been here

Poetry is here, here you are lying down:
look for his tracks with Luminol.

He slept with me for long nights
and long days filled with passion.
Together we admired sunsets
more beautiful impressionist paintings.
And we remembered his face
and his hands - tame herons.
And we dreamed of her breasts
and her eyes, and the time went.

Poetry is here, here she sat
in her heels examine injured
after walking on the glass.



Jean Constant, "Erato"

BLOG ARCHIVE

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