

It's our
You see me here
When I was
Plucked me from
It's our
He will waver when the time
The one who will
She almost
Suffice to say, their work had already been
They're richer
Softening his jaw
We shouldn't have slipped
Five of them. Yes, compressed

Poor it is: **this mass,**
Poor it is: **this horizon,**
Poor it is: **this bustle,**
Poor it is: **this plunge,**
Poor it is: **this devotion,**
Poor it is.

Reveille. Every morning, except this one.

As a spillage of ink on something precious