

Christine Guldbrandsen**"Silverlight"**

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Low light of morning
pale in my window
falls like silver water
on night's desert land.

Where are my fears now?
where are the shadows
I saw yesterday?

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pale in my window
falls like silver water
on night's desert land.

Dreaming or waking
there was no place to rest.
All night I feared the end of things,
that love was frail, that love would fail;
then I heard a bird was singing
in the breaking of the dawn.

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