

Grade "The Empress"

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Why are people more interested in how
A building reaches to the sky
Than it touches the ground
She is always looking up
As I pull concrete from my teeth
And in exchange of complication
If I lose her where will I
Be her 20 moons elude me
In my time of need
Bells and hammers are rarely friends
But my promises stand tall
And are here with me
The flies will feed on corpses
As do the frogs on them
And the mosaic of broken bottles
Lodged in my neck, bleeds conveniently

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