

The Dear Hunter

"His Hands Matched His Tongue"

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A long walk home, riddled with regret.

Uncommonly comfortable, but still I believe that in time
I'll see just whats been weighing down on me.

An unearthy void, collapsed, exposing what was
trapped, to release this serendipitous dissent.

The smell of smoke, the evening sky was bruised.
Belated conversation, saturate anticipation for the
answers that simply wont come, but not I, I wont ask.
Forget my place amongst the grass. The leaves and
the trees remember me and in my naïð½

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