

Stuart Davis

"Nicola"

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we rattle a gateless gate
and push against a weightless weight
looking for a stateless state
Nicola

Whatever love creates
love erases
they're only twins
with different faces
fallen from the womb
risen from the tomb
carried in perfume
Nicola

All the ones alive today

are the ones that passed away
are the ones on the way
Nicola

Whatever love takes
love replaces
as all these twins
with different faces
fallen from the womb
risen from the tomb

carried in perfume
Nicola

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