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Stir "Autumn"

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Unbolt the wind to me! Brag I with audacious pride. But that first gust of him Makes me stumble and shrink.

My barque is covered up With leaves and windfall-pears. His heaven azures me And his earth is cushioning.

The warming of his wine And the sighing of his fire, His honeys bitterness Are reviving me,

Expose me to the storms And leave me to despair. But once his cold will die In my ardent embrace.

[K.-U. Skerra]

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