



...may 19, 2012...

**in the somewhere of a never
that we almost understand
there's a rose that's blooming winter
in a summer left behind**

**like a someplace breathing spring
into the autumn of a dream
that grew inside a marriage
with the new of clasping hands –**

**but the anyplace of ever
we forgot to leave behind
throws the scent of roses
to a lost and scattered wind**

**until the almost vision
that has yet to walk in dreams
sleeps inside an ever –
that only hearts can breathe.**

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