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Tree

Look
see how the
light flows
down the branch
to its end
and the ends of the end
flows and drips
off the tips on
to crouched leaves
waiting there

Listen
hear the song
wrap itself around
that branch
its overlapping phrases
mingling with light
singing to its end
and the ends of the end
flowing and dripping
off the tips to my
crouched heart
waiting there