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Poetry

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August was an array of affection
The cars of family and friends streamed into your garden of brugmansias
Which, like you, bloomed at night as you enjoyed a cup of jasmine tea

September smelled like musk
It wrapped around an ethereal dream
Your garden was characterized
By tire marks of the cars that had left
A cavalcade of memories

October was cold and hazy
It was sterile
I held your hand inside of the hospital room for the last time
While you murmured reaffirmations
That will be passed to generations

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