

## Poetry

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Nothing new falls on your hands  
in the same way nothing old ever  
surpasses beginnings. In stillness  
this cold forces hands into pockets

never meant to house such warmth.  
Your fingers dance on their own  
in these hidden worlds, fishes dancing  
to an internal rhythm. And when

what has helped you has helped enough  
it leaves silently. Drop by drop this  
world makes less of you, not violently  
but with the gentleness of understanding

When you shake the waters off your  
body, only then do you notice what  
has been taken, and what will never be  
returned. This pavement reflects traffic

lights into the black, and the skies are  
indistinguishable from eye level. As if  
the rain falls only for you, not in ritual  
nor cleansing but out of sympathy,

for the pain you unintentionally carry,  
and the memories you set onto comets  
to be shipped into oblivion. A little rain  
comes, here and there, never when you

ask for it, and never when you are lost,  
but when it is simply time to let go.

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