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# FIRE

lay unclimbed mountains  
on my hands  
like a lavender bouquet relieves  
Alpe d'Huez  
I will ascend higher than your scapula

hunt me a sin  
with your mouth  
a sin made of scents repelled  
tastes expelled from the tip of my tongue  
my ribs calibrated by your palm

whilst the idea of a child  
mesmerises us  
whilst our fire starts a cycle  
let us burn to ashes and be expelled  
from prescribed heavens

there is a long way to dawn

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