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"her eyes say, and My headlong tax and mote"

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A head shaped like a light bulb, her eyes
say six ways to Sunday, driving:
not into cars but I love mine and
sense quorum on narrow avenue.

Sharking late night or dusk, not-cops virtual profile intelligence
from our very stoop and mug the neighbor at gunpoint,

what to do, what to do. December, be generous be money
mine. In recent letters,
edit chump change and woe, remember the future, say something funny
to end me, a sham, by.

What's a white girl to do with race:
blank fate:
women are receptacles, Earlene, you never said no,
so, I
am the bitter one
sung from the old oak
, please.

She compares holes in clothes
Make me new.
and collapses under his strong arm
Take me now.

last week (on) lost.