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Dear Master

Hadara Bar-Nadav

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DEAR MASTER,

I remain your sweet
 erratic, your eviscerated
wind who records every

leaving. This is hovering
 now feel my high
heel on your lip?

I will not be
 embodied, fingerprints
on the doorknob and the scrape

of click. A siren sears
 far then near, smoke
catches your fire

escape. *Fire, fire, fire.*
 I'll be your match
blackened weather.