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Children's Story

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CHILDREN'S STORY

In the small woods behind
everything, the mother lifted
her hand to each tree branch

as if it would be kissed. He
waited his turn. Hid himself as
a birch. As an effigy. Was one,

now. When nothing was left
to lead out of the trees, the story
ended. We lived through the winter

by sparing. What we could spare
was needed for kindling.