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Ataxic

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ATAXIC

How exits this life.

In which we are a portrait

of sand.

The wind burns

our corners.

We watch the sky.

An exodus of rain.

Viscera knifed from silver.

How join these things.

This other skin,

but I mean to say

night throat.

I mean to say

child who holds apples.

Your break the body

and you are eating this thing

and you are here

and you are here.

How small the hearts.