

(i do not know what it is about you that closes
and opens;only something in me understands
the voice of your eyes is deeper than all roses)
nobody,not even the rain,has such small hands

From "somewhere i have never travelled,gladly beyond" by E. E. Cummings

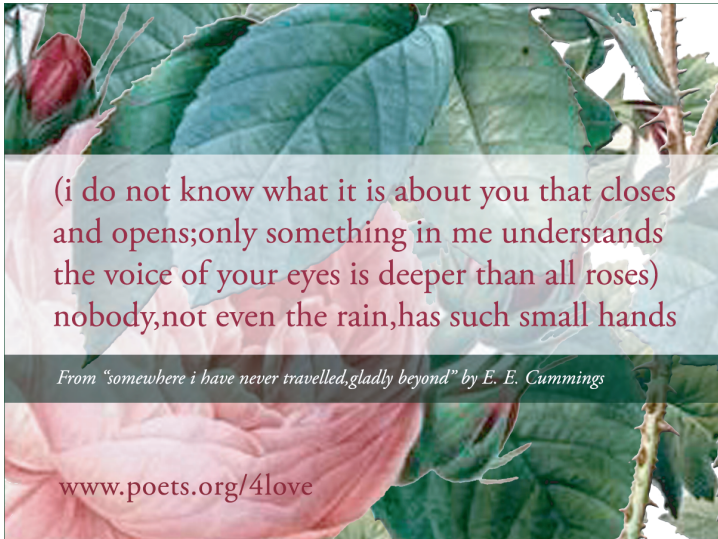
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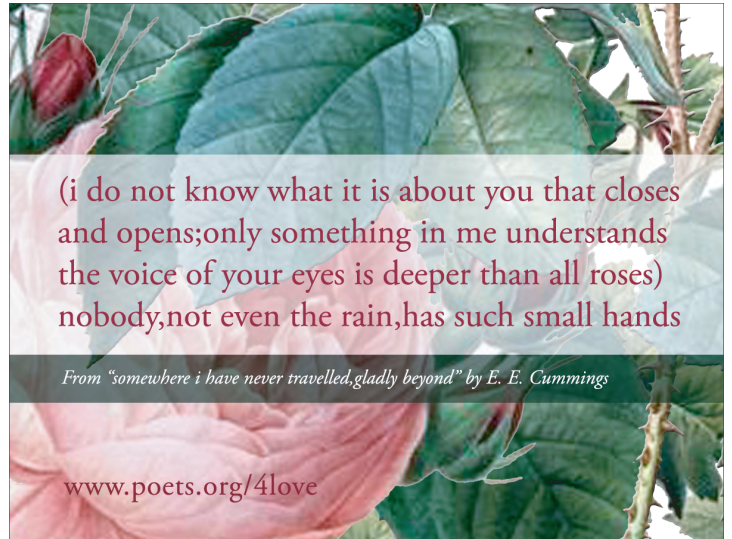
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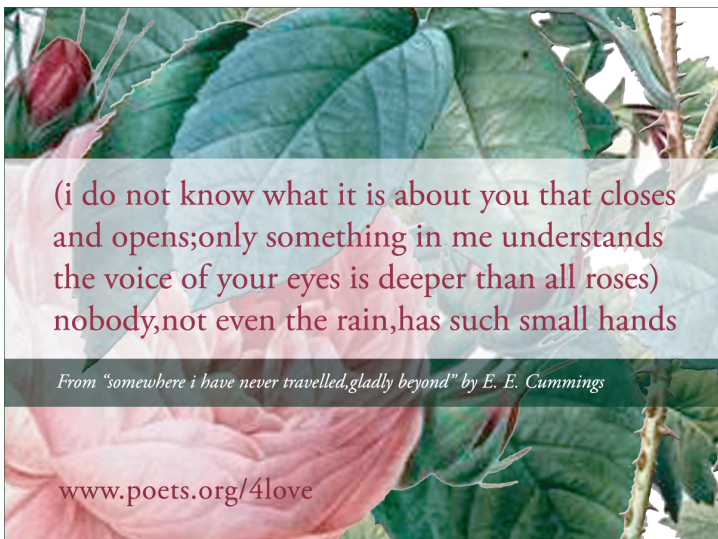
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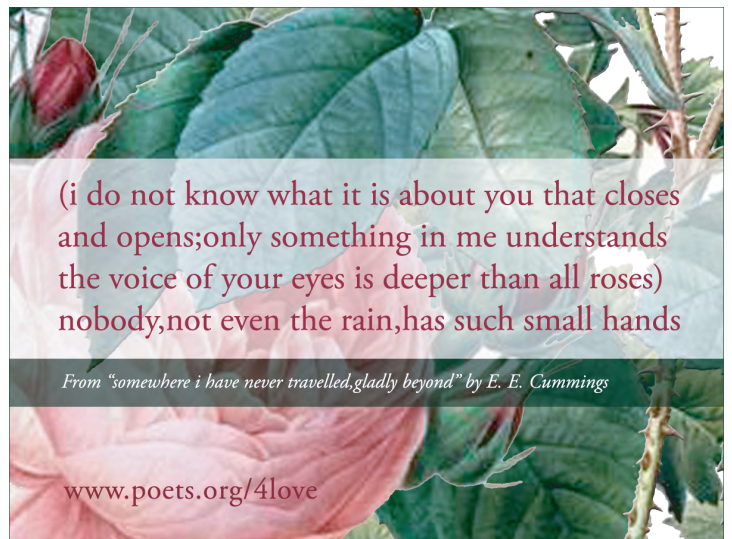
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