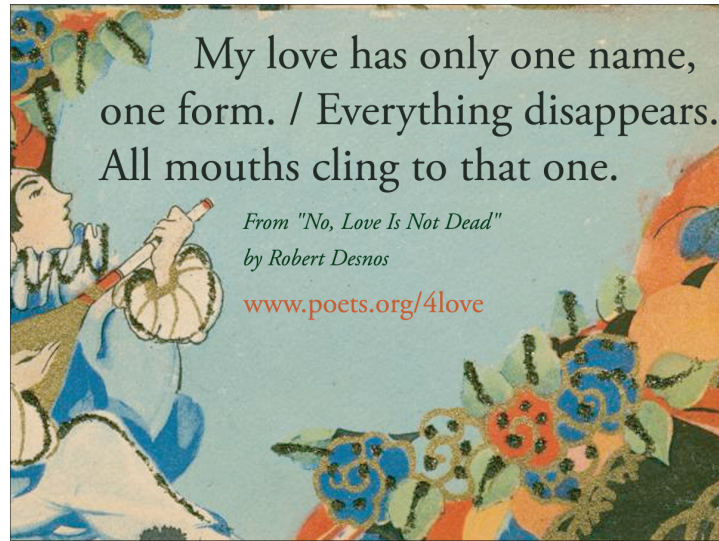


My love has only one name,
one form. / Everything disappears.
All mouths cling to that one.

From "No, Love Is Not Dead"
by Robert Desnos

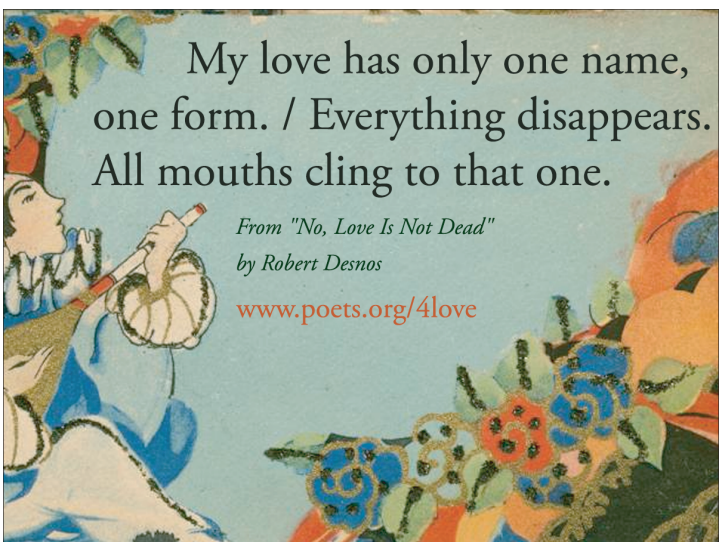
www.poets.org/4love



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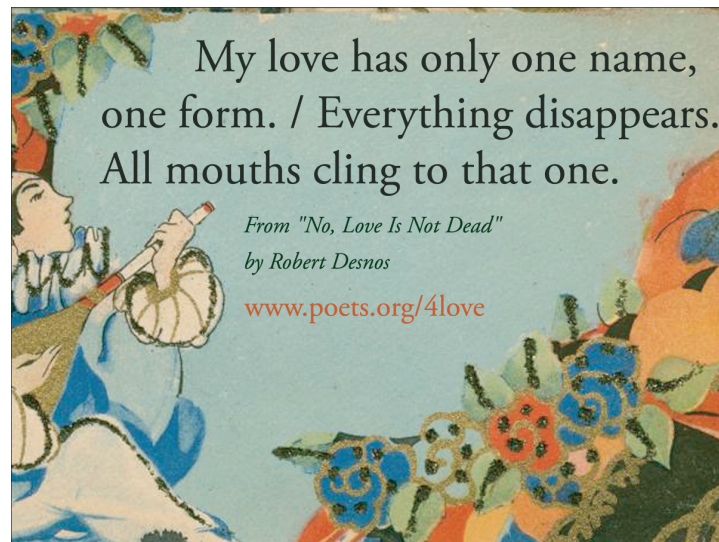
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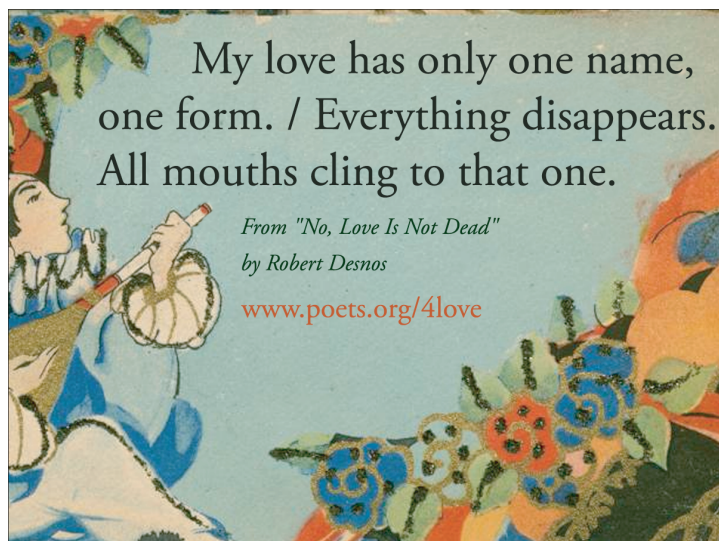
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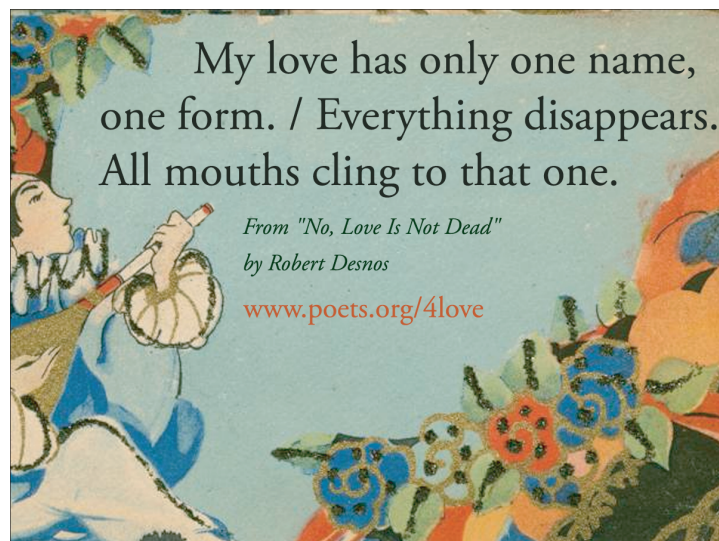
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