

raccontare con

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Today	we	are	two	yesterday	only	one
Persephone	your	beauty	reaches	out	to	me
calls	me	out	from	my	under	world
to	find	your	new	flowers	still	unopened
but	those	petals	yield	to	the	persuasion
of	sunlight	my	touch	and	do	not
listen	when	you	scream	for	your	mother