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## Nothing But You

The day we looked up at a scarlet sky  
from different standing scenes.  
I was delineating the lights  
and your temperature pierced thru the haze.  
You know that could've killed million times  
In quivers of my skeleton  
Downright. But how  
Your hit came in as droplets of serene  
— How I was named after a wild fire.

From then too much I've been wondering  
If the truth of you would diminish to some tints  
As you might?  
Or if people got haunted by heat  
someways, sometimes,  
and were to make sense you touch to burn:  
As nothing truthful from you dims.  
As nothing truthful underwhelming.

Oct 2022  
Lancaster

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