

***in my total***

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in my total  
I sense your unremembered voices  
bleak of dust bled omission  
brief occurrence, hung  
between two deaths  
like an ecological shadow  
sprayed on an edge in time,  
selling history with importance.  
the memory of your soul  
is the tattoo of my foot  
wearing its scar upon the grass  
and I walk heavy under my sanity,  
the yard-ware of your delusion  
rusting my rain