

can't you hear us playing

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can't you hear us playing
all mothy with sky
we devil of our day
can't you see this
a weeping yet rain
that does not judge
that carries with him
a household
made of funny little nothings
trusting the tree
yet still willing to you
an old man in the eyes
so blind he feels
everything
so much vision he sees
nothing
his sadness the knowledge
of his smile
a stillness whose negotiations
lace beyond words