

The Only Children to Die Content

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It's a short poem about leaves and nature.

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Papaya painted leaves display the emergence of a renewed cycle.

Their tender skin not yet a burning sandstone.

But as the cold grows stronger, they succumb to the aridity

Their brittle bodies deteriorate into charred clay.

Then those crisp, fragile sculptures soar with a gale.

They do not depart with reluctance, as this process is accepted.

The essential part of nature when brood springs anew.

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