

Scorching

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Unrequited love

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Greedy, so greedy-

the eyes, Hands that clutch.

Let his hand guide mine,

a breeze over desert sand.

His body scorches but his laughter

is like rainwater.

The moon hangs in his eyes

but the sun forevermore rests in his hands

and mine.

No love is lost here

and none is gained,

for love canâ t be made out of nothing

and something not created

can never be destroyed.

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