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## GOOD-BYE



If you run into a field,  
the wind blowing in your ears  
one late afternoon

what to do  
what to do

Your magic waning, the ground  
beneath you shaking

what to do  
what to do

A jet pinned for a minute  
to the sky, a wide, wide  
smile in the arc of a bird

swinging down, down  
and bye

what to do  
what to do