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Frosty Panes

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Frosty Panes Wendy Raines

FROSTY PANES AND MINTED GLASS.

I CANNOT GO IN:

I WAS NEVER ASKED.

MY PRESENCE LEAVES THEM ILL AT EASE.

ALTHOUGH I DID NOT CHOOSE IT

I AM THE DISEASE

WITHOUT CURE.

THEIR INDIFFERENCE

TEARS. BURNS. AND SEARS ME

IN A COLD FIRE.

STANDING ON THE OPPOSITE SIDE

I CAN ONLY WATCH THE OTHERS.

WARM AND SECURE.

ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE PANE.