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The Morning

Liz Cappon

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The Morning

Liz Cappon

I awaken to our winter wonderland
I reach to find only a warm pillow
The mattress suddenly begins to freeze over

Snow is blanketing the once green grass
Each pure white flake flees from its dreary home

You're gone

Eyes look to run from the hopelessness
But tears still fall from darkness

The life, the love, and the beauty
All stolen in one brief morning