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I got mad at you and shook my finger at the sky but if I were God that finger would have stirred up a tempest. I blew out a mouthful of air

of air in exasperation But if I were God that breath would have obliterated the house you built. I started to cry when I realized there was nothing I could do and if I were God you probably would have drowned by now *Sydney Portilla-Diggs*

Prostrate Man by Paul Bellah



I hope only that she will devour you, for all Bluebeards should suffer - be devoured – devoured, stripped, engulfed.

> It is folly for me To foul my own heart by craving–

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yet I imagine this time will and then you will be hanging in her hidden room.

Margaret Burton Malone

daily face we evil and good the choices to make are ours for Heaven to accept us as we are or Hell to rejoice when we fall *Molly Boyce*