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Never a Pale Place

Arianna McDonald

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NEVER A PALE PLACE

Arianna McDonald

Don't move until you witness
 African sky and sunset-yellow plains with
 Its wild and unique horses with their
 Yin-yang stripes, racing with every gallop until
 They've reached the long-awaited waters.

Rotate.

Don't blink until you feel the beating
 of drums in your chest and watched
 The passing of Rio's multicolored birds
 Dancing down the street, sparkling with
 Every sway and step.

Rotate.

Don't close your eyes and miss
 A historical place where you are
 Swimming with the salts of a
 Sea that you can't drown in, even though
 Death has placed his name on its title.

Rotate.

Don't lose track of the present and forget
 Standing on the edge of a cliff in Wales
 Atop a cold beach, viewing the waters meet
 Their opposite, with the pastel field of
 Flowers in awe with you.

Pause.

The clouds had cutouts specifically
 Designed for the moon's shape as they
 Passed through, allowing as much light
 To shine in the night as possible.
 Live a life worth remembering.

THE JOURNEY TO COLORADO

Nat Chittamai

