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Requiescat

Meg Hurtado

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Requiescat

Meg Hurtado

Don't sing to her, the lovely one
Who's curled under the floating earth.
Her lips are asleep, her eyes are gone—
And your pained, enchanting song not worth

The interruption of her dream,
A dream more restful than the kind
She held in her when she did seem
So real to all, when all were blind.

What a story she is, now that there
Are no dawns inside this pretty stone,
No roses for her endless hair.
What a story she is, but tell no one.

To this girl-of-no-roses, don't sing—
For she is far and breathlessly removed
For every star-flecked, love-made Thing
Your agonies have proved.