

# The Messenger

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Age.

Tess Monks

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## **Age. // Tess Monks**

When everything moves,  
Rushes,  
    Rages,  
In osmotic motion until merged as one.  
Whenever touchdowns and tourniquets are the norm,  
Focus, focus on the day  
Of the night,  
Bringing worship to weakness  
Because maybe it means more  
To live dead than to die living.  
None of us pretend to know  
And the days are thrown directly into the pail  
In anticipation until eyes fall black,  
Necks fall back, and palms close.  
Age is not just a number;  
They know that the gentle lapping of darkness,  
Saturated, seeps back  
For its final bow.