

The Lyre



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Wake Up by Zeh Daruwalla

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yearning comes when we no longer
have when the way to remembering is
desperate
and deliberate no use counting the paces
between ocean and land
each breath a puncture to every step
not taken
who is it that leaves
and who returns?
sometimes neither gets to decide
questions laid bare permeates into dreams
an awakening reminder for what we
cannot
change



Gradient Gliding by Zeh Daruwalla