EVERGREEN

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The orange light in the cemetery
made me slow and made me stop
I hoped to find a way inside
after passing the entrance that I knew
so I turned away and wound around
and found myself climbing the hill
to where the light was particularly mellow

It’s the eighteenth of November
and finally cold enough for the leaves to die and fall
but I marvel at how the leaves
on some trees still remain green
while the sun falls just low enough
to let me see
and let me go

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