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How Like A Man

by K. W. Striking

When the green falls out with time, How like a man summer never was (but in the sweet green breath of steaming cornfields trapping an August evening while the simmer of crickets is electric in the grass)

Such moments in the mind our life; a damasked rose, still only a moment out of death.

When the green returns with time, How like a man winter never was (but in the epitaphs; footpaths a boy forged in snow so as to say I've been)

