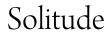
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Solitude

BY CHRISTINE CONDIT

Know, strong roots, know that not only earth is deep and vast, but hearts also.

Know, flowers, massed apart from the nourisher which lent you birth, earth, know that no matter how high you flourish in the sun's lone, intoxicating eye, you die. Freedom from the clinging earth is never quite given to you.

Know, self, know that never quite starts freedom from the clinging loves and hearts; though you reach with mighty grasp indeed toward the sun which is your solitude.