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Sleep

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SLEEP

My face is always the first part to leave my body
and wander off into the heavy darkness.

All of its bones folding up, growing thin as needles
and leaving the rest of the body behind.

Perhaps I go about with no head,
leaving footprints as if it were snowing.

Then I understand what the violin strings
have been telling me, why the grasses grow
so long in summer.

How the grasses have been teaching the sky
to move in little steps.