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Paul

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Paul

Mason Marrs

Said there was beauty here
Like none other he had seen,
That unrestricted sun,
That Appalachian gleam

Kept handy a glass pipe,
Lost soul in all the smokin'
But never paid the toll
'Til taut vein had awoken;

Blame pills from in the day
Or work going out East,
A farm'a poppy flower pays
An apostle's writings cease

To exist in such a place
So idyllic and so charming;
Surely smiling serpents
Conquered greater gardens