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@123RF nothing **compares** to your hands, nothing like the green - gold of your
eyy. My body is filled with you for days and days. You are the mirror of the night.
The violent flash of Lightning. The daupen of the earth. The hollow of your
armpity is my Shelter. My fingers touch your blood. All my joy is to feel life
spring from your flower- - fountaia that miué keeps to fill all the pathy of ney
nerves which are yours. 023RF