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# I Didn't Apologize to the Well

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*I Didn't Apologize to the Well*

I didn't apologize to the well when I passed the well,  
I borrowed from the ancient pine tree a cloud  
And squeezed it like an orange, then waited for a gazelle  
White and legendary. And I ordered my heart to be patient:  
Be neutral as if you were not of me! Right here  
The kind shepherds stood on air and evolved  
Their flutes, then persuaded the mountain quail toward  
The snare. And right here I saddled a horse for flying toward  
My planets then flew. And right here the priestess  
Told me: beware of the asphalt road and the cars  
And walk upon your exhalation. Right here  
I slacked my shadow and waited, I picked the tiniest  
Rock and stayed up late. I broke the myth and I broke.  
And I walked around the well until I flew from myself  
To what isn't of it. A deep voice shouted at me:  
This grave isn't your grave, so I apologized.  
I read verses from the wise holy book, and said  
To the unknown one in the well: salaam upon you the day  
You were killed in the land of peace, and the day you rise  
From the darkness of the well alive!