

## **Digressions Literary Magazine**

Volume 2 Winter 2005

Article 6

1-1-2005

Almost

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## **Recommended Citation**

Cuneo, Maire (2005) "Almost," *Digressions Literary Magazine*: Vol. 2 , Article 6. Available at: https://nsuworks.nova.edu/digressions/vol2/iss1/6

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Almost

I've been slayed by subtle intricate daring things that you do or wish you could not suppositions, but the longing I see lurking behind your eyes eyes that once shone special For me eyes that crippled me with their Hungry, yet adoring gaze You went traveling one day packed up your eyes and ran away I was left with nothing then a gift fell down and split my head – You had managed to scrawl on paper our lil' feat -The time each one of us almost felt something good now that gift is typed and covered and the whole world can read about our almost affair

