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Still

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LIZ HARBAUGH

Still...

Waves rush relentlessly on, toward the shore,
Seeking just the caress of sand and shell
As if that touch transcends nature alone:
I throw my frenzied heart into your grasp.

The sea that violently crashes craves
Union with its eternal lover, the
Unmoving, unfeeling, simply still sand:
You still reject, with closed heart, my soul.

So, still my heart moves stubbornly to you,
Though dismissals and rebuffs are all I
Get, my mind and soul will never stop, think:
I am compelled, by love alone, to yearn.