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Ghazal for Paola

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because it feels so natural, and I can only hope that birds enjoy the feeling of being airborne as much as I do right now. As for the saying that your life flashes before your eyes before you die I would have to agree, as I am writing this, images of my life continue to flash in my mind as if a silent movie of clips and flashbacks were playing. I see myself as a child being hugged by my mother, I see my father crying at his dad’s funeral and my first love, the one that got away, smiling at me. I only miss the feeling of not knowing when my life will end because according to my watch and calculations the life of Barnaby Stevens will end right…

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Gone are the fearsome flames, slashing, piercing blades of heart
Where once reigned despair within, now rests only gratitude

Lost are the anxieties, fits and flights of terror fancy
Fear flows not through these veins, I’m breathing only gratitude

Loss and loss, that future loss, fighting always dread foresight
But now I walk the long road calm, singing only gratitude

I will not doubt, nor anger send, nor leave words soft unspoken
I will give my eyes, and she will find, in them only gratitude

I’ll not curse my stars, nor lament, the coldness of the depths
And as for God, I have no questions, my soul is only gratitude.