

99 WRITING

Globes

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TYPE
POETRY

many places all at once
never been there
but in my dream I
smell and see
everything around me, stone and
wood in this
city of mine, but oh
my reality comes back, so far away and
still at my
fingertips, mountains and hills
bumps on a
paper, names on an absent
circle, almost deceptive
but still I am in
my kitchen all
alone