

Oh peach pit where'd the hours go
When your orange skin began to glow
From a hanging branch in gardens home
Not much is hidden underneath
A rocky heart for breaking teeth
And apple cores cyanide seed

It's been a long season through
All this rotting fruit with you
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Lift back and see the darkness hid
Swallowed up an angled in
Looking back at sweetness dim
Ripe June had leaf and shady friend
The cool air is gone again

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