

Photos of ghosts

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Black roses laced with silver
By a broken moon.
Ten million stars
And the whispered harmonies of leaves.
We werer these.
Beside a dried up fountain
Lie five dusty tomes
With faded pasted pictures
Of love's reverie.
Across each cover is written,
"Herein are Photos of Ghosts"
Of ghosts, of ghosts,
Of the days we ran and the days we sang.