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**periwinkle moves**

i want fields  
of purple daisies  
saffron tears  
and turquoise tangerines  
soft earth and crackling sky  
to keep my hand moving  
i want morning stories,  
songs of stolen glory  
i want sweetest day  
i want the moon  
i want to sweep up the stars,  
drop them in my pocket  
and keep my hand moving

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