

And apropos of nothing

By Holly Lisle

Another poem I dug off my hard drive, this one really short. Wrote it for a character that I have not yet used, back on June 6, 1999. It will eventually go into the book that I'm working around the character that sprang from this poem, but here's the poem, well in advance.

EPITAPH OF A LOVE

*Any life so bursting at the seams
Must be replete with joy,
He said,
So he moved in.*

And now he does not like the clutter.

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