

Gold in Shadow

William Fitzsimmons

So like your father in face undone
Terrified in cold
In this ... promming the river cleansing fire
for you

You had your filthy and ...
still unseen in time
I ... these killing hands could ...
still human

I want to be changed from
shadow in the tomb
like water rushing over us
the tide pulls from the moon

your mother passing over silver moon
or this size to come
this ... will ...every see
from here

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