Longing

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Longing

By Agda Gronbech

A QUIET wind stirs fireflies in the night;
Somewhere a cricket sings;
Above dark trees one star is gleaming mistily.

I cannot leave my thoughts of you
To follow where the cricket leads, or fireflies light
the way.
Reaching out my hand for yours,
I find cool grass—
Solace for emptiness.

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