

## **Burning Blue**

The carnival lights  
still burn bright  
within the eyes,  
when the taunting aisles  
of snow crystals white,  
smile behind high-rise  
. . . windows of the sky . . .

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~ the illusion so inviting ~

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~ the promise so enticing ~

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they tease behind  
. . . their gates every time . . .

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we dig inside  
our pockets  
for the seconds  
of bliss that  
. . . we might buy . . .

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we dig inside  
our pockets,  
for we  
do not like  
. . . to fantasize . . .

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So many moods  
from  
which to choose:

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~ yellow ~

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~ red ~

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~ gray ~

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~ or blue ~

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and they all  
seem to bring  
. . . different views . . .

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They all  
seem to bring  
. . . adventures new . . .

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Merry-go-rounds  
. . . spin into the clouds . . .

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~ round and round ~  
. . . falls up and down . . .

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till the only tickets left  
. . . litter the ground . . .

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till no more coins  
. . . can be found . . .

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and we are  
left to crave  
the faraway places  
that still remain,

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-

beyond the runways  
of the journeys  
we could not afford  
to take today.