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# *Poetree*

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I once knew  
a man with a typewriter  
in his backpack (and a savage white  
drum in his hand), writing 50 lines of  
poetry every day (asking questions on  
display). “Why do trees whisper  
lost words in the wind?”

As

a

last  
comment  
he would  
always say,  
“Welcome back  
to civilization, sir/madam.”