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A poem about following an impulse.

A quick window

Through a quick window things fly

in and out without telling you what

they are about. From a distance it is

fun, but nearer it's to close to the sun.

Like a newsagent it is urgent to

catch and run, but it could also be fun.

When you are chasing bugs among

coffee mugs there is a relieving message.

If there was a thief there would not be

a breath of air. Where you find the quick window

there is always a breeze.

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