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### **Miracles**

The sunset slows down the evening,  
with the soft scent touching the world.  
Engaging the part and doubts,  
wherever the heart depends on the roots.

Mentions the sparkle,  
of the high grass on Earth.  
Morning will come,  
with its softness of the sun.

Hear the sweet murmurs,  
of the birds that awake.  
Feel where the light,  
oh so gentle touch your skin like feathers.

Appreciate the feeling of a new wonderful day,  
where miracles will come.

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