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Poets

blooming over Yorkshire
& the ruined abbeys
of old,
ancient and gray are your words
dead dying are sacred angels watching over your grave
Yorkshire has had its fair share of poets
dead and deceased like the stone
of the Abbeys
blooming over Yorkshire was her own destroyed
life
in the mist and on the moors
were her precious lifes death
and the pen running over the paper
with Italian hand,
writing O and dear and poems,
letters to lovers lost

dead poets
heard no more

"the carriage held just ourselves and immortality"

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