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Her.

Where art thou my godess, my muse;
When thought hath spun its web and night done its abuse?
In what constellation doth thou hide,
For it seems I've searched them all and in neither found clandestine truth,
So when heaven beckons, a sordid life, a thwarted youth,
To whom do I hold my allegiance when thine essence clammers to my doom?

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