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\* holy is this scene  
this situation where people steep  
in their very juices  
and babble as though there were words  
to light upon their thought  
it is not a miracle  
to believe  
it is not a sacrament  
to grieve  
but let us thoroughly imbrue  
the morning with ecstasy, and ~~thyme~~ crumbs  
it is not a lever or fulcrum  
to pry, but try  
to see that everything is sacred  
in its own right and all profane  
in its own eyes

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