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## Untitled

Robert Gruenwald  
*College of DuPage*

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So now  
    my friend  
our ways long parted  
I stand near the edge of a new life.  
Last I heard you were in Mexico.  
Dancing is the southern breeze  
through the hair and past the eyes  
blending serenely with the sky's deep azure.  
    Last I saw, felt,  
                    breathed deep your fragrance  
Was not some festival  
                    but on the mountain of sand  
                    Watching the sun go down  
and down.  
But with every twilight  
                    (After a long, restless night)  
Comes a New Morn  
Confused  
Fragmented  
Frightened wonderfully and naked;  
  
My final thoughts are of you.

—Robert Gruenwald