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I grew like a tree Open to the sky Hoping for a streak

Of Wind knocked me down

To start over

In silence

Watching the world grow At my feet

With its weeds and pests To face again

My need to know If heaven and I are

Of the same subject matter Of suns and stars

With its weeds and pests.

**Sat Arhat José Marcelli  
April 1, 2009**[**www.redgfu.net/jmn**](http://www.redgfu.net/jmn)

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