

aloft among almonds

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aloft alone alongside the almond
 blossoms pink to aloofness —
 branches sway and bend
under my crack twig weight
 break and shower a heft
 of sweetly snow and tuft —
a springtime of budding bare branch
 and new fruit fertile
 hears the sun call
 pull and beckon to bee —
no she shall find me here in the tree
 no bird shall see and singing cease alone
 aloft aloof among almonds