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Friends in the Universe

Those I know have all grown old, my scattered friends.
The snow is getting rusty in Sweden, from the other side of the globe
brief electronic messages buzz in: there's a fire, or else
there isn't. No news is news anymore, they've heard it all -
my tired friends.

Memories are the only news we are still
curious about. We approach them without doubt,
yet carefully. As back on our street, when we taught
a stray cat, black with white paws, to eat from our hands.
Though she was hungry, she'd smell our rings first.

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