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On Alicia's Birthday

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On Alicia's Birthday

Strolling after lunch I saw a vulture sailing overhead while a leaf began to fall.

The same gusts which the vulture dizzied to such airy heights snatched the leaf from beaten stem. Sure

you feel tripped up, torn by time. We all stand in the wind all day. Not one to give advice, I'm

thinking you could spread your wings and soar across the drafts or descend golden, peacefully tumbling.

-Chris Million '02