

Poetry

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Many things I have learned,
Nevertheless, not all do I understand.
Many joys I have discerned,
Nevertheless, not all fully grasped by hand.

Many things come quickly by,
Nevertheless, still remain unseen.
They come and go, reluctant to lie,
Disappearing like a dream.

I see, but do not stare,
Nevertheless, I still hold hope.
I breathe, though in thin air,
Nevertheless, I wish to cope.

Am I truly here?
Nevertheless, I'm uncertain.
Though in doubt, in tranquility I'm present,
Mindful and secure.

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