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Seattle World School | 11th Grade

Out of the Corner of My Eye

Out of the corner of my eye
I saw daffodils begin a life again
On bare parts of my skin
I felt the moisture of
ground touching clouds
I took a glance at an amber bowl
perhaps filled with the pure water
from the sky
The smell of what's coming has memories,
different for each soul.



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Samar Abulhassan was the supporting WITS writer in residence.