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Hummer

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Hummer

The girl hummed softly to herself.
She had hummed in this house
For weeks now I couldn't count,
And sometimes the humming called sweetly.

Death cannot come as a young girl humming.
Not in my house.
Yet the humming is sometimes intense
And it calls low or high.
No, death is a dirty old man,
Not an innocent hummer.

Am I to tell her to leave
Because she hums too sweetly?

JUNE HUNTER