Thunder at Midnight

by Rabbit Angstrom

One day there will be highlighted at midnight a few things. Daffodils that go straight in the loving kind of wind, that don't bend when God touches down at right angles.

I found nothing for me through his door and knew it was meant for me.

I couldn't bear to receive what was the godly answer: distance that the gift of darkness would be. This was mine but I've had it to here you see.

Sugar would heal the wound, if it were so good, if it were so heavenly. If rabbits were so good, so kind, so swift in the memory as fleet darkness.

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