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# Franz Wright

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## Kindness

There is a place where  
even music is no longer  
necessary  
where I  
am always  
high

Where words are before somebody utters them  
where leaves are before there are leaves  
and where these friends  
who never leave me  
come from

No rest  
for the  
blessed

No poison envy  
lushly clinging  
and growing  
around the  
house twittering  
darkening  
everything

I will come to you memory shining

This body  
is not me