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# Monica Four

a poem by Timothious Clayton Smith

I keep all the things you write me.  
Your notes and little greetings.  
Each is apoem in its self.  
They make me laugh and always put a smile on my face.  
Each one cries out with how much you love me.  
With each word I know more deeply how much you love me.  
Each is a precious as a new flower.  
I thank you for loving me and just being you.