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Epiphany

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Whatever I know, to her I owe,
her stamp is in each word I say.
She moulded me, I was raw clay.
She enlightened and helped me grow,
affected mind's perception each,
whatever my writing, whatever speech.
She gave me rains to be drenched,
a thirst that won't ever be quenched.

Time is a healer, yet a cruel thing.
She made me worldly wise and then,
I left her marooned, just like other men.
I forgot the songs, to me she did sing.
She might have cried but never revealed,
I overlooked whether or not she was healed
of the neglect flickered on her face;
while the clock kept ticking at its pace.

Silent, stranded, and one of many,
'on-shelf', now untouched for years,
in isolation, she must be shedding tears,
neglected, yet potent of epiphany,
with hopelessness indefinite in eyes,
she waits for an ultimate demise,
wears now a much graver look,
once she was a beloved book.

"To Each Book I Have Read"