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Hindsight

Of all the men I've left
I still love you the best.
Though I've hated you
at times so much
I was afraid of such
fierce emotion,
it's you I think of in my deepest solitude,
you who fill my heart and soul with devotion.
Now that I feel life
falling through my fingers
like the white beach-sand,
I will treasure the good moments with you,
the passionate, pure, unconditional love
that still lingers.
I was your woman,
you were my man
and we walked together
for many a day.