

By Salman Khalid

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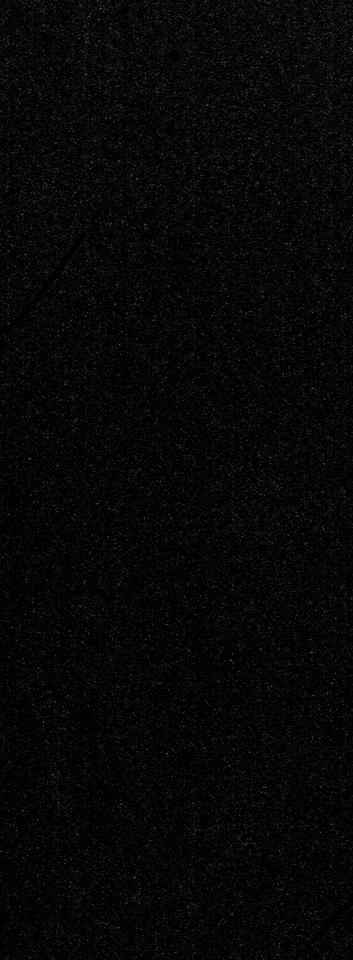
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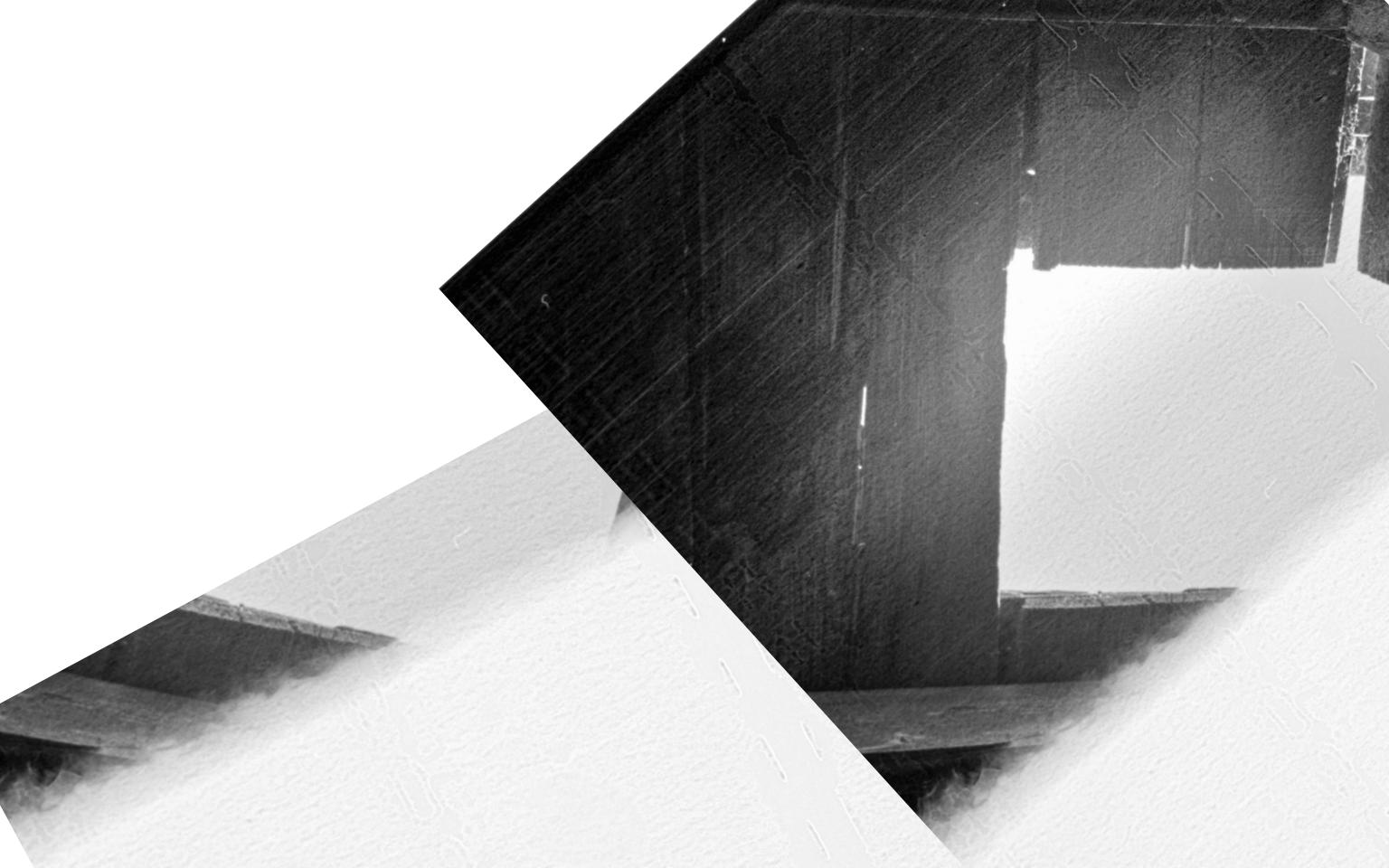
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Published in Toronto, Ontario, Printed in common

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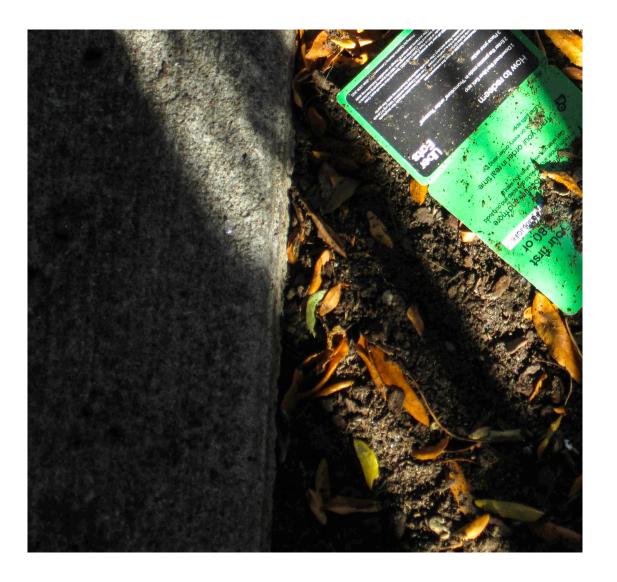
























It dawned on me. The roses wouldn't bloom. All that time I wasted watering plastic flowers. I realize now the mud and sweat gave me the only life I could have wanted.

I tried to mourn my loss on my commute to work-but my head was already filled. My thoughts slowly sank into memory. The must of wheat filled my nose.

I missed when the powerlines were just for show. The city is so loud; you can hardly hear the wind

in the midst of my stupor I missed my stop. I wanted to escape.



