

**Interview in any Refugee Camp
(for the Six O'clock News)**

no hoarded treasure
can be found
in the caché of my memory
which empties as you gather
the coins that spill, for the departed
bear no gifts and fewer grudges
even when the burden of spite
grows greatest, and just
as each bud yearns
and stretches most
towards the light
that feeds it
I too grow pale
and wither
here

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