

## **The Story**

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Like dragging a whale  
Back into the ocean  
This is not an easy task  
Drowning in a sea of possibilities  
Losing consciousness  
For weeks it seems  
Plucking the hairs  
From my dreams  
To weave into a tapestry  
Of an imagination  
Running rampant  
Into a spiral  
The pen writes the words  
The mouth doesn't dare speak  
And a story is born