

Bewilderment and anguish

Sonnets

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Sometimes I get dazzled
watching the sun go down.
Sometimes I get distressed,
without knowing why.

Sometimes the afternoon is for me,
as if it were the end:
the end of this life strange,
which both smoothes and scratches.

Or the end of a joy
and the beginning of an agony,
with no reason.

Sometimes the afternoon
leave me a coward
wanting to die.

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