

## That Wind Was Young.

A young wind  
rips down the back lanes,  
its strength  
free-styling across rooftops,  
its life breath  
coloured with graffiti.

Voice, echoes  
cross red brick  
hip hop and bass beat;  
a thousand dying leaves  
now living, dip and dart,  
slithering sigmoid  
along the path.  
That wind was young.

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