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**The Dead of Ludwigsburg**

Through haze of distance on a day  
when sun strives with gray cloud  
and the sky struggles to be blue,  
nineteenth century brownstones  
are locked in contemplation  
of leaves that strike the ground  
like Requiem bells.

Notes tumble from branches  
that let them go reluctantly,  
as a man lets his years go—  
but they go, a crunchy path.

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