

## Ancient Castles

Written by Burton Beerman

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She handed me a Rose  
For this ageless vision  
For this journey wanted by all  
But experienced by few  
we were bravely starting over together  
kissing the past  
But massaging the future  
The sky turns gray  
Awaiting my death  
Like buzzards over a newly dropped carcass  
So I must hurry to the goodness  
To the warm, fruitful sounds  
To the good things that CAN happen to good people  
If they wait or live long enough.