

stopping to look at the field of beautiful wildflowers

he laughs at me because i wanted to take it all in.

he laughs even more finding out i do not know their proper names.

i ask him specifically which ones

he replies those flowers

any of those flowers.

ah now i know their names...

those flowers.

it occurs to me that it is one thing to be ignorant

and entirely another thing to be trapped in it.

those flowers.

wf.h.

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