



“As soon as a man leaves his house
he has seven enemies”

An original poem from the writings of:

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Haikus of Home

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Oceans deep abyss
danger lurking all around
always one bigger

Rivers wind down hills
fish against those same current
also they are food

Lakes still and silent
clear as a polished crystal
hiding are Gungan

Grand buildings reach high
markets busy selling wares
fine silks and rare finds

Rolling hills meet sky
glades of green as far as sight
and I know I'm home