



1999

Cinquain

Allison Hume

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*“To protect and give shade
Till you were done.
In its bows you were made
You were its son.*

*Round roots were full of life,
Now square now dead.
No more to live in strife.
'I'm proud,' she said.”*

Allison Hume

Cinquain

The sound

Many angels

Harmonize into one

Proclaiming the arrival of

I AM