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The Death of Taurus

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McDONALD

The Death of Taurus

I cross the bay at mid-night,
I shave myself at noon;
I build a fire at three o'clock,
For I am dying soon.

I praise the color green,
MY favorite number four,
My Persian cat, Eileen,
Nothing more.

I am going on my way.
(To where, I do not know)
I only wish that it were May;
I go.