Lost
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A snowflake falls - touches your hand, and in an instant gone.

Or the fall leaves turn colors - then brown, only to fall and be taken away.

Lost loves are frequent - too frequent, yet after time are overcome, replaced.

But what of lost friends - friendships, not to quarrels or death, but much less.

Once the closest of friends - so many members, and now only strangers with unrecognizable eyes.

Lost over time, contact replaced - replaced with promised letters, phone calls, visits.

Just like that single tear - quickly swept away by a momentary brush of the hand.