

# the Land of Forgiveness



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In the land of forgiveness

There is no one eyed man

There is no king

The heart, vulnerable and warm

Is the embrace with open arms

Pure conversations with the highest intention become the order of the day. There is no judgement nor is there a point that needs to be made. All there is are words strung up together in hopes of validation

In the land of the blind we know who to be king, yet in the land of forgiveness we all serve the same purpose. We are all Kings and Queens alike.

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