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Nostalgia for a place I can just about remember, perhaps for a time before I was even born. Perhaps a memory handed down in stories told by elders. Or perhaps a fable I have read in a book, a dream transcribed. In the water, a sunken library of longing. In a river, in droplets of morning dew, the world opened...revealed the word *perhaps*. I said the words, 'a yearning to belong...'