

# Out of the Familiar

by  
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Out of the familiar  
The unfamiliar born  
Only to become the familiar  
From which new wonders grow.

In time  
All things familiar  
All we think we know  
And see  
And hear  
Is revised--  
Made new again.

And in this glorious newness past,  
We weep.  
We stand exposed  
Before ourselves  
And bask in the familiarity of it all.

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