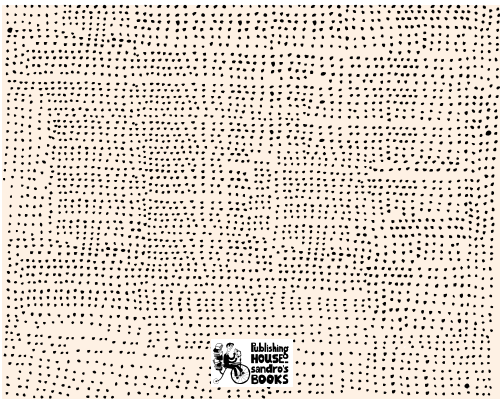
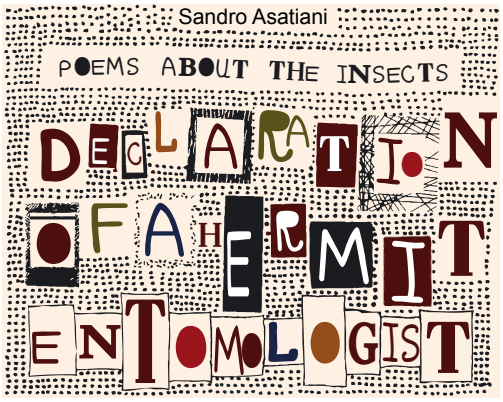


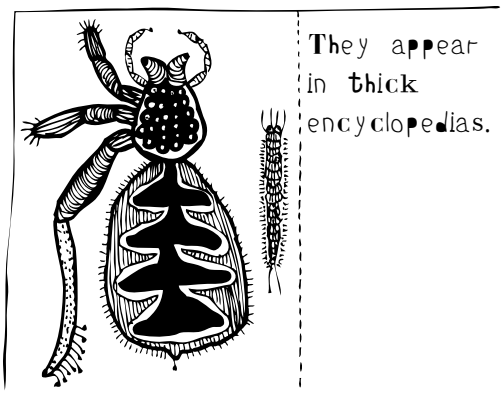

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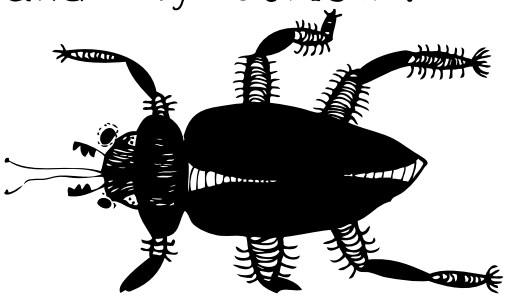
**Poems about the insects**

# Declaration of a hermit entomologist

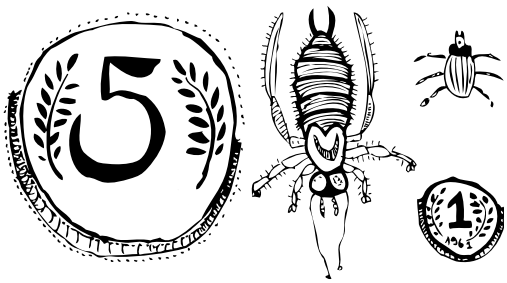
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They are strange
and mysterious.

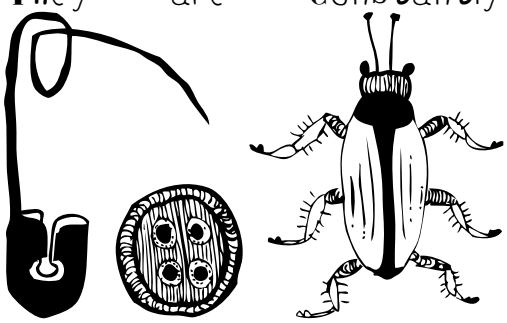


Time is a very important

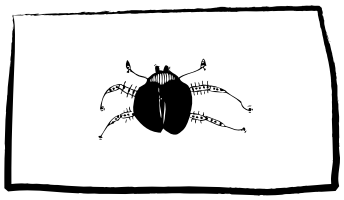


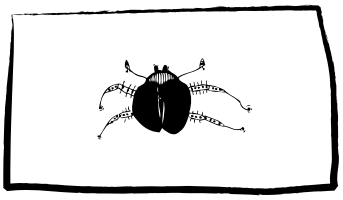

factor for them.

They are constantly

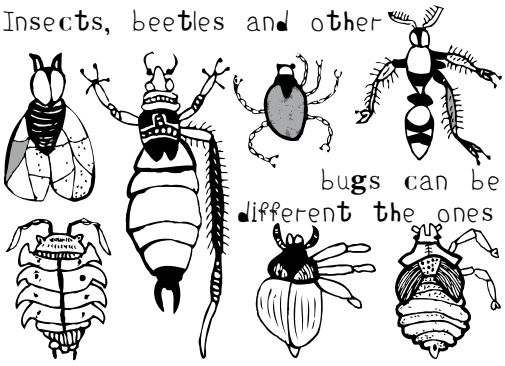


fighting for survival.



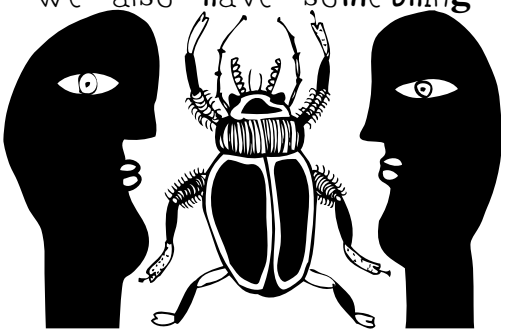


Insects, beetles and other



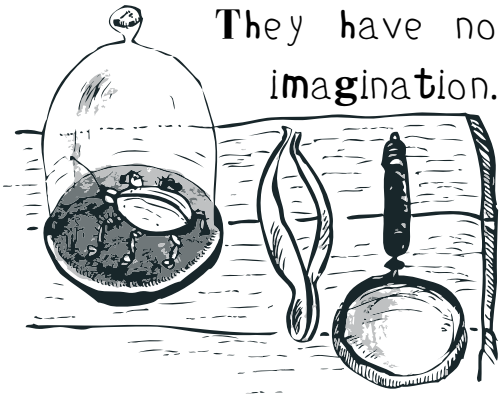
bugs can be different the ones from the others, but...

We also have something



of insects.

They have no imagination.



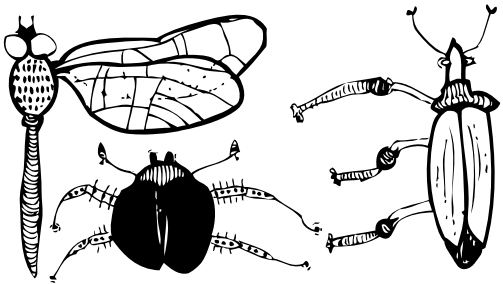


They are the smallest pieces of our universe.

They eat garbage

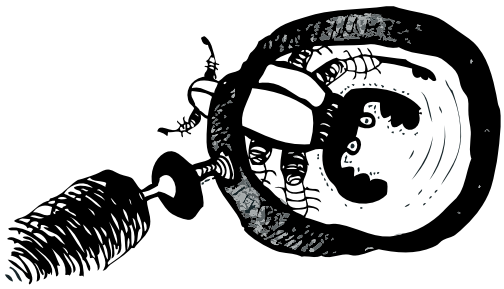


and carrion.



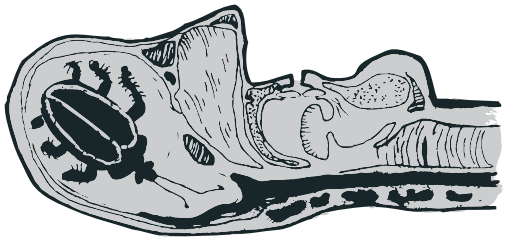
grow and grow, they still stay very small.

They born tiny. Even if they grow,

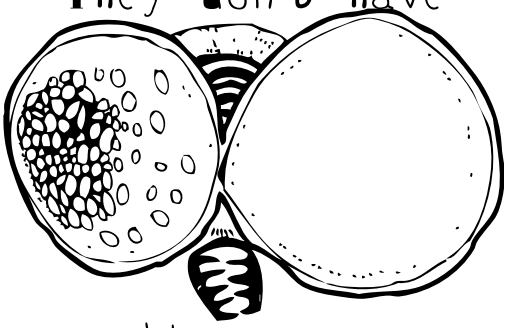


They never write letters.

They don't have dreams.



They don't have



blue eyes.