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THE HUMAN HEART

Doctors say a human heart
Tells how we lived and died.
But not how much we loved in life,
Or cared, or laughed, or cried.

To measure hearts physically,
On wear and tear alone,
Misses all the good in life,
Our friends, our work, our home.

So here's to what they cannot see,
Nor weigh, nor touch, nor test.
Here's to why we rise each day,
To live and love with zest!

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