so that

Stephen A. Rozwenc

so that
the land mines would become begging bowls
filled with nectar
held aloft from their graves
by the cupped hands of the dead

so that
the one-legged children would wrap
their detached limbs in smoldering cheesecloth
and offer them to the starved wolves
for food

so that
the cunning hole in the ozone layer
would become the mouthless ego
that swallows itself whole

so that

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