for you I'll write

Stephen A. Rozwenc

for you I'll write
like primeval oceans
hung with swollen voices
that are not from the future
or the past or the present
but from the time
that remembers all
that will ever happen

I'll recall
how vaulted cliffs accept
a suckling wave and its golden dolphins
dancing and spraying directions
to the sheerest nectar
of never poisoned seas
like ancient mirages of bees

I'll laugh
with the dazzling moonlit children
as they sing and sway
in pretend disguises
that always dive
for the unconditional

I'll never forget
when the befuddled humans
flowed from midnight's crack of evil
and leaked their increasing prime rate

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that increased their crime rate
against my imagined baby whales

I'll know
each moment breaking open
like the phosphorous eggs
in the full moon tides
promises we will always return
to for one more
harmonic