

Prime

Marnie Stern

I made a start
Looked back just once.
Rebels of the frontier,
I can make it make sense.
Defenders of the real,
All I can see are dolphins.
I feel close to them
And no one else.
Road to nowhere,
Point of no return,
Stream of consciousness
He was just one.
Like a prime number,
He was devoid of plus.
He looked up waited, so frustrated.
I am vanishing into the trees
Defenders get onto your knees
Defenders get onto your knees

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