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Decresendo Moon

By Phoebe Krumich

Hold your breath and dive up into sky, Fathoms above, you talk of love, In winds and waves of cloudy maze, Thoughtless, breathless, in a haze.

Swim on and seek lost ecstasy— A love-lost fish on rolling seas Of cumulous cloud lucidity— Believing your own fecundity.

Uncover clouds of deep desire, Rife with love you can't acquire, That half-moon burning stolen fire. Realize everyone's a liar.

Deeper, steep in dark defeat, Thunder deafening up to the depths, Echoing Icarus and Earhart's dreams, And add to theirs your tumbling screams.