For…(a poem I’ll write for the rest of my life)

For Maria Alicia Rocha Lim first

When asked, “what’s it for?”
say,

For death
’Til then
For the molecules we lose
And where they go
Say for life
For it all
The faces we’ve seen
The bodies we’ve passed
And passed on

For the suffered
For those now
With empty bellies
And hearts the size of hunger
And as persistently growing
For the joyous
For those who somehow
Smile amongst the bereaved
And offer all when there’s nothing
So sound they silence

For the addicted
To the things man makes
To keep his family in cages
Whether through love or drug
They’re interchangeable
Matter of fact for love
For what it does and what it can’t do
For the tide of it
The swell
And the return

Matter of fact for hate
And for the death of it
For when it is absolved
For being a product of loss
And the consumer of minds
For the mind
The way it grows
The synapses closed over time
And the firings that create
Both the real and the imaginary

For the real
For the sentient and the senses
For what is and isn’t
The ability to discern between
Here and what’s better
For what’s better
Whatever we think that is
It may not be better than this
But for the effort to make sure
For that too
For the imagined
   And those who dream
   Who see the real as unfinished
   And the dream as a blueprint
   Who improvise utopia
   For the Promised Land
       For the bounty we have to offer
       For the exchange and the barter
       For the money, but never for that
       So for the wealth, and never money

Still for what?

For the impossible phrase
   The cure we can’t find
   The inspiration that doesn’t exist
   And for the something we need
   But can’t define
   For the what
       The knowledge of not knowing
       For that being better than knowing
       And for the inexplicable noticed
       And for when we know

For so much
   For it all
   For you and for us
   For the abolishment of the I
   And for the permanent We
   For gravel
       And sand the time it took
       For walking upright
       Opposable thumbs
       And the wheel

For names and bodies
   The movements they make
   The slow roll of hips
   The pressure of lips
   And the rhetoric they spit
   Oh man for woman
       Self-defined and the future
       The fit and the puzzle we complete
       For the wisdom and whatever
       For everything she wants

For the child
   For mine and for the growing
   For the ignorant and appreciative
   Left alone in a cold world
   But kept warm by the lived
   For the end of this poem
       Whenever it comes
       For what it can’t include
       Which is everything but what’s here
       For the homage this is and can’t be

Marc Anthony Arena