

Begin the Counting

Crawl down inside yourself.
 Let go the rope. Drop quickly.
 As you fall to a water with no shore
 begin the counting backwards.
 Inside yourself things are reversed
 and below you in the ocean
 numbers have a strange glow.

In your wrists they speak
 words that wait for your arrival.
 Move your hands.
 Etch these words on your ribs.
 Carry them through the water
 to the bottom. It was there
 they were spoken. It is there
 you will speak them again.

Jim Zeigler

a question of surface

The moon calls her to the pool that ripples in the breeze. She walks down the stairs, walking, she is moving away from the moon to the water.

She blends into the pool as her body sits below the surface. She looks up through burning eyes and she sees the moon watching her.

Her body looks flat and round as she descends into the water. Her head pounds. Her face-blue glow grows as she waits, holding her breath.

She has been underwater before, waiting to swim off with fins and to breathe through gills. The moon will call her to the surface and she will look to it with fish eyes.

Christian Carl