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

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