

# A SWAMP CALLED MAMA

CON MURRAY

Sinking, drifting downward into the watery limbo,  
I wanted to wake up.  
The rain turned the yard into a swamp,  
The trees and flowers and grass drowning with me,  
Each tear of the sky like a needle on my skin.  
But then strong hands, calloused and gentle  
As only a father's could be,  
Fished me from the swamp,  
Pulled me onto the porch, out of the rain.  
The grey sheets of rain beyond the porch's canopy  
Drowned the grass and the flowers in a torrent,  
But my dad and I looked on, unable to pull all  
Out of the flood from the sky.  
The swamp would not let me go, though,  
And the porch collapsed,  
Briny water dragging me back downward,  
My fingers slipping from my dad's own hand,  
The swamp whispering that I'd be alright  
As I felt what it meant to drown.  
And then I was awake, gasping for air,  
Rolling off of a couch that smelled of dry bamboo and must.  
I was drowned in warmth from the sun, coming in through  
Windows too high for me to reach.  
Outside, I heard the voice of the swamp  
Coming to take me for her weekend.  
I think I'd rather go back to sleep.