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  
er her to the surface and she will look to it with fish eyes.  

Christian Carl

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