Sinking in the Sky Water

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Cover Page Footnote

This poem is available in The Angle: http://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol2003/iss3/6
I want to place you in front of me
floating on the water’s surface,
the surface where my dream
meets my reality.
I want to feel
the coolness of the
deep water blue ocean
around my sinking sand toes—
like refreshing liquid
pouring down my throat.
I want the fresh breeze
to sweep me from behind
knocking my momentum,
my freedom, my hands
into the glassy, rippling water.
I want to know how the power
of this water does not submerge me—
it is not confined in an ice cube,
it is not narrow as a stream,
it is not angry like rapid falls,
and it is not lost inside of me—
Instead, it is I who am lost
inside the contents
of this watery world.
I want to shut off the dying sun,
turn the cotton candy blue clouds
and butter cream yellow light
to darkness, and close my eyes
as the sea rises to the sky.

“Instead, it is I who am lost
inside the contents
of this watery world.”