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One day swimming with the fish in the ocean

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Cover Page Footnote
Ears filling with muffled silence.
Waves of water rest against smuggled sound.
My breathing, rhythmic into the snorkel
Overpowers the grains of salt, Cankering
The inside of my lips around my mouthpiece.

The sand beneath my toes;
Small rivers of the space left behind
Of A child who runs her fingers through the sand,
Buried beneath the water.

Little fish following my movements,
Protected between my feet, with the current
Bobbing our shelter for that moment.
Life caressing, two worlds becoming one.

Atlas
The world's on your shoulders
Do you shrug it off?
Will you ask for help?
If so, don't ask me.
I've got my own.