Learning to swim at the age of two in the backyard pool on a warm July day in the year of 1985, halfway between Fulton and Hannibal, upstate New York

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GEORGE POTTER

LEARNING TO SWIM AT THE AGE OF TWO IN THE BACKYARD POOL ON A WARM JULY DAY IN THE YEAR OF 1985, HALFWAY BETWEEN FULTON AND HANNIBAL, UPSTATE NEW YORK

Memory resonates like the ripple
Of water after your first dive—
On a past day passed counting
I learned to swim, or rather,
I remembered—
I remember swimming better
Than walking, my family
Exclaiming that I was born for swimming—
I was born from water into water
And in water I find tranquility—
The halcyon lives on the sea
The embodiment of tranquility,
Calm only when solitary—
Peace I find when alone,
A book in hand for hours uncounted,
The clock unheeded, diving deeper,
Holding my breath until the end—
I turn the pages once again,
Into the waters I descend.

JODI ROWLAND