

Cloudy Water
(thanks to Adam Mars-Jones)

I prefer not being able to see the bottom
though often I can sense, feel I have been there,
exercise imagination.
These are starfish & this is marble infinitely
pounded, smooth, soft.
That's how my skin is, weathered, beaten down now
but
so much in the fluid it's
transparent for reflections:
plankton, the fine, skeletally-elegant plush of
fins.
What seal noses, otter tails, gull images I touch.
I never quite sought
being mellow, considering it an erosion,
the mush-minded sentiments of sun country
propaganda. Why meditate
on a lotus unless you can make the thing
spring
on fire, invigorate it to the quick?
This element, however, has taught me deeper
sensuousness, a shivering which slumbers
to spread outward in ripples, concentric,
within.
It's a remission, such
slow hardly discernable swimming or to simply
lie back, buffered afloat, adrift.
Liquid fingers
do their business, scribbling some love letter
on a bare chest, a bare
back. Let the print
cover, caress the face, eyes, every inch
of flesh & the water go over, running off ink.
That's why it's so cloudy here: fathoms
of language, whispers written for a place
pain knows will eddy out, absolved
at the bottom, that
endless,
the beginning-less zone
of lips finding lips in
health & in sickness.