Swim Lessons

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Swim Lessons

I float, belly down. What floats can drown if weighted down with burdens lacking air.

Poseidon hears my heartbeat and drums upon his skin, the sea, to amplify the life-death rhythm heavy in my ears.

Whoever swims can suffocate. I’ll die if I breathe, unless I turn to look at sky.

So I will search out a shooting star and ask if I am really made of the same stuff as the sun.

And Queen Tethys will cradle me as if not carrying me out to sea, for it was she who birthed my first ancestor, who left her depths to breathe.

Like a star, I’ll die if I burn too much, and be dead if I don’t burn enough.

In between I’ll shed awe’s tears and remind myself of how a thousand tons of steel can float and a thousand pounds can fly if the first has plenty of air inside and the second wings and will to rise.

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