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## 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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