

leaden
and bouyant as body,
water floats
as ice,
transforming sensation
to a depth of skin
that fingers never probe

*lured by voices familiar
a child
its name spoken from
between the waves
floats*

 straining and adrift
towards an azure illusion
of long forgotten sails,
heavy and windless,
visioning exotic fruits in pots,
forbidden or not, ripening
beyond our reach,
and falling

*sightless amidst sparkles
its naked body
buoyant upon crescent waves
is folded into arms
and warmth*

 instantly submersed
into an extreme numbing consciousness
flailing impulses are quickly subdued
amongst reeds and laurel green rocks,
as all extremities seek ground
at an unknown depth
calling into play
intuitive prostrate strokes
that in repetitive motion
sustain by seizure and release

*bright amongst smiles
excited to escape - it is cast
upon a jubilant trajectory
amidst sun and planets
and gravity*

 and swell upon within,
- while shearing breath
of its willful pulse -
those scarlet spheres,
chosen for their tenderness
and fragrance,
and inspiring a dilution of universe
beyond the milky way
to thoughts of elements
and- a life without end

*then slipping through hands
flailing and shattering
as a bubble of mercury
to sink upon
a water's depth*

 only to submerge again
to lack of understanding,
of questioning,
of repetition,
of constant change,
seeking both the vulnerable
pendant weight of blood, skin
and fraudulent phthalo kisses,
and the succulent body's refrain
to place itself
into water's gentle hand

the once playful moment
as mother eyes father
disappears
to inner fears
unknown to speech

hollow words express thunder
then shut out
an unfulfilling urge
to suck upon repulsive
flooding and torrid waters

into such depth
yearning arms grasp
and surface the child unto breath
giving ablution into realms of life
and unto hope

sensation radiates warmth
titillating stones and little fish
to boil in the sweeping surf
again glistening to joy
and light

exciting buds to surface
upon sight, heat and kindness,
spoken words and purrs,
and exposing the weightless chroma
of the soul

and so bourne
within dissolving emeralds,
elements of warmth and cold,
light and dark,
calm and turbulent,
waves and bodies resonant
to the prime need to touch
and to be touched

cresting upon a rising spirit
excited by the wanton intimacy
of eyes and mind,
and whose saffron torch,
sweating salts,
crystalizes cells to seed
fashioning coral flowers
consenting and essential
towards an inner baptism
of water onto blood

an intercourse of sorts
it refrains for an instant,
passing to vertical
lungs up, legs down,
pointing at a centre
from where gravity inhales,
and breath,
emerging from celestial elements
and a synoptic reality,
exhales

relying upon
an ability to float,
to rise and surface,
and ultimately to swim
beyond the pull,
the flow of cerulean waters,
and abandon the moment to dive
its sepia shadow

and hover the turbulent depth
of a deep indigo vat,
whose chromatic movement
and specific gravity
gel towards an equilibrium
of weightlessness,
forever turning

its tawny body,
amongst mint and olives,
drowning darkness
to percolate upon
a cerulean glade
and answer its heliotropic urge
towards light and warmth