

THE DEPTHS

She likes to swim at night
When the moon illuminates
The crest of the waves
And the water is deep and dangerous and high
She likes the power of the sea
To take and to save
And submits herself to it
Relinquishes the will
To live or to die
She lies still like the dead
And lets it take her home
To a place where her soul
Isn't alone
Family and history
Bubble beneath the surface
Struggling for breath
Searching for purpose
She is drifting farther
To endless night
She is weary and wired
A bird in flight
Ears filled with foam
find a rhythm of their own
The depths are not silent
But a cacophony
Of hope
and despair
And memory