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## Beached

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I fall below bubbles  
Gurgling toward different skies.  
My shadow  
Glides above silver fish  
And soft green stones.  
I float in a parade,  
Gently drifting.  
Hair, dancing slowly,  
Sways around my eyes.  
Rolling over, I see  
The sun bend its milky rays.  
All is calm beneath  
This translucent blanket.

But, my heart  
Taps, knocks, then pounds  
Against its lungs.  
To the surface I wiggle.

Hair matted to my brow,  
The sun,  
With its hot broad hand,  
Smacks my neck and shoulders.  
I thrash and squirm  
To stay afloat,  
Coarsely catching the air  
That holds me to its shore.  
A thudding motor  
Dragging a snaking skier  
Sends the message home.

Saline blood replenished,  
I fall into deep  
Emerald green harmony,  
Under the suns gentler hand.

But soon comes a long moment,  
And I wiggle back to shore.

*Chris Dealy*