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Seabed

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Seabed

I walk on water, like he did, but he knew that below the stormy surface fish rested on the bottom. My world is waves and foam and Neptune's mythic storms. I can only plumb the depths in thoughful submarines filled full of air.

In the next aeon
I will cease to choke on air
and sink below the surface,
as deep as the world's foundation,
to find that
I am a fish.

Judson B. Curry