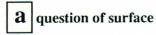
B egin the Counting

Crawl down inside yourself. Let go the rope. Drop quickly. As you fall to a water with no shore begin the counting backwards. Inside yourself things are reversed and below you in the ocean numbers have a strange glow.

In your wrists they speak words that wait for your arrival. Move your hands. Etch these words on your ribs. Carry them through the water to the bottom. It was there they were spoken. It is there you will speak them again.

Jim Zeigler



The moon calls her to the pool that ripples in the breeze. She walks down the stairs, walking, she is moving away from the moon to the water.

She blends into the pool as her body sits below the surface. She looks up through burning eyes and she sees the moon watching her.

Her body looks flat and round as she descends into the water. Her head pounds. Her face-blue glow grows as she waits, holding her breath.

She has been underwater before, waiting to swim off with fins and to breathe through gills. The moon will call her to the surface and she will look to it with fish eyes.

Christian Carl