

~ under the sea ~

i return to that riddim
under the sea
often.

coral reefs part and
the bed is indented
with foot grooves.
sunken to a shape
that knows me.

little fish scuttle
briefly
before rolling their eyes
and remembering that
i am not a guest here.

i am melted ice
tiny particles that travel
at the speed of light
an inhalation of
chemical reactions
an exhalation of
lungs —

i return.

to dat riddim
dat riddim
dat riddim
under the sea.

carrying big belly laughs
murmured sugar and
the ecstasy of these celestials' zenith
in a clamshell.

i tell myself i'll prise it
open
when i'm richer
when i'm freer
when i'm healed.

but i can only bury this pearl
so deep and
so many times before
it stops growing
and the clamshell births only
emptiness.