

in the kelp forest

the first time she finds herself among brown strands
between fear and wonder floating in this other world of
upside down a place a person could wed herself to so much
dank silence beyond her breath the gentle murmur of
limbs in suspension their arc and splay there's no
peace like this in the dry country she's like a body in a jar at
the lab but keeps her Dutch colours sliding her mind
through slender lengths of weed fabric-like plastic-like
part translucent part shine like nothing else but kelp her
restless hair goes on its own pulsing journey she forgets
for blissed moments she can't breathe here this isn't air
waves nudge overhead it's like any place almost visited
say a city say Seville and she talks half-seriously half
what-if of how she might live here the kelp wafts in
welcome displays its tentacles as she refuses neoprene
longs for kelp's beckon and touch longs to pass as a local
a strange fish for sure but one who could belong