

Ways of Entering

Over and over we shook
hands with the water,
convinced we were meeting
for the very first time.
Watching the extent of the
sea as it deadened
into deeper blue, we spoke
of many things: ugliness,
 entrapment,
fixity. There was
a pronounced difference: between choosing
not to move and
not being able.
You say like water,
what holds me defines me. Moon Island bound,
you were a goat denied its eyes.
You did not care how red the sea was if we
could not turn,
walk away from it.
We debated
—with little drive for discovery—
why they called it Red,
and how many other
things did they neglect
to call that as well; hours, deserts, everything.
I want to say I feel like a clown when
 I swim, touch, writhe
but instead I ask: How
were you as a child?
I am becoming a clown.
When it is dark, we find a way
to turn the sea to granite
and turn our backs on it.
We lie on undressed concrete,
fluorescent green lovingly entering our
eyes. As I am asking some other question,
the sky punctures itself,

dangles a pink net from its edges
into which we step willingly.

When I am closest to your body I stop
seeing it as I do; in an instance as paste,
in an instance as caged manic. When
we were in the desert, it was difficult to find
the end of things. Here, someone asks:

Is it like this every night?

But the night does not answer.