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The Swimming Pool

Tricia Marcella Cimera

I am swimming

in a swimming pool

in the midst of a forest green

growing tangled and exotic

a pool made of cool mosaic tile

not natural but intrinsic

I am alongside many fishes

whose names I can't recall

like them I am kinetic, aquatic

insects are humming, buzzing

and churring

melodic hypnotic

I swim through blue water

wet outside, wet inside

wet through and through, erotic

the water begins churning, roiling

fish growing fierce, giving chase

wild and chaotic

I flee from the fish but am caught

we struggle, demonic

then the water is calmly still again

smooth as milk cream, a tonic

opening my mouth wide I drink,

swallow taste euphoric

floating on my back, I see the sky,

see the swimming pool inverted

blue sky water, fish cloud-darting erratic

there I am, am I still swimming?

It washes over me in a wave frenetic

I know what these fish are called

I know that I cannot swim, then

one moment of gasping panic

turns ecstatic, stretching on and on,

stretching on, just like elastic

one lap in the swimming pool

of mystic