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The Swimming Pool

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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

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