

Wilderness House Literary Review 9/4

Angela Luo
H2O

there is no solace in this context,
yes, I swim the shores
to look for the man with the etched frown
who leaves me goodbye
drowning.
this here is my part
to sink into mine own confinements,
where I found some faceless seaweed
pulled down.
yesterday was twenty laps,
that is two times ten times one,
one, one, one,
with too many ones I threw it up
the water splashing down,
so now I am really drowning,
me in the water, actually,
yes, my heart is heavy
and lost all vestiges
of my rusted rumination,
which now I forgot
when I caught my first fish,
my only one,
when there was oxygen in the water.