

# Resurfacing

by Dan S.

I'm at the bottom of the pool, face down.

I'm but a heartbeat, I've some air left inside.

At times I turn, look upward and see a vague shimmer

Then, fearful, I roll back, tempted to purge my lungs.

But I fight back and look again, seeing something familiar,

Not sure yet what it is, but wanting to remember.

I kick, try to move upward, but I make no progress

Though the act itself tells me at least I have moved.

I'm face up, there's a brightness, yes, I know it and

Recalling what it is, I push toward it

Keeping it in sight until my head breaks the surface

And I can take another breath. At least I'll be alive.

So I tread water for a while, it dawns on me, Christ's sake!

I can swim a few yards and stand up on my feet.

I'm a genius!

And the sun's warmth on my face reminds me that

Some things feel good.

And I'm astounded I'd forgotten that as I'm climbing,

From the pool

Smiling and, Shit yeah! Happy!

And I dare partake a bit of joy.

And, more than this, I remember that I've

Felt this way before.

I just need to remember not to bounce to high off the diving board.