

DANIEL DAVID MOSES

After Drowning

The current was
 A coldness, yes,
Holding us down,
 Pressing our flesh
Into the mud,

 The river bed.
That was the flow
 You thought we could
Slow, the weight you
 Wanted to lift,

The push that rolled
 Us like stone. Now
You've settled for
 Settling down, bones
To the bottom,

 Breath to the top.
The bubbles bled
 Out through our lips,
Saliva grey,
 Bouyant as hair.

Our eyelids closed
 Like the mouths of
Fish the tatters
 Of somebody's
Skin have lured here.

Somewhere inside
The pearls eyes are
Are beginnings
Of dreams. Soon
They'll be winking up

From the muck, soon
They'll be treasured,
Discovered. Soon
—Too late, too late—
Is just our luck.