

## from underwater

to list the things you've lied to yourself about would be to burst open with confession. to start a sentence as storied and weighted as a river; to never stop pouring out. your teeth eroding like boulders in the current. in place of plaque, moss filming your mouth like a cave. you'll wish you'd paid the world more attention before you started seeing it through a lens. from underwater everything appears warped. coming up for air is not always the solution. risks will take you, whether you equip a safety net or not. ropes pulled taut tend to snap. backdoors seal themselves with cement, damming the floodwaters. face forward like a moth careening into the warmth of the flame. where your gaze falls, light. yet shadows advance over every other horizon. you can only face one pole at a time, turning your back on one to prioritize the other. there is no need for intention to parallel outcome. see, regardless of meaning, the words, cadence and all, impress upon burgeoning memories. you speak in fragments, creating only a partial understanding for your listeners. let them into your world, cloaking all in shadow but a narrow corridor of stagnant, harsh light. your eyes are fully opened yet only halfway. this is as far as you've come. we occupy the entryway—a vestibule of space separate from time. one cramped room of a worn and tired house.