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Wipeout

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Wipeout

Jany Cabezas

I stand on a board of life
trying—at best—
to keep myself on top,
in control
in complete balance
but the currents are rough
and the waves unpredictable.
This random push and pull—
Rapid forward motions—
is only evenly matched
with equal speed—
simultaneously.
How can one afford
to fall when consequences
are so harsh
and rocks await bloodshed
at the bottom of the sea?
What can one really control
when the changes of daily tides
remain so unforgiving?
I slip,
I fall.
I try to grasp the sliding surface
but swift seas impede
and I fall deep.
Life's leg rope severs
and silence overtakes
as I sink into the difficulties;
the *thump* of my body hits
the dark oceanic floor.
Air takes me back;
back to where I can live.
Air takes me up,

Up to where I can try
again,
if only once more
and once more past once.
Air strangles me—
catch and release—
only to stay above.
I fly
I float
I falter
but hold strong
firmly gripped—
a second, third time—
to a different tide,
a different moment.
Salt water floods my ears,
eyes open to a blurry view,
a bubble reveals the grand exhale
and then the slap,
the sting.
The tingling persists through
ripples like fingerprints—
now slightly different,
now slightly the same.
Here we go
through grasps of time;
say hello,
say goodbye,
say hello.