Wipeout

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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.