

Submersion

MEG PETERS, ROGER WILLIAMS UNIVERSITY

Before anything else, there is water.

Before air, before life, water wraps me, fills my lungs and laps over my unopened eyes, primordial and deep as the caverns of oceans I have yet to discover. It beats time against the perfect, tiny hollow of my ear.

There is water invading my lungs and this time I've forgotten that it is safe, I fight and kick and thrash my way to the surface without knowing that I'm right where I belong.

There is water running off my body and the slide of muscles underneath the skin, no more struggle only this: feet that point, hands that meet, An endless glide, and the break to the surface, the water still beating time against my ear.