

Air

I dream of swimming up through
pressured blue,
 erupting beyond
that surface of shifting light
into air.

 I wake, still swimming.

This pressured blue world
grows deeper.

 That surface
of shifting light floats further
away.

 I swim, suspended.

And you're there.

 We're both
awake now and swimming through
the pressured blue and hoping
for air soon.

 Silence in the silence—
and why not, when pressured blue
drowns out each other's voice?
Why not, when we're both swimming
now and the surface draws closer now
and something seems to be lifting us
up from below?

 Why not talk up there,
beyond the trembling liquid edge of our
pressured blue world, where the shifting
light is air, and the air, where pressure
ends and space begins?

— *Ry Beville*