

A Swim After Paul Died

Plunge

Let the wood
of the body
surface

of its own
unfathomable
nature

Heavy with nothing
to reach for and cold
doesn't feel anymore

No reason
to kick
or pull
or follow through

How can I do today
without imagining
we have forever?

The heave
inside this tool for praying
is all there is

Each of us
counting our beats

brief
and dreamed
as we are