

Coming Up for Air
by Diana Der-Hovanessian

I who never learned
to swim right
walk through this water
with you, with tanks,
new lungs, on our backs,
new eyes that show me
creatures who do not fear
us any more than
other fish.

You float above me and
there is no such thing
as fire to feed or tamp.
My former life is swallowed
by deaf tides.

The songs are all new
and wordless. I open
my hand as if it were a fin.