

i've made a home on the ocean floor
i lay on a bed of coral
it's comfortable if i pretend it is not cutting open my back
i eat seaweed and small fish
it's delicious
if i pretend it doesn't feel slimy and squirm
i breathe big gulps of ocean water
it feels fantastic and i've never felt better
if i pretend that i'm not slowly dying
with no fresh air to breathe
slowly choking on the liquid filling my lungs
i used to have a home on the surface
where i would bob with the waves
content with my air and good food
but a storm came
the water got rough
and i was pushed under
left to drown
left to die
but i didn't
i adapted
i got comfortable
under this blanket of darkness
i'm not strong enough to swim to the light
so i will bid my time in this pressure
until one day a future me
will be strong enough to leave
- the poets phantom