

Junior Division, Poetry

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Sinking Out

Water surrenders fresh salt story.

Sand moulds paths untaken.

Stories of underwater bottles that won't smash teeth,

And rocks that always melt and crack in the most beautiful way.

You drifted far from our shore,

Will it be love that drags you under?

Left behind, submissive to blue;

My only hope is for a barreling wave that may bring me to you.

But I just sink into the sea,

Next poster boy for Hypoxia: Drifting and fading.

Words mean nothing with mouths full of dim desperation.

Hands drag through hair as a last attempt.

Moonlight fakes a smile but won't talk.

Tears force a

Drip,

Drip,

Drip.

Almost mimicking the sink from our first apartment,

the water-stained bathtub in the second,

The abyss of our third.

Fresh towels still smell of last night's drowning.

Wash, rinse, repeat.