

Too Vivid

Feet dangling in the water,
making whirling tornados with only small toes.
My ankles wet,
the water a mask.
I pause, contemplating icy chill
waiting for the stillness,
after a boat's waves have passed safely,
the ecstasy of hot tan skin.
I leap into the familiar unknown
I have done this not a thousand times but more,
I shouldn't be afraid; but I am.
My mind a busy office, unusual.
Swimming down to the bottom,
I find new life, the lost city of the underworld
as if animated,
just sand, but my frame panics,
body floats to the surface, I come up to see –
my family,
their silhouettes dancing in an orange glow.
Another shadow forms, I count six, geometric–
I slide behind our raft,
body moving without mind, separated
seeing the only object I've taught myself to fear.
My family stunned,
their faces a blank blackboard,
waiting to be instructed.
The stranger's finger pointing them in one direction,
Only one hand gestures,
his other hand occupied by the 7mm gun.
Eyes remain closed as he coaches,
I close mine too,
worried he can see me,
maybe if I see, this world a tunnel,
he will too.
His questions flowing,
a waterfall of misplaced rocks.
Two bullets I am aware of,
the first just let off into the trees, upward,
as if I am running my first race,
the piston just signaled,
but my legs remain still,
a bumble bee trapped in syrup.
I know my eyes should remain shut,
But I open them: stupid.
The eyes of the stranger

illuminate like the clear water below him,
My eyes trained on him, until,
I jerk my head to the right just as,
the second bullet leaves the barrel,
Travels safely into the skull
of the most important woman...
silence overlays.
Can't move my tin joints, no oil in the water.