

## Sweet Dreams

is our diving destination  
easy in and out over bleached corals  
ground to white sand  
glare from the equatorial sun  
nearly blinding as we shamble  
laden like pilgrims  
to the ocean's rim  
in search of weightlessness

a giant gorgonian fan at twenty feet  
marks our point of descent  
floating over auroras of coral to the edge of the wall  
sifting dreamily through viscous light  
the pulse of our bodies  
slowed to a crawl  
so engrossed we almost forget  
    to sip the air  
        falling through light  
            falling out of ourselves  
like flying in reverse  
until the darkness of the depths  
wells up

and I fumble for the inflator  
a little puff or two of air in my vest to buoy me up  
against the argosy of myself under so much water  
but the button sticks, jets me  
to the surface in panicked seconds  
where I bob  
helpless supplicant  
in the careless sea  
ringed by horizons and aloof shores

