

Gainsae, Woman In The Water

She stares at her from under the cool still waters
Of the brook today
Her eyes are puzzled, perplexed and puffy
Rusted pink and blurry.

She smells of berries and holds baby's breath
In her fragile hand like her heart of glass
Once made of diamond, of hardened coal
Compressed year upon lonely year after year

She wants to dwell in everything she's lost
Everything she needs
Everything he was going to be before he
Left her alone to swim with the woman in the water.

And I want to swim with her.
Want to leave this world of air and breath and
Swim in the sanity of suicide and revel in the realm of reason

She wants to dwell in everything she's lost
Everything she needs
Everything he was going to be before he
Left her alone to swim with the woman in the water.

But instead I trickle a finger in the stagnant
Stream and wrinkle her skin and her flowers
They never go away, never blow away, never float away.