

Drown

after Brenda Hillman

Yes, we drowned, then changed our minds,
then drowned again,
because we could,

because no one would know the difference—

a leaf to its trembling
when it is no longer a leaf
but just a trembling.

We were splashing against the current,
a zipper of palms opening and closing.

We were always too busy to notice
that everything we touched
was a little bell that was a little famous.

The sun opened its curfew of music
against my back with an exasperated sigh
as I swam to shake the sounds
of your laughter off me.