

Night Swim
by James Clarke

I dive into the moonless lake – the hills
a smudge on the far horizon, cut
through the cold dark waters without
clothes or caution, leaving no stitch
behind, learning how to ride my breath,
swim freely, palms joining and parting,
joining and parting like a prayer, uncertain
where I started or where I'm going – no
luminous clear path to follow – yet knowing
that the lake is sovereign, nourished by
springs too deep for words, trusting
it will hold me up.

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