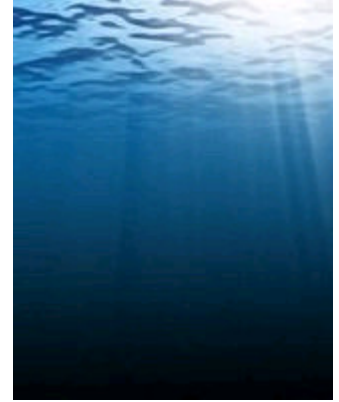


life underwater



Written by bubba

Here I am, underwater again. In a minute (providing I can last a minute), I'll slowly exhale to reach the desired buoyancy – that which will allow me to sink. It's a true challenge because losing too much air will cause me to descend deeper than I care to right now and it isn't possible to shift direction when you've released that air; once you're down, you're down. But I'm an old pro down here, suspended just outside of anyone's reach, where nothing can touch me. Pictures inside are clear, those on the outside, a blur. Sounds from within, a calming constant, those on the outside, muted blunt and distant. Such a strange thing that so much peace can come via an activity that in time will cause eminent death. So eventually I'll breathe. But today I wish I didn't have to.



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