

De Profundis

Out of the deep, child, out of the deep

The deck just gave way. At first you could
 hear nothing. Then the gunwale caved in, then
 the hull groaned & cracked. Pretty soon fingers
 were clutching at anything, but it was all
 slippery as fish. Then the switchboard
 lit up in a number of directions, mindless
 as headlights, reaching into night,
 trying to predict when the next world would loom up,
 grasp at you, crash down, give way, but it kept
 snagging birds, catching blossoms bright as chandeliers,
 masking pure weight as a momentary pause
 while you tripped over yourself trying
 to make things do what they didn't
 want to so nothing knew where or what
 it was, & you couldn't see yourself
 because mirrors were still misty & fragments
 so you tried not to make too much noise among the
 twisting breakers & you sought the
 rumbles of shoals glancing off the nonlight
 on the other side
 forcing you to breathe a little longer
 before being swamped & forced deeper till
 up you bobbed to the surface,
 tumbling & dipping like a melting ice-floe,
 naked innocent & dumb