

Susan Brennan

BLIND SWIMMERS

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As you explore, dream a little.
Dazzle yourself.
Compose your own individual medley of strokes:
free back breast butterfly.

Your breath streaks in nests of bubbles.

Mind the splash lanes,
secure your opaque goggles.
I imagine a stripe of bananas along the lip,
where they shimmer best.

You may compete with the sighted;
vision balms their eyes, gets messy, aquatic.
Don't forget, they are porous when
body waters urge forward.

Go ahead, you say, close your eyes.
Scoop yourself out, your liquid self
breath to breath.

For a moment, all ions repel
and you are a mystic
at birth with yourself.