

I Can do a Handstand Underwater (Transparent Perspectives on the Backyard)

After *Nine Swimming Pools and a Broken Glass*, Ed Ruscha

Nine underground pools retain the shape of organs I've never seen but probably possess,

firm dug into musty Earth

Cast an image abound of legs lapping, merging within the waning crescent, swaddled by viscous sips,

Only to emerge with nine (9) eyelashes, clearly pointed, blinking fresh.

Understated awkward youth, seen in the contents of a milk snot trail gestating afloat, most likely having surfaced mid-summer sault.

Here, press solid into waves finding ultimately that

The core of Chlorine is bitter, stings as cleans

Suburban summer baptismic ritual

Washed down and reversed with the fall drop of sunset

Turns jelly to midnight

Pool to pit

Clean to desert

Surfaced and aware of the tilt

Nine (9) axial rotations, mere basins lost foundation

I only ever went under to see the light dance parade, hold my breath,

Privileged enough to feel as though I could be anywhere.