

Interlude

On my first swim of the summer
The tide is out
The mud sticks to my feet
I float in water deep as my thighs
As warm as the sun on the grass
The sky above me an open book
As wide as my arms
Gathering myself up in my towel
Laughing at the mud in my hair,
Streaking my legs
After my swim,
I need to swim again.

Kiri Piahana-Wong

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