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Floating, Rolling

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Floating. Rolling.

by Emmaline Bristow

My head's floating on water:
 swirly water and it rolls
 left to right
 left to right
 like a beach ball full of air
 and spit from your filmy
 mouth. And my body
 is there in the sand
 deep below the slimy
 seaweed, half-buried.
 Sometimes my body moves
 but only with the tide
 from boats with giant
 paddles passing. Meanwhile
 here's my head. Floating.
 Rolling.
 Occasionally burning
 salty warm water
 through my nose
 and out my mouth.
 But when the water is still
 I feel the sun heating
 my face, burning it
 with those constant rays,
 baking my cheeks
 'til they're a warm cherry
 like in that pie you ate
 last week, that pie
 with crumbly crust and gooey
 insides. Little did you know
 that was a head after
 it'd been here floating.
 Rolling.