



There are great kelp bladders, air mouthed into their growth, fed into them. The process of lifting near rootless: sea constant against each hollow knuckle: falling, unfalling.

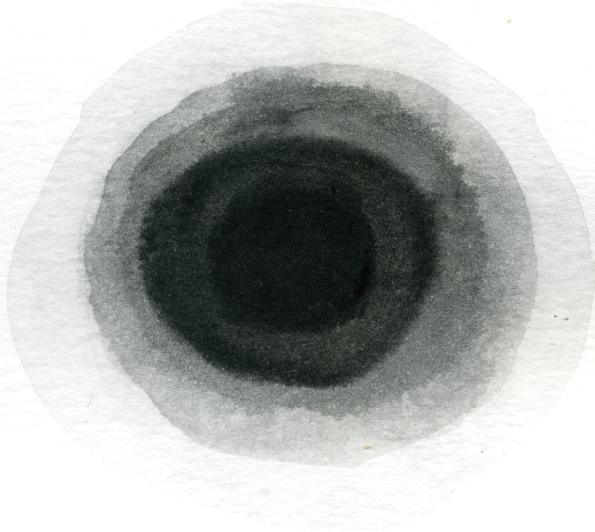
I have no built-in buoy. I collapse into the undrinkable.

But mostly, I remember the river. My head rooted under that water, pulling against anything that wanted to lift. The plants thin green and mucus-rich in my teeth.

Arms, off. Legs, off. No, that's not true. Just the horn and some skull.

My hard hollow frame for breath collapses under sedation. A matter of giving away, of no longer resisting. Heaviness from needled sleep.

I would like to continue.



On my side in the dust, my one sky-turned eye sees a brass handle on the diminished moon. I imagine opening that door and seeing a blacker circle there against the black. The moon's gravity shaves away its edges into dust, a constant powder. My vision thick with it, granular.

My eyelashes have been praised. The interior of my ears as well, their deep cones and feathered hair.

The terror-panic of my eyes closing, of feeling the lashes against the rims, of fighting that. I kept my legs moving even when my legs could not feel ground.