

20.

Days ago, days. My feet on the bottom of the tub felt the voices of my family on the first floor. The soles felt the sounds as words, but since the foot is not an ear, the foot could not translate.

They felt the pulsing punctuation of my mother's singing to the pair of sparrows she kept in an iron cage near the front window. That window got the best, most direct light and the birds bring the light into the cage of the house. My feet could not pick up their low trill and love hum of their beaks as they cleaned and bit the other.

Every now and again my brother's affirmation or some other solid single syllable came through. My father was not home so I did not hear my father. His sounds are like my mother's: counted and paced like a recital for when the fish begin to change patterns and cannot avoid the nets. The sounds are caught in the spaces designed to catch them.. Fish as words, as sounds.

I released my head from between my knees and returned to the full rush. The first sound I heard was the sea. The second was my body shifting in fresh water. I cannot go anywhere without water following.