Velvet Cerulean

Deep blue,

meters upon meters

pull breath down

heavy

and slow like anchors.

Cerulean

alights navy

alights twilight,

the ombré a practice in gentle silence.

Bubbles outline motion with

fizz

fizz

fizz.

The pull of velvet rhythm

leading alive to alive.

A school of fish

learning survival,

sink under the weight of living as

prey.

But if they always felt afloat,

how would they breathe?

Water looked like a drowning

to a sardine

until it sprouted gills.

Swimming beings

living because of their own growth,

their rough and scaled bodies

the earth they follow.

Their breaths tides they wade in,

bone a foundation they lean on,

muscles a strength they count on,

the school counts

and they count

and they count

all the fish in this sea.

And fish:

you count.