

## Wild Swimming Woman

Whilst travelling home from work, on a very crowded train, I noticed a female passenger, offering a friendly smile. I smiled back as I sat across from her. I commented on a bouquet of flowers that she was holding.

“What beautiful flowers. They look like wildflowers”.

As we began to chat, she shared that they were a gift and agreed that they did look like wildflowers, with their natural colours and beauty. She then told me that she belonged to a group of wild swimming women. Having never heard the term, and with a little help from Google, I realized that I too, am a wild swimming woman. Only, I am out of water, sometimes in hot water, always with an adventurous spirit, while swimming through my wild and curious life.

I am a wild swimming woman, metaphorically so.

I have swum up the highs and almost drowned in my lows.

Blue skies and clear water, with the sun on my face.

Taking time to swim at a much slower pace.

Dirty mud waters, full of rocks and debris,

Hopes that a log will one day save me.

Wearing glasses, not goggles to cover my eyes,

I breaststroke and paddle, to deaden my cries.

With fish in this ocean, that swim around me.

Facing currents of life, hanging onto a tree.

To the shore I swim faster, less my heartbeat gives out.

I aim for dry land or even a boat.

Yet I smile, close my eyes, attempting to float.

I am a wild swimming woman, in a life full of hope.

I am a wild swimming woman, metaphorically so,

Just need to tread water and learn to swim slow.

