

The School at the Aquarium

Locked in silver in the
volume of blue, we dream,
and caught in the dream, we never
collide. Lightness
withstands pressure and in mass
rotation — no grief,
only momentum: We are
spared, with minds
too small for the detours of
heartbreak. Sediment
stirs and the coral is
engulfed: hypnotic
quicksilver undulations.
Silver is the mascot
sheen, the school swirled,
borne without an
executive order. Beyond,
the watchers gather:
students caught in the
strange, mournful
whimsy of adults —
teachers, parents, strangers
snagged on caution,
half-mad in the secrecy of
play, worship, impulse —
all of them trapped on
dry land with some hearing
rhymes in the absence of

sound and a few pressing
 fingers to the glass,
oblivious to the smudge:
 To locate
the anomaly is to
 locate the self.
Alone in the
 volume of blue, I dream, I
know to turn around
 a whole school is
wishful thinking but to flip
 one body against
momentum is a
 true wild spark.