

Voluntary Apnea

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Have you ever been caught on the wrong side of the sea?
Slapped by the back of its hand,
reeling,
thrust under and under and under,
over and over and under,
across and around, timeless, senseless,
only the sweet repetition of blows.

At first you fight, don't you?
You weep ocean and claw sand, self,
foam and fury,
scrabble for some semblance of seabed.

But it's just you and the sea.

Caress the liminal between breath and suffocation.
you can feel the air, but never meet its lips,
a weightless grain suspended between sky and surf.
It's relentless, thrumming,

until you curl in on yourself,
occupy your natural shape.
You close your eyes
and have completed the cycle.