



i deserve skin and the glass
that encapsulates this body
pushing the rough muck all over
my split between a wisdom
of what lies beyond
oh my god
i thought i was a sea fairy
and my home was an oyster
and it made me think of the breath
i need to keep and hold
in order to reach these emotional depths
that hold my home.

i am not at a pool
in the middle of god forsaken MIMO
but rather my pool at home, my pool up the hill
—minor but significant response—
to the flaming framboyan that burns
under the heat index of my backyard,
scorches the thrifted hammock from which i hide
and am made little like thumbelina.
i find myself swimming beyond the pool and into
pockets of watered actualities
where i become a gator nymph
of conspicuous vulnerability
floating and making my way throughout this
flooded childhood yard of mine.
why lay to the side or on my back
when i feel driven to the stars of positioning myself
face down like the tequesta?



to earth i come and to earth i shall return
albeit changed.
my back hurts and i'm stuck in the inbetween
of the hindcast of my priorities.
i want to lay without rigidity
on the watershed of this neotropical life i am living.
i want to drink bubble tea under water,
to pop the tapioca in my teeth
and spit it out submerged under
a rock of porous breathing room.
i deserve a home and you do too,
one without risk of displacement,
where you can keep sinking and sinking
into these layers of recognition
and self -acknowledgement
through the home you've built
and claimed for yourself
i deserve this.



my home was an oyster,
at risk of displacement.
the neotropical life i am living
is that of a sea fairy, or a gator nymph.
i bounce between land and the sea.
these pockets of watered and flaming actualities
are porous breathing rooms, flooded childhoods,
homes i've built and am actively living in
where i lay without rigidity,
deserving of silk and glass.