

Water Bodies

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The boulder stood in divine silence in the middle of the river. Moonshine washed it over and I craved the same treatment as the rock. I craved for the moon to look at me in the same way. I walked down the path and removed my shoes to feel the planet scrape my feet. I felt the softness of the rain from hours past that rest on the grass. They all greeted me. The earth greeted and welcomed me on this path.

I felt the river as I made my way down. Once I made my way down I danced into open space. The water was melted ice and I washed myself over till I was under, and came back up. I looked back up and there she was. She shined on me and I took the boulder's place. She shined on me and told me it was ok. I began to sing her praises. I sang in purple, blue and green. I sang in dust and black space. I filled the air with my breath and my voice until my music rang true. It was all I could hear, and all I could see.

The next day, I returned my favors to the moon. I dipped my hands in the river and wrote everything I ever loved on a boulder. I mixed the substance with dirt to make the ink heavy. My words would linger and glow in the dark.

I became so ritualistic about taking baths by way of the moon, I forgot the river was washing me too. I asked for forgiveness in tears. I spit words from my dry mouth.

I poured the blood lost in the battle between my hopes and dreams and the sweat from chasing both my past and future. The river grew full of nightmares resurfaced through memories, of memories reborn through long days and longer nights, moments put together by scattered minds and shattered hearts. The river overflowed with missed opportunities and misfortune, it was full of water that formed in my eyes from staring too long at the ceiling, from spending too long staring at the moon.

My cries rang true and dashed into the air. What was purple, blue, and green turned yellow, orange, and red as it passed the moon. The beauty of song tarnished, and my sorrow surpassed the moon. I felt the river rush in and try to take me down. I felt the rocks loosen their grip. I turned around to ask the boulder for help, but it shook its head and began to shiver.

The boulder rose up and became a beacon. A water body formed beneath it and the beacon became a back. Water dashed around coursing like veins in a vessel and I stayed stuck watching my world in terror. Everything I laid in the river lay before my eyes.

Turmoil turned turquoise and washed over me. It felt like pin needles capsulized in raindrops, like every form of precipitation, like flora and fauna faltered and fell onto me and I burst like a flower on fire. My skin burned and I melted until I too became a water body.

I flowed where I had never gone, and would never be. I transferred to the sky and noticed the moon by my side. Both the river and the moon were full, and the boulder stood in divine silence. I watched from above as the earth took over, and waited till I faltered and fell back to the ground.