

THE TROUBLE WITH NORMAL MAY BE THAT IT ALWAYS GETS
WORSE, BUT
THE TROUBLE WITH STRUGGLE IS THAT IT STILL DOESN'T GET
BETTER.

Someone
once observed that no matter how hard
you try
to get get ahead, for every small advance
there were a dozen setbacks
pushing you down,
drowning
in an ocean
sinking despite your skill
at swimming
for every meter closer to the surface you got,
gravity
somehow drew you down ten,
for every ten meters you rose
you lost
a hundred,
struggling or passive,
it doesn't matter,
fury is met with the impassive weight of water,
tears are indistinguishable from the saline press,
it goes on
and on.
Death.
Death isn't reaching the bottom,
it is a terribly effective
Coast Guard helicopter rescue,
winching you
up
out of the sea entirely,
where your compatriots are still
floundering.
I feel the weight of the water,
am tired
by struggling against that which does not tire,

feel
myself sink ever further,
until the diffused sunlight filtering
down
from above is not nearly enough
to see by,
and dreadfully
with every loss of ground
I can tell I am no nearer to placing my feet
upon
the questionable security of the ocean floor.
At last,
overwhelmed,
drawing breath to scream
burning my lungs with choking salt water,
my fellows can not see me,
another ten meters lost,
a toe punching
down
desperately
with no reward,
until I am compelled to ask,
just how fucking deep IS the bottom,
anyway?

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