

My Dearest Katrina & Sandy
Roger Smith

You swim. You
who unrobe with eyes wide
shut and dive into
molecules more shallow than broken
glass impressions. I see you, turning your back stroking
away from my oceans, floating
past my continents, oblivious
to the obstacles of my world. You
fish, searching for gills of
nourishment while I drown
praying for a chance to breathe
Again.

I've always understood the mechanics
behind swimming,
and cherished snorkeling (when it
wasn't for my most precious memories).
I don't want to watch Michael
Phelps conquer
the substance of my victimization. I've
never had a phobia of
two hydrogen atoms, covalently bonding with
one, single oxygen
atom,
until it left me with zero.
Sans home. Sans car. Sans clothes. Sans Everything.