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# Floating

Rachel A. Croskrey

*Cedarville University*, [rcroskrey@cedarville.edu](mailto:rcroskrey@cedarville.edu)

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## Description

It's not sinking, it's not flying, it's just *there*.

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## About the Contributor

Rachel Croskrey is a junior English major living in a small town in Ohio with only two stoplights. She loves singing, dancing, and finding any book or movie that makes her think.

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# FLOATING

*BY RACHEL CROSKREY*

Afloat in seas of ice. My life a green  
glass float that's melted from past days. A casque  
now holds my breath, its curving skin against  
the waves of work. The light of joy condensed  
and drowned beneath the netting holding me  
to desks of scratches. Life drowns at this desk cube.

But I'm kept up by breath and bubbles in  
my skin – an old long hope. What was my life.  
A hot, old pain is trapped. A light that burned  
in me when my work changed and I was turned  
to a small ball of don't-touch-me cold air.

The lights outside shine on. Light fireflies. Not here,  
in large black swells. The lights are strung  
up, winking lights that mirror nighttime beads  
of stars that shine as I, awake, meet needs  
of those who can't do paper-work; adrift  
in lonely waters, this my only shift.

POETRY

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