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Floating

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Description (Optional)

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

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About the Contributor (Optional)

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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