

In and Out

I take a bath

Fill the bowl to the brim

Allow only enough space between the meniscus and the edge

For me to fit

I get in and the water crests to meet me

It hugs me

I close my eyes and hold my breath

Allowing myself to float to the top

And I let my breath outAs I sink to the bottom

I let myself become limp once more

Ebbing and flowing with the waves

Waves I created by breathing

In

out

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Jim Haba Poetry Award recipient

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