

II

I do it because I am drowning
slowly.

It's better now, really.
I've kicked off my shoes
and taken off my shirt,
but still.

I am tired of the doggie paddle.
And even a master
of the breaststroke
would not have the strength
to go on.

And the storms keep coming,
water rises.

If only you could look in,
 -- observe
and with a flick of the switch
send me to the shore.
You could be the *deus*
ex machina --
the designer, the maker,
the proof behind the
divine.

Start the wheel in
motion.
Save me.

Is that cinnamon
I smell?

Imagine.

