

Wet Work

by Barry Friesen

For a moment

after my inner tube hit the chunk of telephone pole
embedded just below the river's surface
like a rotting wisdom tooth
after the tube drifted on
leaving me spreadeagled underwater against the pole
immobile in the current's muscular embrace
after I rested there awhile
not breathing
tasting blood in my mouth
mind frantic to surface
to unlock the impossibility
just for a moment
loving the sensation
of being held forever
I thought
oh, why bother?

