

water therapy

by kate gillespie

The timing could not have been worse.

Because of the heat building up over the weekend, my bathtub had cracked.

I have to relax in water, and have the silence I can only experience immersed.

My fingers tremble, I can hear the TV going non-stop with boxing programs from the next apartment.

The freakout stage is building in me, bubbling in my mind. "No bath, No play, No play, Yes slay" is my inner mantra now.

Karen's text buzzes on the phone in my hand, offering a strange salvation.

I go over to her house, no time to be shy.

There it is, the plastic kiddie pool.

It's her son's, so is festooned all over with sporty animal decals.

No matter.

I fill it with the calming cold water from the hose, and angle my body in for maximum coverage.

Karen's kids play target practice across from their mom's crazy friend soaking in the pool.

They pay no attention to the arms and legs akimbo over the edge,
and the face hidden under a cloak of a towel.

No matter.

Mayhem averted once again.

