

A Drowning

by Marc Lowe

The waves are coming. The sky above is a brilliant, burnt orange. Water fills my mouth. I choke. My limbs flail, and I go under. Help me. Somebody, please. I open my eyes to a watery world. Pieces of flotsam. A memory of childhood. Bathing in the sink. My grandmother's happy face. Her red hair. And then... The water fills my ears, my nose, my open mouth. I am drowning. I cannot save myself. My grandmother pulls me out. She is crying. Laughing, crying. She lifts me up. I, too, am crying. The undertow pulls me further in. My lungs are filled with water. My limbs go still. I float skywards. Somebody, please. This is the record of a drowning.

