



The Poetry Of Persuasion

Sometimes you want
to wade slowly in.
First, tender feet on a rough beach,
sharp stones and pebbles,
making your hesitant way
to ankles, knees, thighs.
You're breathing faster,
getting used to it
a little at a time.

That's one way.

But this is a hot, sleepless night
with strange dreams from a past
you had long forgot, and indeed
your unknown future is out there.
The surface of the lake glitters
under moonlight.
It is cool and silky.

But the deep, dark water
holds secrets unknown:
dangerous boulders
or felled logs.

You cannot predict this.

Or the terrible chance
that you will instead skim
the surface of your life,
or worse, dangle your feet
from the safe seat of the dock.

If you can imagine the shock.
The first sensation, the realization
that you have let go
of the solid ground
beneath your feet,
the ground you grew to trust
and take for granted,
you can catch your full breath,
now, bursting in your lungs.

Then this weightless, buoyant
body of yours, baptized
by longing and desire,
will rise up, shimmering
trailing luminescent moonlight
from your fingertips,
breathless and bold.

DIVING IN

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