The current was
   A coldness, yes,
Holding us down,
   Pressing our flesh
Into the mud,

   The river bed.
That was the flow
   You thought we could
Slow, the weight you
   Wanted to lift,

The push that rolled
   Us like stone. Now
You’ve settled for
   Settling down, bones
To the bottom,

   Breath to the top.
The bubbles bled
   Out through our lips,
Saliva grey,
   Bouyant as hair.

Our eyelids closed
   Like the mouths of
Fish the tatters
   Of somebody’s
Skin have lured here.
Somewhere inside
The pearls eyes are
  Are beginnings
Of dreams. Soon
  They’ll be winking up

From the muck, soon
  They’ll be treasured,
Discovered. Soon
  —Too late, too late—
Is just our luck.