

Go Down to the Water by Aria Watson

Go down to the water

When the moon hangs like a lit balloon

Above the swirling waves.

Go

When the voice inside you

Says you can wait no longer.

Go

Drink from the bowl full of stars

The black sea rising in you,

Filling your body with the chorus of whales.

Go

Let the waves draw the song from your heart

Through your startled lips

Life is in the black and wet and stars

Rising in you until there is nothing else left

Life is when you draw a circle in the sand

Inviting all that has been orphaned from you inside

Life is in the startled bird

That takes flight from the very heart

You swore was long closed.

Aria is a Sonoma Valley native, and Multiple Subject Teaching Credential student. Since she was age seventeen, she has written poems while walking in Nature. It is the main way she makes sense of the world, and of this crazy gift we call life.