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**POEM
TOWN
BRADFORD**

Underwater

You talk of the ocean
The same as you treat me;
Beautiful,
Distant,
Full of unspeakable things
To gawk to from the surface,
But never touch
For fear or propriety.

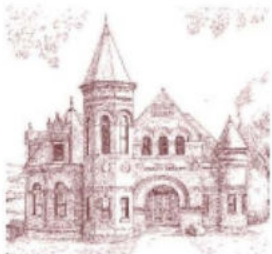
There are places deeper still
Than what you would risk with shark among clownfish.
Currents where run
The maws of things,
Dark and eyeless.
That without name
And no care for yours.

That is why I keep you tied at dock,
To float among the coral instead.

I know what the weight of me will do to you,
The crushing
Wheezing gasp of acceptance
Into depth.

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