

## **swimmingly**

*by Alyssa Froehling*

playground slides have bellies just like fish that  
water will find, and leave speckled with screams because  
water wishes it could swim too.

i feel especially alive when our legs touch on a swing set.  
let's color in what light is missing from the sky  
with the charcoal we've collected on our shoes.

i feel especially alone in places where the night is cut up  
and divided and drained. like cities. notice how chicago  
looks like the bottom of a styrofoam smoothie cup while

phoenix, on the other hand, has a whole fruit sky, a single cut  
bleeding juice everywhere and burning like rubbing alcohol on  
the way down winterskin, firetrailing,

how sorbet curves into a spoon,  
how it thinks it is a fish that could die,

what couldn't be burnt turning pink,  
bright eyes poking holes into the half closed curtain.