

## Pools

There is only one nothing.  
It is without light and setting—  
clear as zero.

The twilight turns the small window  
opposite the training bike into a portal.  
Two palms idle outside it  
moored in their sway.  
They wrinkle the nautical sky  
until the dark all but removes them.

A pool is by nature contained  
and the women in it  
talk about the ocean.  
They are afraid of its infinity.  
Going under in the Atlantic last year  
was the first time I imagined myself  
as part of this body.  
I was scared.  
It had taken my center.

All that has been said  
will be said again.  
Our heart is old  
and often unfamiliar.