

Will's Hair

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With a giant leap we
entered that cool, aqua-marine world.
I could feel the ice-cold water
race up my legs.
Aqua-marine bubbles soared
all around me: even the bubbles
were aqua-marine.
But the journey had barely begun.
“Everyone ready?” Our leader called.
We were, and we dove, into that
aqua-marine world.
Suddenly everything was tinted
the same aqua-marine:
the bright neon-like orange fish,
the swaying strands of kelp,
the motionless rocks, coated with slime.
Rays of sunlight streamed behind us,
shimmering, slicing
through the restless aqua-marine ocean.
In all directions, the expanse of
aqua-marine desert stretched forever.
But down below, there it was. The way it
waved, so silky, so gold...
though still aqua-marine.
It drifted lazily coated in a silver
sheen of bubbles.
It soared, it crashed, it followed
him wherever he went.
It looked soft, but in that underwater
world, you merely need to open
your eyes to see the deception.
A fish becomes a rock.
A strand of kelp, an eel.
A head of hair, a forest of silk.
Then it was time to leave. To
leave behind the world of silence,
that ancient and strange aqua-marine world,
and back to the real world where a
head of hair is just that:
a head of hair.