

Border

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Tiptoeing on the grey area the shallow end is my mother's
silken embrace d'Or aroma, Fusion jazz, kissing inches, sun-smiling chlorine waves
smack my face. Turning back means leaving the stones unturned and all its treasures. You
beckon to me from across the deep south chlorine waves kiss your neck, the deep end is
like swimming through the sky to fall or fly in each lane the clouds either
front stroke or back stroke your body is a strong rip current my feet off the
ground hauling me to you. Brain and heart play crossword. *1 Across (8) A
line which marks the limits of an area. 9 Down (12) Anxiety or fear of what is to come based
on your actions.* There is no going back in this new reality we created.