

## *Swimming. In a sea of thoughts.*

Muffled voices. The smell of chlorine.  
[BREATH IN. BREATH OUT] It gets into my nose.  
The scalp already itches. It itches while it thinks.

I wonder if thoughts swim or run. At which pace they move.  
I would really like to know.

[LET THE RHYTHM SETTLE]  
*Counting strokes*

Resistance makes muscles sore. Alive and dead simultaneously. They die to become new. Writing and rewriting. Erasing and archiving.

The sense of flesh against a fluid, or flesh embraced by fluids. Wrapped, to feel embraced. Vulnerable. Safe.  
Trapped. In a sea of thoughts.  
It makes me itch. It itches from the inside.

*Counting strokes. I lose count.*

I drank some milk this morning.  
To remember a feeling, the feeling of feeling sick. It gives perspective.  
I drank some milk for breakfast.  
The body is a warm container, so the liquid slowly evaporates. It is just residue now.

It feels like dust resting on my clothes. But turned inside out.  
It feels like powder, attached to my lining.  
It's like when it itches. Can't help but move.

What if..  
What if the skin would be soluble. Like sugar in this water.

*Sensing smells underwater.*

I am not alone. I sense.  
The perfume of someone else. I wonder.  
What if thoughts could be transmitted underwater. Osmosis of the brain.  
Thoughts in motion don't need translation. Nuances always get lost in translation.

*Start again. Counting strokes.*

Repeating. And repeating. And repeating.  
The motion will be perfect. One day. Or maybe just exhausted.  
Insisting. And persisting. And persisting.

What if..  
What if muscles would be bubble wrap, protection of the soul.  
Too fragile to survive when moved.  
Packing foam. Memory foam. Memorizing. Erasing. Learning to forget.  
I forgot to memorize the poem. By heart.

[SWIM 2 MORE LAPS THAN YESTERDAY]

I skipped ballet class today. Maybe I am just a swimmer now.  
Reflections. Water and mirrors. Water blurs imperfections.  
Swimming caps. Glasses. Water erases labels.  
We drink the same water and I don't even know you.

[MAYBE 3]

Freedom. Will. Pushed. Push and pull. Why? By whom?  
A voice. In and out. Upside down.

Muffled voices. Exhausted limbs.  
I am scared of diving. Even if \_\_\_\_\_

I have learned how to jump.

[TAKE A SWIM. IN MY THOUGHTS.]