

## **Learning to swim**

He is teaching her to trust  
the buoyancy of silence

not the sullen sort, the discordant sulk  
that sinks with sly ballast

not in the shallows

a deep pool where she can bathe  
naked, at peace with whatever  
the weather gods  
have stirred up in her head

a skill seeped by osmosis  
calming the word storms,  
the whirlpools of chatter

what matters: to meet his glance  
his own limpid soundlessness  
blue as meltwater

she floats on her back  
believing in their indefinite tide

**Copyright© Sue Kindon**