

## To Float

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*poetry by J. Adam Collins*

Because he loved me,  
my father said he'd never  
let go. Because he knew  
my mother feared it most,  
he held my head and  
the small of my back.  
Said, kick without moving.  
Feel the space where the water  
halves your body, when  
you're lightest before  
the smallest ripple folds you in.  
There is a pull from  
those quiet pools  
that needs you—takes  
what it wants when you break  
the elastic of its skin.  
Keep your ears under  
and you'll hear it. The world  
has so much more to say  
without all of you here. My  
boy, you just don't know how  
delicate loving can be  
when we can't reach you.