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To Learn is to Swim

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TO LEARN IS TO SWIM

Megan Drozan

That insistent roar of whispers
that desperate war to be heard by some and not by others,
it ends with a soft and simple decrescendo
when he enters the room.
Dry and empty, though filled with debris from those before,
it is the bottom of an ocean, drained and aching for moisture.
Their drums beat silent and their canals run dry,
waiting to absorb what they can.
The anticipation turns their minds anxious and paranoid,
their self-assured fronts quietly dissolve inside.
The silence has that power.
And then comes a word, one soft beat on so many drums.
The liquid language quenches the canals,
and soon they are swimming.
The dam has broken under the weight,
and the sea swells with their fervor.
Each hand raised in question
is a stroke made in the voyage.
Quietly, the flow is tamed and
the torrid waters subside.
The words have stopped and now the room is dry,
but they are still dripping as they file out,
drenched in the knowledge of the world.